

LIFE

SOME NEW MILLIONAIRES
HOW THEY GOT THAT WAY

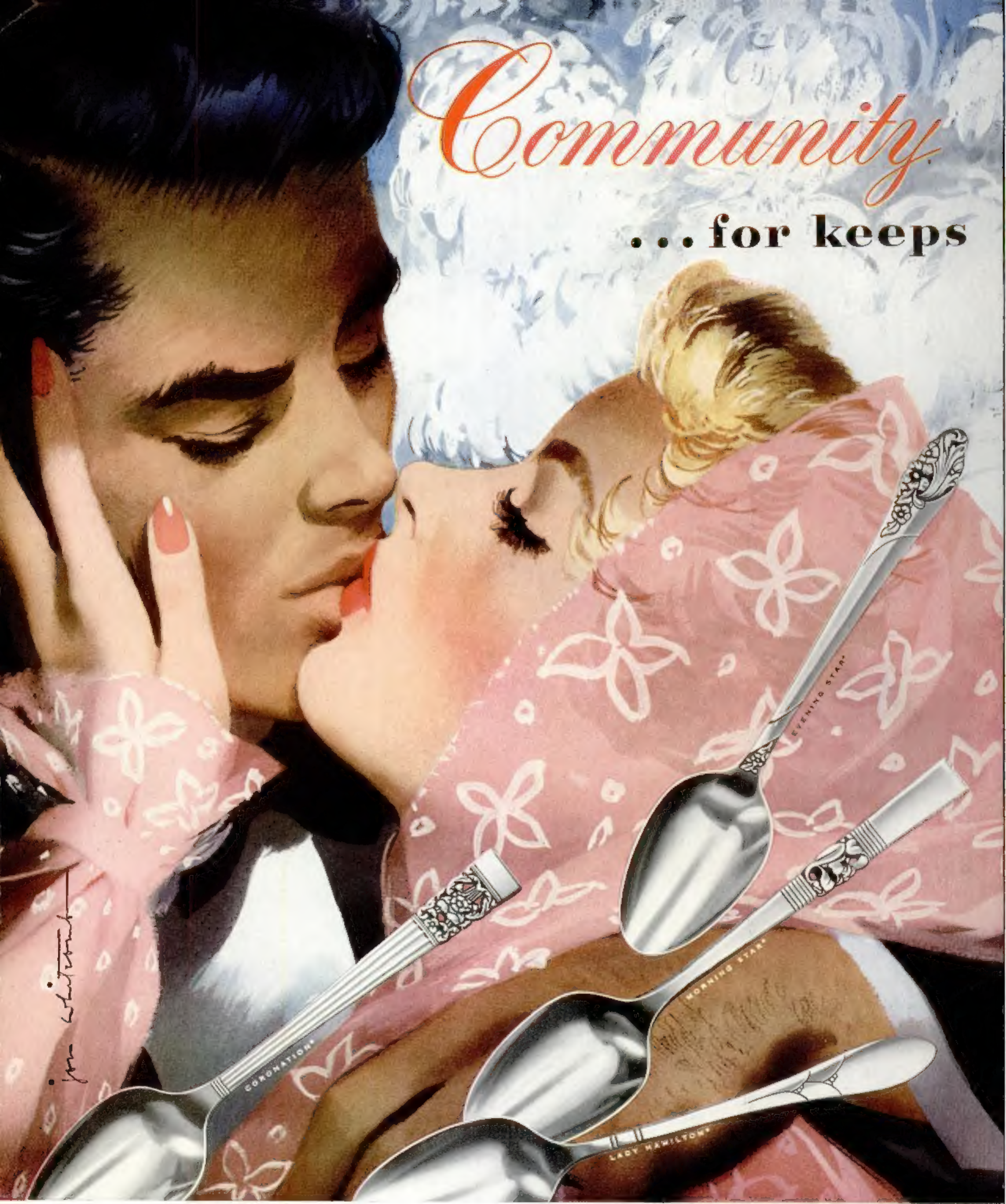


GINA
ONE OF ITALY'S
FIERY BEAUTIES

20 CENTS

SEPTEMBER 3, 1951

CIRCULATION OVER
5,200,000



Community

... for keeps

Wonderful, wonderful Community silverware — in four bride-beloved patterns. No waiting for "place settings." Services for 8 as low as \$53.75.*

YOUR JEWELER HAS COMMUNITY... THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

TRADEMARKS OF ONEIDA LTD., ONEIDA, N. Y. COPYRIGHT 1951, ONEIDA LTD.
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Again: "He can't see you today."

NOT so long ago, all Watkins had to do was to be announced, and in he went. Now he was getting rebuff after rebuff . . . not only in this office, but in several. He was angry, hurt, and puzzled. What was wrong?

How's Your Breath Today?

When you're guilty of halitosis (unpleasant breath), many a door once open to you is suddenly closed. It's two strikes against you in business as well as in social life. The insidious thing about the condition is that you, yourself, may not know when you have it. And no one will tell you . . . not even your best friend.

Why risk offending needlessly? Why reveal yourself in a bad light when Listerine Antiseptic can so quickly put you on the agreeable side? There is no more delightful way of freshening your breath than to rinse the

mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, especially before any date.

Being Extra Careful

It's the *extra-careful* precaution that so many thousands rely on. *Extra-careful* because Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath, *not* for mere seconds or minutes, but for hours, usually.

You see, it goes right to work on mouth and tooth surfaces where most cases of bad breath originate; kills odor-producing bacteria by millions. That's the secret of its effectiveness.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some systemic disorder. But usually—and fortunately—it is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic as a mouthwash and gargle.

To be at your best . . . to have others like you . . . never trust to make-shifts. Always use Listerine Antiseptic before any date—business or social. It pays off in popularity. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Before every date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



"NEVER BEFORE HAD I SEEN A SERGEANT SO HAPPY. HE WAS STANDING THERE BEAMING... GIVING ME HIS STIFFEST SALUTE. 'FRIEND,' HE SAID, 'YOU'VE WORKED WONDERS WITH MY FORD.'"

"RETURNING HIS SALUTE, I CONFESSED IT WAS NO MIRACLE. I HAD JUST USED GENUINE FORD PARTS (AS ANY GOOD MECHANIC WOULD DO). 'AND IT TOOK YOU NO TIME AT ALL,' HE ADDED."



"THERE AGAIN I HAD TO GIVE THE CREDIT TO GENUINE FORD PARTS. BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE RIGHT TO FIT RIGHT, THEY NATURALLY CUT SERVICE TIME (AND AS A RESULT, TIME CHARGES)."



"AND BECAUSE THEY'RE TESTED AND APPROVED BY THE PEOPLE WHO MAKE FORDS, THEY'RE A SAFE BET TO LAST LONGER—AN IMPORTANT CONSIDERATION THESE DAYS!"



AVAILABLE WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN, AT ALL FORD DEALERS' AND SELECTED INDEPENDENT GARAGES

THEY KEEP
YOUR FORD
ALL FORD



"...Always specify
Genuine
Ford Parts
and
you'll save
time, money
and your Ford!"

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

BOYS AND PIANO

Sirs:

I thought you might like to see the damage you mention in "Four Boys and a Piano" (LIFE, Aug. 13). . . .

HOWARD K. MORRIS

Madison, N.J.



THE SMASHED PIANO

ROADSIDE RESTAURANT

Sirs:

... As a restaurant operator for over 20 years I don't think Mr. Sargeant knows what he is talking about in "The Roadside Restaurant" (LIFE, Aug. 13). . . .

ROBERT D. PARKS

Concord, Mass.

Sirs:

Mr. Sargeant's story is one of the truest things I've ever read.

IRWIN SEGAL

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs:

Having had to eat the food described in your article for 30 years, I know it really tells the story. . . .

JAMES L. MCCAULEY

Reading, Pa.

Sirs:

... We go across country every summer but we go prepared—armed with Alka Seltzer and bile pills. . . .

JOSEPHINE E. MEDOW

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

... Just before reading the article, my wife and I were having lunch in a coffee shop in a city of considerable size. My wife had fish and found a worm in it. The chef carefully scrutinized it, said it was not a worm, only a rubber band. (Of course fish is always better cooked with rubber bands.)

RYOL MILLER

Sioux City, Iowa

Sirs:

Now if "Kill-Joy" Sargeant will write about the unsanitary beds we will find in American motels, he can knock all the joy of traveling out of us.

MRS. A. E. GLASSCOCK

Henderson, Texas

BIOLOGICAL WARFARE

Sirs:

This headquarters was so impressed by the conciseness, clarity and accuracy of "Biological Warfare" (LIFE, Aug. 13) that we would like reprints for instructional use in a school we have been conducting. . . .

MAJOR HOWARD CARLISLE

Chemical Corps
Fort George G. Meade, Md.

DISHONORED HONOR SYSTEM

Sirs:

I feel sorry for the violators of the honor code ("Dishonor under the Honor System," LIFE, Aug. 13), but I cannot condone them. That others have done it unnoticed is an adolescent ex-

cuse. "On my honor as a soldier and a gentleman" means all or nothing. . . .

MRS. CHAR. A. ROMIG

Ferndale, Mich.

Sirs:

As wife of a college football player I saw my husband come home late night after night, beaten mentally and physically. He would then try to study—only to fall asleep. Weekends he was away until Monday—school work still undone. While some, despite these odds, stayed on top in football and schoolwork, the average guy either takes lower grades or cheats to hold the line. I do not excuse cheating, but isn't it the result of combining college and football?

ETHEL S. COMBS

Pedricktown, N.J.

WARM STRUGGLE

Sirs:

Sgt. Michael Moore didn't squirm for long ("Warm Struggle in Seattle," LIFE, Aug. 13) after finding himself in the arms of Miss Yolande Betbeze. Here is a picture I snapped a few minutes after LIFE's photo. . . .

SCT. HANNE RAU

Seattle, Wash.



STRUGGLE ENDED

"I SEE MY LOVE"

Sirs:

"I See My Love" (LIFE, Aug. 13) kept me awake all night remembering a part of the past I thought I had successfully forgotten.

JO ELLISON

Paramount, Calif.

Sirs:

"I See My Love" reminded me of a girl I was once in love with. . . .

R. D. McIVER

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

My compliments on the fine selection of poetry in "A Story of Love."

ROLF FJELDE

Poetry New York
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I'm sick of the word "love" being bandied about. That's not love. Just an emotionally immature man whose animal instincts were aroused.

MRS. AUSTIN D. WISE

Connersville, Ind.

Sirs:

Did you leave the lovely love purposely anonymous to see how many titillated wolves would come howling? Well . . . Who is she?????

DELOS V. SMITH JR.

Hutchinson, Kan.

● She is Jeanne Bal, 22, now playing "Miss Phillips," secretary to Ethel Merman in *Call Me Madam*, where her role, like that in *I See My Love*, is purely fictional.—ED.

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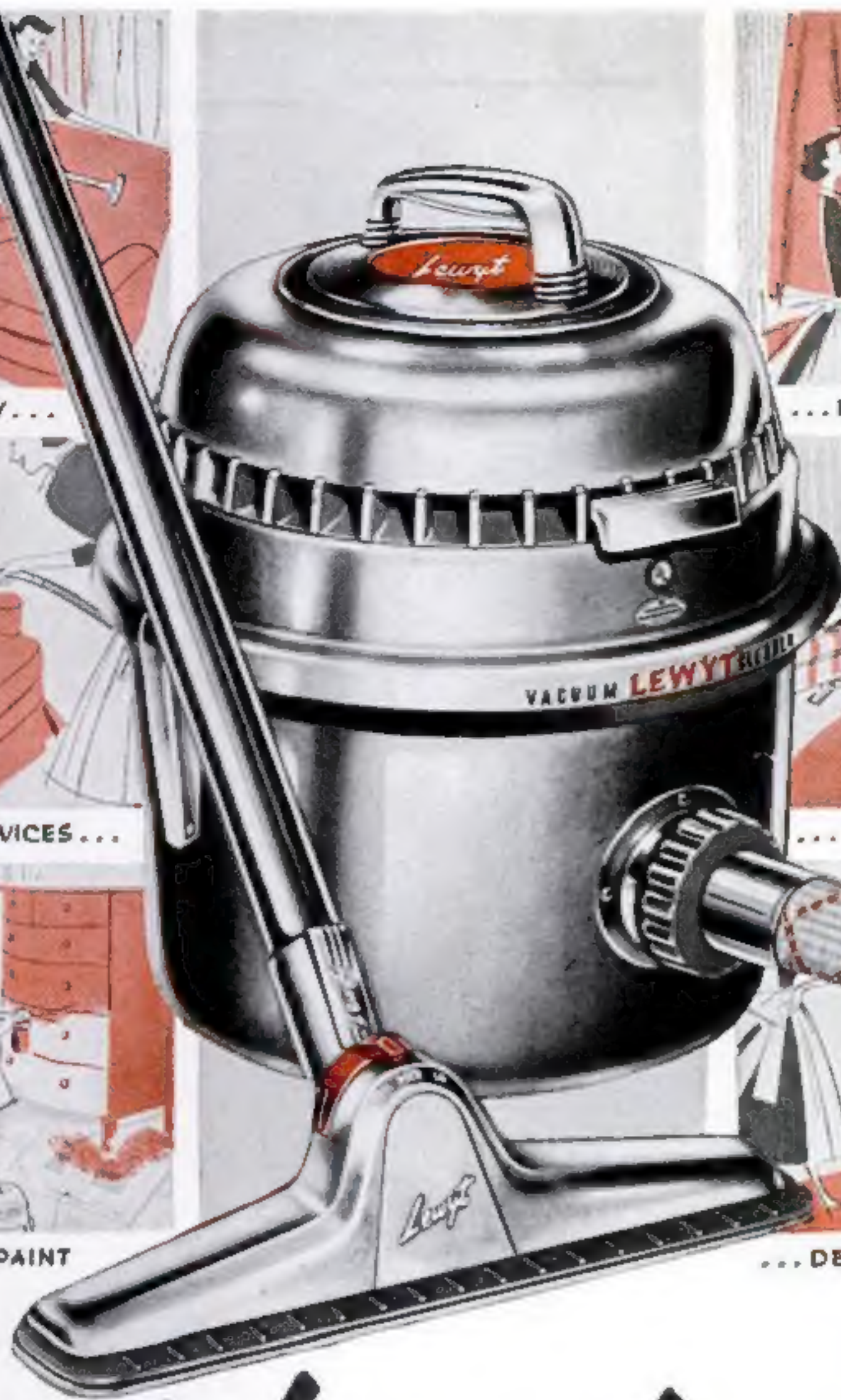
SUPER-CLEANS RUGS, UPHOLSTERY...



SWEEPS BARE FLOORS... CLEANS CREVICES...



DOES ALL YOUR DUSTING... SPRAYS PAINT



... BRIGHTENS DRAPERIES... AND WALLS...



... GETS WAY UNDER... WAXES LINOLEUM...



... DE-MOTHS... SUCTION-CLEANS CLOTHES



and- No dust bag to empty!

- **No muss! No fuss! No dust bag to empty!** Simply toss out Lewyt's paper "Speed-Sak" a few times a year!
- **It's quiet—no roar!** Terrific suction power, yet super-quiet! Lewyt's so easy on your nerves!
- **Preserves your rugs!** Famous No. 80 Carpet Nozzle gets more embedded dirt... picks up lint, threads, even dog hairs... all with less rug wear!
- **Sweeps bare floors, tile, linoleum!** Swish—and dirt disappears! No more dust-spreading brooms or back-breaking dust pans!
- **3 filters clean the air!** Unhealthy dust can't escape Lewyt's Speed-Sak, Dustalator, and Micro-dust filter!
- **So light, easy to use!** Glides smoothly in any direction—follows you around effortlessly as you clean!
- **7 light, work-speeding attachments** do all your dusting; brighten drapes; clean radiators; spray; wax; de-moth!
- **A complete home cleaning center,** Lewyt costs no more than ordinary vacuum cleaners. See your local Lewyt dealer—you'll find him listed in your Classified Telephone Directory.

LEWYT

WORLD'S MOST MODERN VACUUM CLEANER



COMES COMPLETE—NO EXTRAS TO BUY!



Stop at this display...

for just 10 seconds and let your dealer show you the revolutionary advantages of the Lewyt Vacuum Cleaner!

DO IT with LEWYT



Listed by Underwriters' Laboratories



TRY THE NEW LEWYT IN YOUR OWN HOME

LEWYT CORPORATION, Vacuum Cleaner Division
Dept. 9, 70 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.

Without cost or obligation, I would like to try the sensational Lewyt Vacuum Cleaner in my own home.

Name
Address
City Phone No.
County State

This One



UFYB-ZOW-HU1N



THE NATION'S

No.1

BATTERY



Replace
with a DELCO
battery



You can depend on a Delco for quick starting and long life—that's why it is first choice with automotive engineers for original equipment on new cars and trucks; first choice with motorists for replacement. Delco is the Nation's No. 1 battery—it's the battery for your car!

DELCO BATTERIES—A UNITED MOTORS LINE
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

'I See My Love' (COLLEGE-TYPE ROMANCE)



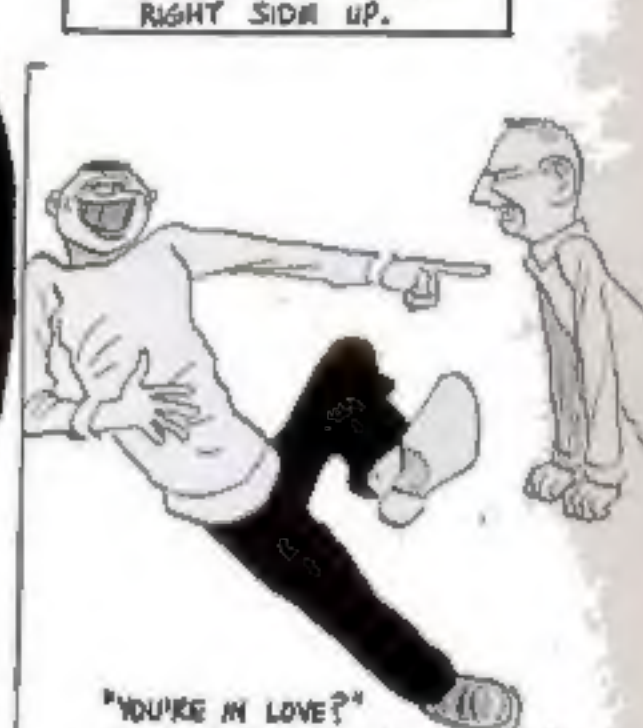
THE GIRL'S LIPS PART—HER
FACE LIGHTS UP WITH A CORDIAL
GLOW. NO WORD IS SPOKEN—AND
THE GIRL WALKS BY.



THE NEXT TIME I
SAW HER I THOUGHT
SHE WUZ SMILING AT
ME BUT SHE WUZ
LAFFING AT HER OWN
EFFORTS TO KEEP
RIGHT SIDE UP.



HER FACE HAUNTED ME
IN UNLIKELY PLACES.



"YOU'RE IN LOVE?"
COOED MY ROOMMATE. I HATED
HIM FOR BEING RIGHT.



AT OUR FIRST PARTY TOGETHER SHE
SURPRISED ME. EVERYBODY LOOKED AT
HER AND I FELT ENORMOUSLY PROUD.



AFTER OUR FIRST DRIVE IN
THE COUNTRY, IT BROKE
MY HEART TO LEAVE HER
AT HER DOOR.



MY AIR OF PATIENT ACCUSATION
BEGAN TO ANNOY HER.



I MET HER UNEXPECTEDLY
ABOUT TWO WEEKS LATER.
SHE WUZ ENJOYING HERSELF,
I THOUGHT, ALL TOO
OBVIOUSLY.

Sirs:

In this college town, your "I See My Love" was received with incredulous snickers. The course of true love, at least on this bank of the bayou, fol-

lows a somewhat jazzier route (above).

JERSEY SMITH
Staff Cartoonist

Baton Rouge Morning Advocate
Baton Rouge, La.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Copyrighted material

A LOVE STORY OF TODAY'S YOUTH

filling the screen with ecstasy...

*as they seek
a place in the sun!*

MONTGOMERY
CLIFT



ELIZABETH
TAYLOR

"I'm in trouble
George... bad trouble..."

SHELLEY
WINTERS



in

GEORGE STEVENS'

Production of

A PLACE IN THE SUN

with KEEFE BRASSELLE • Produced and Directed by GEORGE STEVENS • Screenplay
by Michael Wilson and Harry Brown • Based on the novel, AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY,
by THEODORE DREISER and the PATRICK KEARNEY play adapted from the novel,
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



BETTER FOR YOUR DOG THAN **RED, RAW MEAT!**

... because it's a complete, balanced food
containing all these ingredients!



Meat is a dog's natural food. But don't let anybody tell you that meat *alone* makes the perfect diet for your pet.

Swift makes PARD so that it gives your dog all the good meat protein he loves, plus all the other important food elements he needs. It is a food you can give your dog day in and day out with perfect confidence that he needs nothing more, he can get nothing better.



NOBODY MAKES DOG FOOD LIKE **SWIFT** MAKES **PARD!**

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

TROUBLE IN HOLLYWOOD

Sirs:

Your article, "Now It Is Trouble That Is Supercolossal in Hollywood" (LIFE, Aug. 13), can only lead to the inference that motion pictures are destined for oblivion, which is furthest from the truth. . . .

JACK KIRSCH
President

Allied Theaters of Illinois
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

Your story on the motion picture industry is most unfair and unjust. Why help to hurt an industry when they are having trouble?

J. P. ADLER
President

Adler Theatre Co. Inc.
Marshfield, Wis.

Sirs:

For years the movies were the chief entertainment for my family. In the past six years we have seen one movie. We're tired of rotten double features. They charged us a premium to see decent shows. . . . We've gotten tired of popcorn eaters. . . . Motion picture people and theater owners killed the goose that laid the golden egg.

R. W. DUNCAN

Wilmington, Calif.

Sirs:

. . . People still look to the movies as their prime entertainment hobby. They also watch television, but not seven days and seven nights a week. If Hollywood continues to turn out the right pictures then all is well. . . .

Your subscribers got the theme of your article at a glance from the strip of photos of five closed theaters, with no indication that for every closed house approximately four new theaters have opened. . . .

Just to keep your "3,000 theaters have closed in the U.S." from becoming a dream-statistic, I must offer for the record that your figure is about 2,000 off the mark! There are always theaters opening and closing, in good times and bad (like drugstores or magazines). . . .

You quoted Charles Skouras in effect as saying that 40% of the theaters may close in five to seven years. But you do not include Mr. Skouras' more recent announcement that his circuit's business is 15% better than a year ago and that he can "foresee nothing but

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

MEMO

*Pick up
extra ice
for party!*



All you want!



When you want it!



Convenient!

Inexpensive!

A party isn't a party without *plenty* of genuine* ice. Cubes, Crushed Ice or Block Ice are readily available at convenient Ice Vending Machines or Ice Stations. Consult your classified telephone directory or phone your local Ice Company for the address of the one nearest you.

Be Sure to

GET PLENTY

of Genuine*

ICE

* Genuine ice is the pure, crystal-clear, taste-free, hard-frozen, slow-melting kind supplied *exclusively* by your local Ice Company.

Please send



to _____ name

_____ address

city _____ zone _____ state _____

ONE YEAR \$6.75 in continental U.S.,

Hawaii, Alaska, Puerto Rico, Virgin Is.

(1 year at the single copy price would cost you \$10.40)

(Canada: 1 year, \$7.25)

Give to your newsdealer or to your local subscription representative or mail to LIFE, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. L-9-3



You can thank **RAMSEY ENGINEERING** for a Fountain of Youth in a Steel Spring

Are you one of 30 million who drive a car, truck, bus or tractor with a re-powered engine?

Then, the chances are your re-powered engine owes its life to a spring of steel that Ramsey Engineering led in pioneering years ago. It is this spring that does for man's engines what Ponce de Leon failed to do for man.

This spring of steel is an inner-ring. It is placed between the piston and piston ring. It compensates for the wear . . . makes worn parts function almost like new.

Today, this inner-ring principle is universally recognized as the way to restore lost engine power due to wear!

Today, you benefit . . . save expensive repair jobs . . .

get lower cost operation . . . add years to the life of your engine and get more for your used car . . . because years ago Ramsey was the leader in pioneering this inner-ring principle.

Today, this principle logically finds its highest expression of perfection in Ramsey-produced piston rings. It should because:

Ramsey has built millions more rings than anyone else employing the spring inner-ring principle to reduce wear by stabilizing the piston.

Ramsey has invested more years engineering specially designed oil and compression rings to get maximum

efficiency out of the steel spring inner-ring principle. **Ramsey has utilized** the principle so effectively that today piston rings with the spring inner-ring find application in new engines as well as worn ones.

Ramsey has spent more years engineering special machinery to make these rings to greater precision and at a faster rate of production.

Yes, thanks to the "fountain of youth" in a steel spring inner-ring . . . thanks to Ramsey Engineering Leadership . . . the gasoline engine today is a more efficient source of energy with a longer, more economical life of usefulness.

Makers of **RAMCO 10-Up** Piston Rings, Ramco Inner-Rings, Ramco Piston Skirt Stabilizers, Seal-Tite and Oil-Tyte Piston Rings, Spiralex Retaining Rings, Spiro-Seal Grease Seals and Dust Seals, and special rings for Automotive and Industrial Application. **Factories:** St. Louis and Sullivan, Mo.; Fruitport, Mich.; Toronto, Canada. **Ramsey Corporation,** General Offices St. Louis, Mo., a Subsidiary of Thompson Products, Inc.



SETTING NEW AND HIGHER STANDARDS FOR HARNESSING ENERGY TO MAKE ENGINES AND MACHINES BETTER SERVE AMERICA



Keep Bromo-Seltzer handy for fast, effective help

It's so easy to keep headache from upsetting important plans. Just be sure to be ready with Bromo-Seltzer—the pleasant-tasting, instant effervescent, that brings such welcome relief. Compounded by registered pharmacists, Bromo-Seltzer fights headaches *all 3 ways*: It relieves headache pain, soothes upset stomach, quiets edgy nerves. For best results, use cold water. Follow the label, avoid excessive use. Remember, keep ahead of a headache with Bromo-Seltzer—a product of the Emerson Drug Company.



Bromo-Seltzer

Fights headache *all 3 ways*

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

a great future for the motion picture industry." . . .

Of course movie attendance has declined since those lush days of 1946-47. This decline, however, is being shared by virtually every other retailer catering to the mass consumption market. In the last few years there have been many millions of dollars spent by hard-headed exhibitors to rejuvenate old theaters and erect new ones. The Department of Commerce reports an increase of 1,445 indoor theaters and 2,580 drive-in theaters, an increase of 21% in the total number of U.S. theaters. . . .

Of course television is tough competition. So is night baseball, prize-fights and lovemaking. We expect and hope they—and movies—will all flourish. . . .

ARTHUR L. MAYER

New York, N.Y.

● LIFE erred in saying that 3,000 movie theaters closed in 1950. The 3,000 closings took place, according to a responsible source, over a two-year period—1949 and 1950. Although LIFE did not specify the ratio of theaters opening to theaters closing, it did point out that "there are more theaters in operation now than ever before." But with weekly attendance down from about 90 million in 1946-48 to 50-55 million in 1950, trouble is still, as LIFE said, supercolossal in Hollywood.—ED.

Sirs:

It seemed the blame for empty show houses was laid at the door of television. The real reason is that the movie industry broke the people's moviegoing habit with overrated mediocre pictures and self-appointed censors. I would go to the movies about three times a week, but my desire faded long before television's popularity boomed. . . . After a lot of ballyhoo for pictures and getting a big letdown, one felt he was being taken for a ride. . . .

CHARLES LAUBER JR.

Ridgefield, N.J.

ROYAL SWINEHERD

Sirs:

The fact that Princess Margrethe ("LIFE Visits the Danish Royal Family," LIFE, Aug. 13) chose to play the swineherd in Hans Christian Andersen's story is hardly indicative of her democratic-mindedness. Actually, the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

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for the Rest of the family

E & W

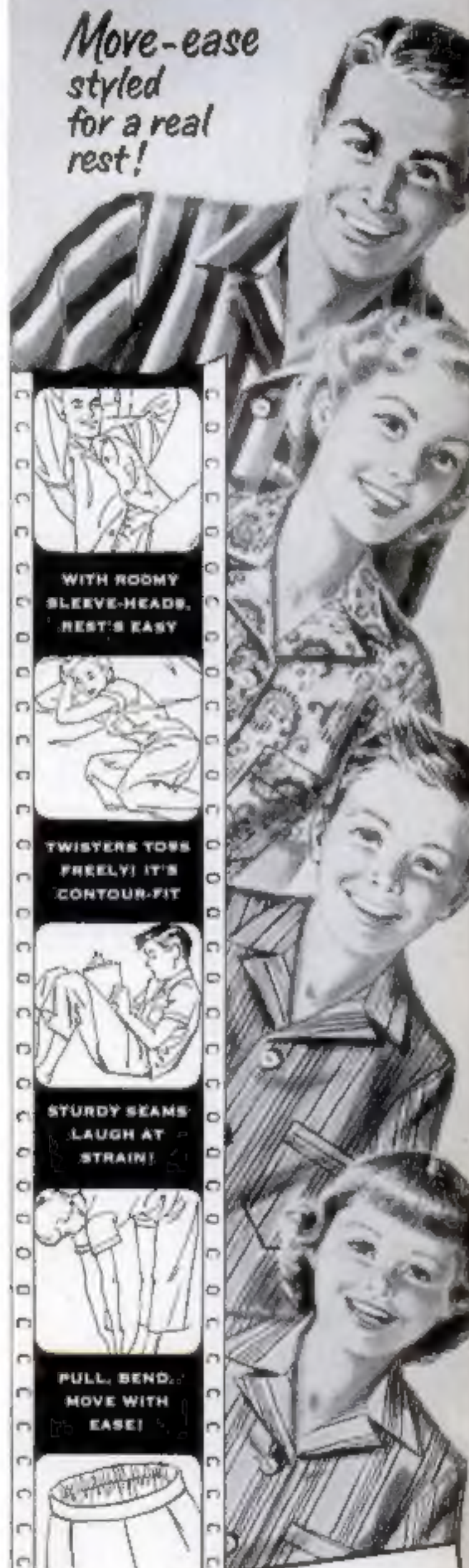
Quadrigea

CLOTH

PAJAMAS

TAILORED OF E & W'S OWN TUB-LOVING, COLOR-FRESH, NEEDLEIZED QUADRIGE CLOTH

Move-ease
styled
for a real
rest!



Quadrigea

CLOTH

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Make comfortable PJ's a family affair. Choose from 15 E & W styles and sparkling patterns. At better stores. Men's, women's, boys', girls' sizes. 73 years of quality and value!

ELY & WALKER Saint Louis 3
makers of E & W Shirts, PJ's, Shorts, Polar Outerwear, Sports and Lounge Wear.

Did you ever?

Did you ever see a cake with so much let's-eat-it-right-now appeal? Ever know that your own cake can be just as fine and luscious and even-textured as the one you see here? All you do is get one of those neat blue-

and-white packages of Pillsbury Cake Mix (White or Chocolate Fudge) and add milk. Ever stir up such an easy triumph? Did you ever hear so much we-really-mean-it praise from your family? Did you ever?



Just add milk—



Milk is all you add—no eggs, flavoring, or extras of any kind required. These are complete mixes.



*Remember—
You and Ann Pillsbury
can make a great team*

Pillsbury CAKE MIXES

WHITE AND CHOCOLATE FUDGE

the beauty of it....



Telechron® can't run wrong!

ELECTRIC CLOCKS

AND THEY START AT \$475*

New IVY! Plant real vines in twin vases color-styled in red, gray, green, yellow! Hang it on wall or set it on shelf! \$795*

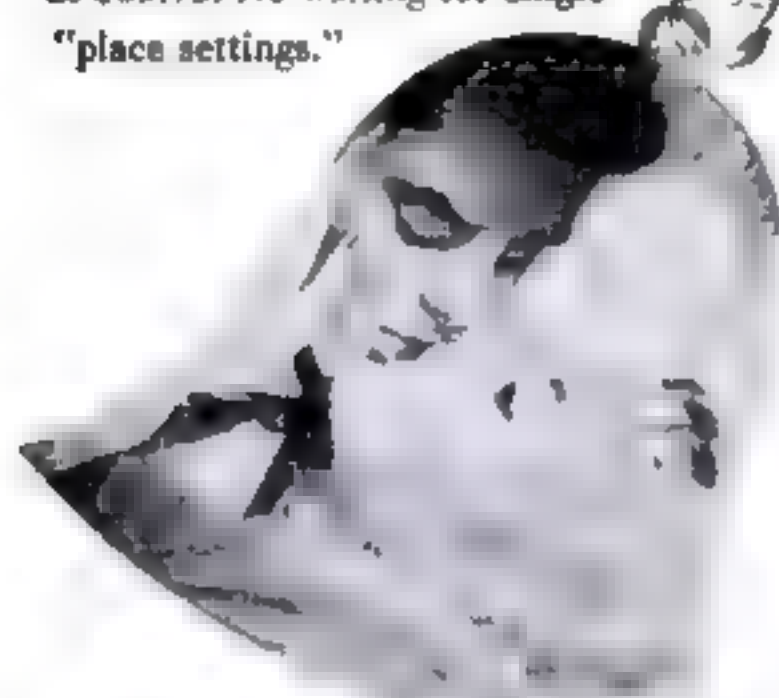
Another wonderful Telechron electric clock! Needs no winding, oiling, regulating. Famous Synchro-Sealed Motor is synchronized perfectly with master clocks in electric power plants so it *has* to run right! Choose a Telechron clock for every room in your house—from 29 sparkling styles! Full-year written warranty. Telechron is a trademark of Telechron Department, General Electric Co., Ashland, Mass.

* Prices plus tax. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Price includes artificial ivy.



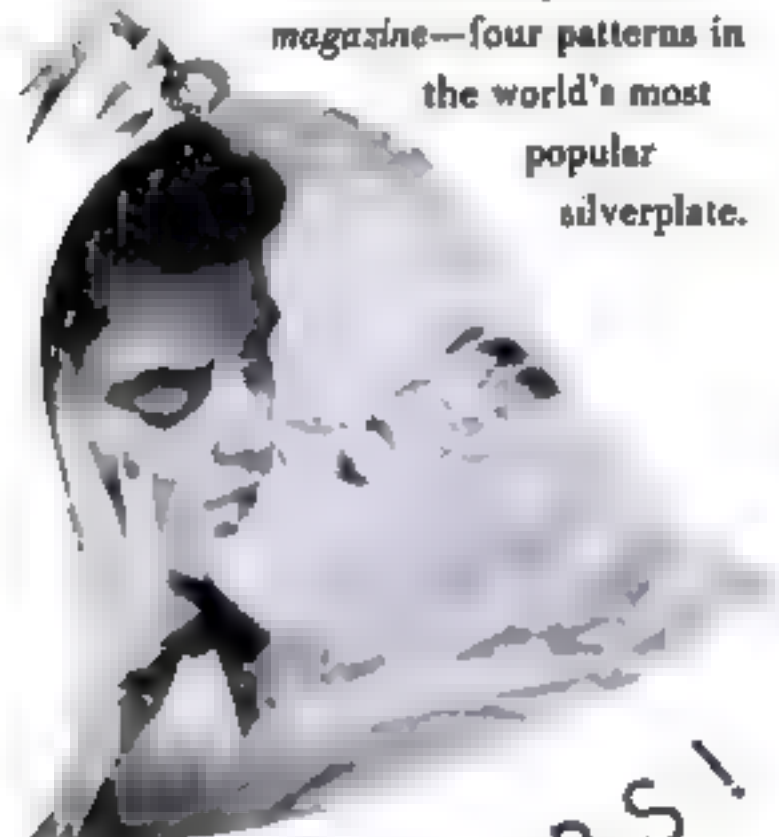
BRIDES!

Good news for your budget! In fine Community* Silverplate you can get dinner services for eight as low as \$53.75. No waiting for single "place settings."



GROOMS!

There are four silverware patterns she'll want to see in the Community color page on the inside front cover of this magazine—four patterns in the world's most popular silverplate.



JEWELERS!

Be sure to tell your customers about Community's life-protecting solid silver "Overlay." And you might add that Community comes in a handsome anti-tarnish chest.

Community
THE FINEST SILVERPLATE

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

swineherd is the hero of the tale, being a handsome prince in disguise. . . .

JAMES R. BROWN, JR.
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

• Yes—but a very poor prince.—ED.

DROUGHT IN ARIZONA

Sirs:

"A Decade of Drought Cracks Arizona" (LIFE, Aug. 13) is the most magnificent piece of character assassination on record. No piker, LIFE doesn't just pick on an individual, but on a whole state. It will take Arizona a generation to recover from the half-truth picture you have presented.

ANDREW C. SUTHERLAND
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the accuracy of your presentation of Arizona's water problem. Arizona's problem is America's problem. The situation can only be corrected by delivery of Arizona's share of the Colorado River through construction of the Central Arizona Project.

HOWARD J. SMITH
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

. . . You have done a real service by showing our dire need for water.

O. W. RUCC
Casa Grande, Ariz.

CRACKPOTS HIT JACKPOT

Sirs:

"Crackpots Hit Jackpot" (LIFE, Aug. 13) interested me particularly because I am the girl with the camera in the picture (below). Here is the snapshot I was taking of Martin and Lewis and your photographer while he was "shooting" us!

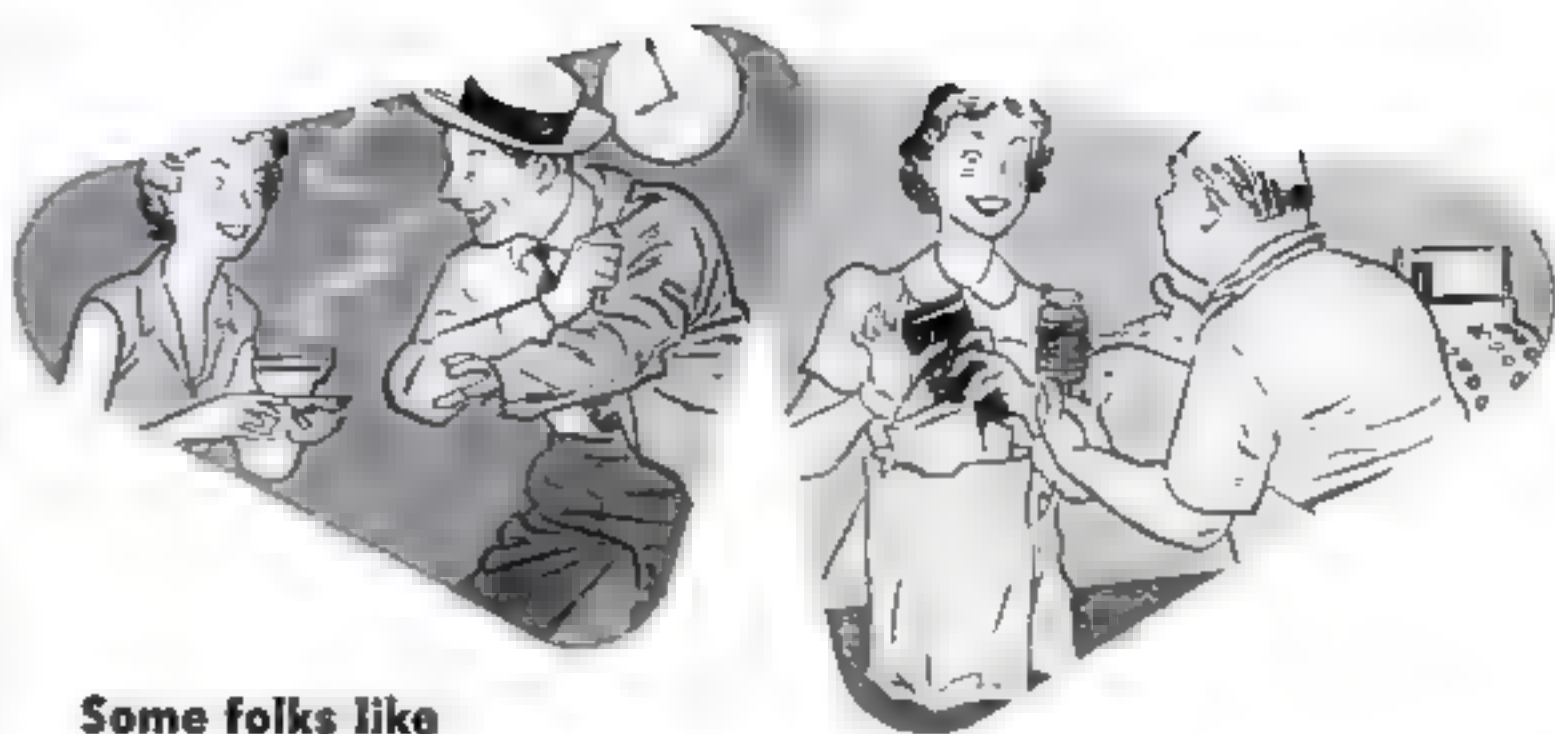
NANCY M. CLINE
Detroit, Mich.



PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPPING . . .



. . . LIFE'S PHOTOGRAPHER



Some folks like instant coffee for its speed . . . Some folks like instant coffee for its savings . . .

Folks like this "Instant" for its flavor!

(and, of course, it's quick and thrifty, too!)



You'll never know how good instant coffee can be until you try

Whether you make it by the cup or potful, you always get deep-down, robust coffee when you use Instant Chase & Sanborn! And there's no fuss, no wait, no messy coffee grounds! Get a jar of delicious, economical Instant Chase & Sanborn today! Costs far less than regular ground coffee!



Backed by nearly 100 years of coffee experience

Instant Chase & Sanborn is Pure Soluble Coffee with Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose added.



INSCRUTABLE onlooker peers over heads of the crowd to catch a glimpse of the people coming out of the church.



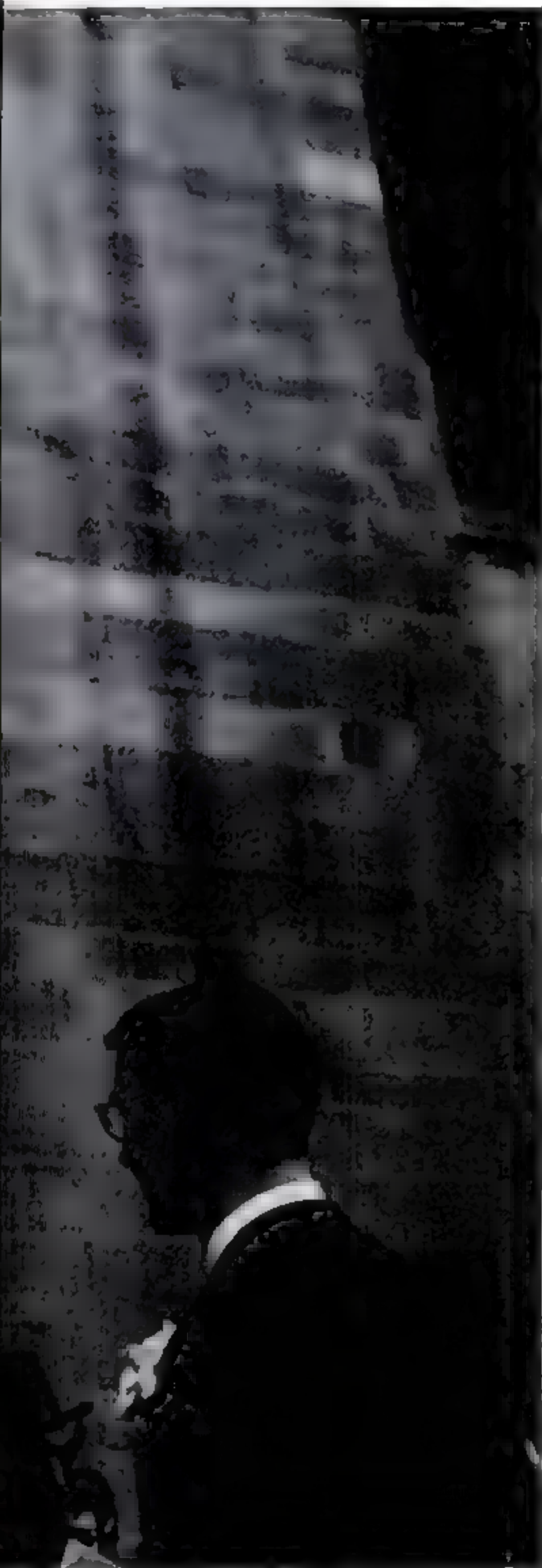
RESPECTFUL chauffeurs wait soberly on the curb before driving their employers away from the brief service.



THE ERECT CARRIAGE OF ATTENDANTS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

At what solemn ceremony
are these solemn people?



IS APPROPRIATE TO THE PROCEEDINGS

Saul Leiter, who is a young New York free-lance photographer, spends a great deal of his time searching for incongruity. To him, the impeccably beautiful, seen in a certain way by the camera, can reveal startling ugliness, and the flatly ordinary will disclose an unexpected touch of the bizarre. One gray day while Leiter was walking along Fifth Avenue, he noticed a crowd of people clustered around the entrance of an enormous church. Impressed at once by the watchful impassivity of the bystanders outside and the grave dignity of those who had witnessed the ceremony inside, he took the striking photographs which are shown on these pages. Leiter's somber results suggest that the occasion he photographed was a funeral. It was a wedding.



AWED spectator (right) appears as if he has been quite overwhelmed by the dignity and the pomp of the occasion.



GRAVE celebrant is politely ushered into a waiting automobile as she is hurried away from the solemn ceremony.

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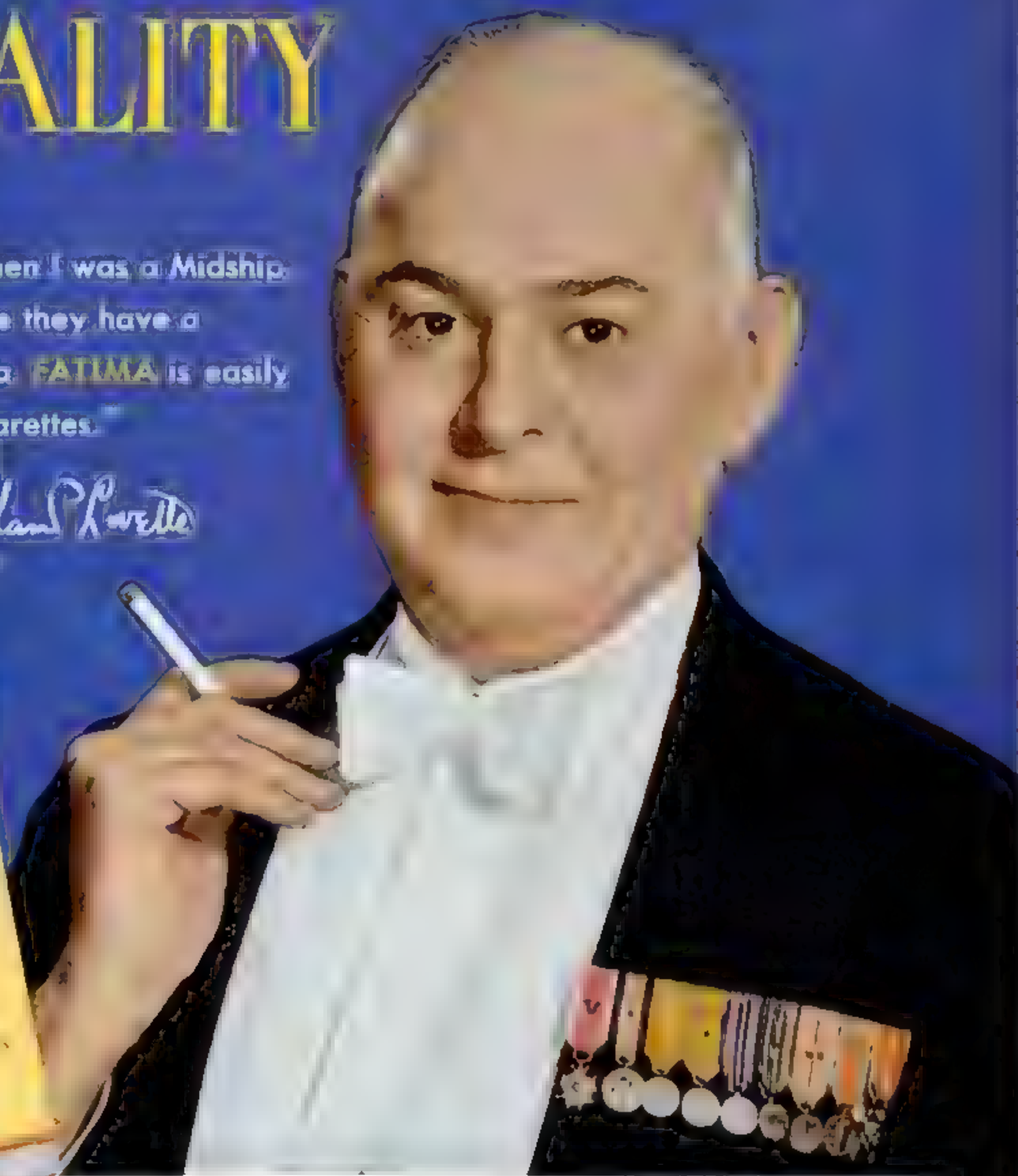
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LIFE'S COVER



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Gina Lollobrigida was the prettiest student in the Rome Art School and was already making money by drawing caricature portraits in nightclubs when she got her first movie job five years ago. Now at 23 Gina shines high in the galaxy of Italy's film beauties (pp. 62-64) and is so busy that some Italians are calling 1951 "the year of Lollobrigida." She has been making three movies at once, including one about Caruso which deals mostly with the singer's boyhood (Gina plays his sweetheart). A few weeks ago Gina rushed off to Paris to make a film with the curious title, *Fan fan, the Tulip*.

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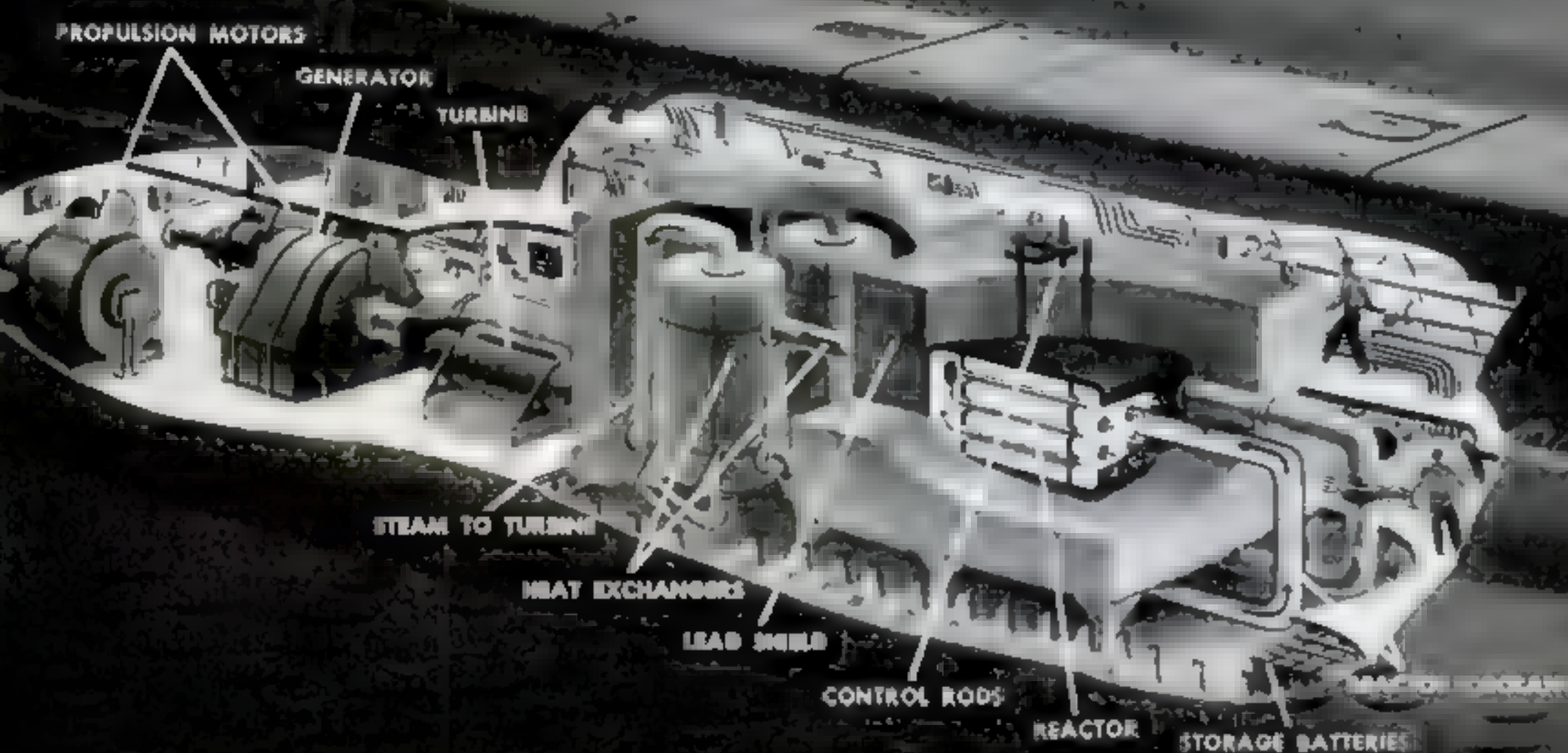
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LIFE

Vol. 31, No. 18 September 3, 1951



OPERATION OF ATOMIC SUB is forecast in the drawing above of an imaginary guided missile raid on enemy coastal installations. The general plan of the power plant being developed for the Navy's new submarine is shown in the cutaway. Heart of the plant will be the nuclear reactor itself, a controlled atomic

pile much smaller than conventional piles, which will be surrounded by several feet of lead to shield the crew from its intense, deadly radiation. The reactor will contain rods of uranium rich in fissionable U-235 or plutonium. When control rods are withdrawn from the reactor, chain reaction will begin, heating the ura-

THE DAWN OF ATOMIC PLENTY: U.S.

by CLAY BLAIR JR., TIME-LIFE PENTAGON CORRESPONDENT

The news out of Washington—confused, vague, hinting more than it could reveal—pointed last week to a development of startling significance. The U.S. was entering a brand-new phase of atomic energy and the Defense Department was groping for a new philosophy to meet that fact. What had happened? For one thing the AEC could make A-bombs with a reduced amount of fissionable material, and production itself was rising. This forecast a situation in which the U.S., long before expected, would have a large supply of the fuel. The use of bombs would no longer be confined to strategic industrial targets; in smaller sizes and greater numbers they could be used against troop concentrations in the field. Then came a Navy announcement of even more long-range importance. It had signed a contract for a nuclear submarine (as described at right). This could mean civilian atomic power was just around the corner.

ONE night last month a slim, sparrow-faced Navy captain wearing a gray civilian suit hurried unnoticed into Washington's Union Station and boarded a northbound train. The captain debarked at 5:19 the next morning, walked briskly up to a long, black limousine that bore the Connecticut license plate EBCO, sped away through the sleepy New England seaport into another small, sleepy town and halted abruptly before a large steel-wire gate. A police guard stepped from a nearby shack, peeped carefully into the back seat, then opened the gate. The big car rolled slowly down a macadam road, rounded a corner behind a machine shop, then came to a stop behind a large, stucco building.

Inside the building the captain entered a conference room. A handful of officers and civilians gathered around the table. The captain spoke sometimes harshly, sometimes quietly, always with urgency. As the conference wore on, other civilians and officers came into the



mium rods to a high temperature. A coolant, probably a liquid metal, circulates through the reactor to remove the heat and, becoming very hot itself, is pumped into heat exchangers. Here the coolant boils water and the steam thus generated runs a high-speed turbine which in turn generates power for the sub's motors.



ATOMIC SUBMARINER Captain Hyman George Rickover, 51, has been Navy's proponent of atomic power for subs ever since idea was first broached and is now in charge of construction of the first SSN (submarine-nuclear). Painting behind him shows floating drydock off Admiralty Islands during World War II.

CONTRACTS FOR A NEW SUBMARINE

room carrying charts and blueprints, sat for a while, then departed.

The conversation was in heavy technical jargon—the special language of the shipbuilder and the even more abstruse dialog of the atomic physicist. None of it would bear repeating outside the top-secret meetings of the Navy and the AEC. For the captain and his men were in an advanced stage of one of the highest priority projects in the Navy: building the first atomic-powered submarine.

In Tokyo early this summer the late Admiral Forrest Sherman said that the atomic submarine would be operational within "two or three years." The fact is it may be sooner than that. By last week the men at the conference table had progressed much further than the tight-lipped Atomic Energy Commission would have the U.S. public believe. From behind the AEC's lead curtain of security, little news of the progress being made on the atomic submarine had leaked. Said AEC's top-level reactor director, "From now on, you can gauge our

[atomic sub] progress by the increase in vagueness of our reports. . . ."

The small group of men who are carrying out the project live a mysterious life. They move about trailed by FBI men and seldom see their wives and families for dinner. They are ruled by the Navy captain in the gray civilian suit. He is largely responsible—or can be given much of the credit—for the atomic submarine's development and progress. Wiry, beady-eyed, frugal, Captain Hyman George Rickover may be destined to go down in naval history as the man who exerted as much influence on naval shipbuilding as Robert Fulton.

"Rick" Rickover was line officer from 1922, when he left the Naval Academy, until 1937, when he became an EDO officer (engineering duty only). He has been one ever since, always more interested in submarines than any other craft. When talk of an atomic submarine first began, his imagination became fired by the great idea. The last five years have been spent in day-and-night consecration to the atomic

submarine. The development of the atomic sub has become more than a challenge to Rickover; it has become an obsession.

Amazingly enough to the people who do not know about the goings on in the Navy and the Atomic Energy Commission, Rickover has had a fight on his hands all the way to get his project going. Immediately after World War II, when Rickover began work in earnest, Navy officers were more interested in catching their breath from the last war than in preparing for a new one. Rickover declared war on naval indifference.

Inch by inch Rickover won ground in the Pentagon. By 1947 his persistent attitude had driven many an admiral to cover. By the end of 1947 Rickover had won a temporary victory. Admiral Chester Nimitz, Chief of Naval Operations, declared the atomic submarine "militarily desirable."

The Atomic Energy Commission, which has absolute control over all atomic weapons, was next on Rick's list of targets. Although the Navy had been denied atomic scientists and development materials for three years during the Manhattan District project, experimental work in the use of a controlled reactor for propulsion of ships was begun shortly after the bombs fell on Japan. A controlled reactor is simply a controlled reaction in an atomic pile. Instead of blowing up with a big bang, like the atomic bombs, the pile simmers slowly and develops tremendous quantities of heat. Rickover and the AEC scientists knew that if a way to harness the heat, free of radiation effects, could be devised, the heat could be used to run a steam boiler, which in turn could propel a ship. Since the reactor does not need oxygen to burn, it would be an ideal propulsion unit for a submarine and would permit the sub to maintain a prolonged state of submersion, as well as fantastic power and speed.

The AEC gives a green light

AFTER two years' work on controlled reactors, Rickover persuaded the Atomic Energy Commission to declare that such a propulsion unit would be feasible. That was in 1947. This was Rickover's second big victory. The way was opened.

Rickover had himself transferred to additional duty at the Atomic Energy Commission. Once established there he began surrounding himself with some of the brightest young men in the Navy. He sent them, and himself, to Oak Ridge for atomic refresher courses.

While the Atomic Energy Commission proceeded with work on the reactors, even to the point of letting contracts to Westinghouse and General Electric for construction of two of them, Rickover and his staff pored over plans for the hull. In conferences in the Bureau of Ships Building in Washington the atomic submarine began to assume shape.

The big problem in the hull design was the tremendous weight of the reactor and its thick shield. Some 350 tons of the sub's deadweight would be lost when the diesel fuel and its tanks were removed, but that saving was not enough to compensate for the reactor and

shield. Another problem was the weight of the oxygen bottles which would be carried to replenish the air supply, since the sub might seldom come to the surface while on a mission. The complex weight problems were eventually solved by making the sub's hull fatter than the old fleet-type submarines.

While the planning and drawing was carried on in the Bureau of Ships, Rickover and his staff established an atomic-sub school at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where a three-year course was drawn up. Here and there, among the sub fleet, promising officers were transferred out of their billets. After each man was chosen, he was sent to Washington for a personal interview with Captain Rickover. Many were rejected after Rick's rugged interview, and many who were taken in quit later of their own accord, after serving under the hard-driving captain.

By early 1950, though the entire project was classified almost as high as classifications come, word of progress began to seep out. The AEC admitted that it was working on land-based prototypes of ship propulsion reactors at its huge testing station at Arco, Idaho. It was planned to fit the reactor into a full-size submarine hull and attach it to a steam boiler, turbine and shaft. Not only could tests be made to see what an atomic submarine could do, but the submariners at M.I.T. could come out and train on the mock-up.

A week or so before Korea, Rickover and his staff agreed that it was time to make a formal presentation to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A lengthy, persuasive paper was prepared and it was approved by Admiral Sherman. The paper was presented to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In it Rick declared that the atomic submarine was feasible and that the Navy should build one. By this time no one needed prodding.

It had been easy for Rickover to enlist the aid of Sherman, because the admiral had always envisioned an atomic-powered aircraft carrier. It was his idea all along to test the reactor in a submarine, then after the bugs had been ironed out, to put one in a supercarrier—a feat that is currently being discussed and will probably be accomplished under the new Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Fechteler.

In the fall of 1950 Rickover's triumph was complete: the \$2 billion budget for the new Navy building program included \$40 million authorization for the construction of an atomic submarine. Last week the bill was signed and the ink was hardly dry before the Bureau of Ships awarded the building contract to the Electric Boat Company of Groton, Conn., which builds most of the Navy's submarines. The Navy released a terse one-sentence announcement of the fact.

Meantime the progress on the reactor was encouraging. The biggest problem was to perfect some method of conducting the high-temperature heat from the "pile" to the water in the boiler without contaminating the entire system and the submarine. Though the method developed is one of AEC's most closely guarded secrets, it can be said that a successful one has been devised.

The steam power plant itself offered fewer

headaches. A steam turbine was rigged, and Navy submarine officers dragged out old Annapolis steamship textbooks on the system of steam propulsion. One conflict between Rickover and the Atomic Energy Commission developed at this point. Rickover insisted that the AEC fit the whole plant into a submarine hull, and the AEC insisted that it be done in the open. Pressing hard, Rickover finally won his point. As a result there is now no question about whether the reactor can be made to fit inside the hull.

In the fall of 1950 Rickover was observed making more frequent trips to the Electric Boat Company. Tight security restrictions were laid down by the AEC. The Electric Boat Company was not even allowed to mention the fact that it was experimenting with atomic subs. But it was unable to cover all the tracks. The press noted, for example, that a high-ranking atomic energy man, Carleton Shugg, had resigned and gone to work for the Electric Boat Company.

Activity in "Siberia"

THE Electric Boat Company marked off an atomic-sub building area, previously nicknamed "Siberia." As visits by G.E. and Westinghouse personnel to the Electric Boat Company plant in Groton increased, a coordinating committee between Westinghouse, G.E. and the Electric Boat Company was set up.

In December 1950 the company began assembling a wooden, skeletonlike mock-up of the submarine to see if it would fit together. In other parts of the yard, machine shops began building steel fittings and parts. Security restrictions at the Electric Boat Company were increased until they matched those of the Atomic Energy Commission installations at Oak Ridge and Hanford.

Last fortnight it was reported that the Navy was getting set to conduct a series of underwater atomic explosions. This report was almost correct, but not quite. The submarine *Ulua* had been towed to a New England port and would be used in the explosion tests. She will be sent underwater without a crew but with a set of reactor controls and will be depth-charged. The purpose of this test is to see how much shock a submarine's reactor control system will be able to withstand. This data will be used to correct and modify the atomic submarine being fitted together at the Electric Boat Company.

The SSN (the Navy designation meaning submarine-nuclear) will look fat and chubby, somewhat like the present *Tang*-class subs, the Navy's most modern long-range underwater boats. She will carry no deck guns, have a knife-narrow deck. Although the Navy will not reveal characteristics of the atomic sub, it will probably be able to cruise at 25 knots under water. In an emergency it may make 30 or 35 knots. The reactor control rods, which govern the power level of the reactor, will have safety stops so that no engineer can accidentally blow up the sub. Submariners who have seen the mock-up are impressed by its vast space inside.

To help control her in fast underwater

runs, the atomic submarine will be equipped with an airplane-type joy stick and will be "flown" like an airplane by the skipper or by the diving officer. Again, like an airplane, the joy stick will control the bow and stern diving planes.

The range of the atomic sub itself will be unlimited. Only the stamina of the crew itself will limit its cruising radius. The sub could cross the ocean, seldom exposing even one inch of equipment. In fact she could make most of the journey far below the surface of the water. Once across, the sub, equipped with guided-missile launching racks, could drop atomic explosives on enemy soil. A sub that never had to surface could travel under ice through the northern routes of the Barents Sea to Murmansk or through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea.

But by far the most important use for atomic submarines would be their employment as antisub submarines against Russia's growing underwater fleet. A fleet of atomic submarines could grab the initiative from Russian submarines and put them on the defensive. At present the Navy is spending a great deal of its antisub effort in developing passive defense measures. With atomic subs the Navy could then take the offense against enemy subs. Their high speed and unlimited endurance would enable them to seek out and kill Russian submarines cheaply and effectively. They would be, in addition, a great psychological weapon. Nothing chills a submariner more than the thought of another sub stalking him under water.

Finally, an atomic airplane

THE atomic submarine would be equipped with a small, almost undetectable snorkel which could be raised from time to time to freshen up the air, but submarines would not depend on it entirely, since the boat would be equipped with a carbon dioxide removing room and oxygen bottles. She would carry a load of homing torpedoes in her cave-like forward torpedo room. Having no need for a home base and refueling, the atomic sub could cruise for several months.

For every atomic-sub hull, three atomic reactors might be required. One would be installed in the sub (they will be readily removable); one would be sitting on the dock waiting; and another would be in the factory getting an overhaul. Since, presumably, all the fissionable material will not be used up before the pile must be replaced, the necessity for recovering "unburned" fuel is obvious. The loss of uranium-235 may be quite small—one ounce "burned" for every 670,000 kilowatt-hours of heat generated.

The work on the nuclear reactor for the atomic powered sub is important from another standpoint. It is an intermediate step to atomic flight. The lessons learned and techniques developed with the submarine will be applied to the nuclear flight program.

The combined results might be an airplane and a ship that require no base other than the U.S. and have unlimited range and endurance. It may sound Buck-Rogerish, but the age is here.



LABOR DAY, 1951

On this Labor Day weekend of 1951 we can get a lot of things straight about U.S. labor by playing a little game of let's suppose. Let's suppose that the clock has been turned back four decades. Old Sam Gompers, the father of the A.F. of L., is in conference with two young lieutenants named John Lewis and Bill Green. They are trying to write a skit for a Labor Day entertainment—as facetious and satiric as possible.

These are the union-busting days, mind you, and a labor leader's age can be roughly estimated by the cracks in his skull. The ultimate and distant goal of U.S. labor is the eight-hour day. Nobody has yet dreamed up the five-day work week, nor indeed the five-and-a-half-day work week. A lot of workmen are still on the job 12 hours a day for seven days a week, never getting a day off.

So Sam Gompers speaks. "I've got it!" he says. "We'll put on a make-believe negotiating session. I'll come in and tell the boss, 'Naturally, we accept your offer of every Saturday and Sunday off.' That'll make our boys laugh!"

"Right," says John Lewis. "And I'll pipe up and say, 'Also we're glad you only want us to work seven and one half hours a day!'"

"Whoops!" cries Bill Green, slapping his thigh. "Seven and a half hours! How fantastic can you get?" Then his face is crossed suddenly by the perplexed frown which in later years will become his trademark. "No," he says. "If we do that, the skit's over. There's no place to go."

But Sam Gompers, a very creative man, is just warming up to the task. "Sure there is. Just as the boss thinks he's got us all signed to a contract, I'll say, 'Now wait a minute. What we want next is free lunch.'"

"Absolutely," says John Lewis. "Also we want to get paid for the time it takes us to eat. Oh, brother, will that have 'em rolling in the aisles!"

"Hey, I've got an idea too," Bill Green chimes in. "I'll tell the boss, 'What's more, you can't expect us to spend all that time getting to your factory and back. If you want us there, you've got to pay us for coming.' How's that for a laugh?"

"Great!" says Sam Gompers. "One hour's pay for getting to the factory!"

"And one hour's pay," adds John Lewis, "for going home!"

By this time all three have tears running down their cheeks. "This will be absolutely the funniest skit," says Gompers, "ever seen outside a burlesque house!"

Well, the other day in Iowa a packing house local did ask the boss for free lunch, a half-hour's pay for eating it, and two-hours' pay a day for traveling to and from the plant. It also asked the boss for a free ham for every member on Christmas and Easter, plus a day off when the member's birthday rolled around. Not a soul laughed, or even cracked a smile. It just goes to show how times have changed.

Another evidence can be found in the past year's strikes. Although quite a few were called over the classic issue of wages, practically none involved the other classic issue

of working hours. A great many concerned such matters, unknown in Gompers' day, as pensions, health benefits and vacation funds. A few would have fitted nicely into that skit we were inventing a few paragraphs back. An airplane factory's employees walked out because the floor was too hard. A group of New York mechanics walked out because the garage was too cold, and a group of New Jersey auto workers because the plant was too hot. A Buffalo factory had a strike because its workers wanted time out in the morning for coffee and doughnuts.

Perhaps the best sign of the times occurred in Lima, Ohio, where some movie operators struck a theater in demand for a better union contract. After a month, with no sign of weakening by the management, a picket's wife simply wrote out a check, bought the theater, and sat down to sign the kind of contract her husband wanted.

With the possible exception of the farmer, the laboring man has no rival as the chief beneficiary of our current prosperity. In 1928 and '29, which once passed for the golden age, the standard work week was six days of eight or nine hours each. The average weekly wage in manufacturing industries was \$25. Today the standard work week is five days of seven to eight hours. The average weekly wage is \$65, up 70% since 1929 even allowing for the difference in the purchasing power of the dollar. The worker has also gained, either through his boss or the government or both, such things as old-age pensions and unemployment insurance. Never in any other quarter century in the world's history has the lot of the laboring man improved so much so fast.

On this Labor Day, of course, you will hear a lot of complaints from the unions about high prices. But prices have not risen nearly so fast as wages.

You will also hear a lot of complaints that

the corporations are making too much profit. But any knowledgeable union leader will admit to you, in private, that our society as a whole benefits from industry's profits. The profits pay the bulk of all costs of government and mobilization. If what remains is paid out in salaries to the bosses, it is again taxed—practically *in toto*. When it is paid out in dividends it goes either to small investors, who are likely as not to be union men, or to big investors who, like the bosses, have to pay a prohibitive tax on everything they make. What actually happens to industry's net profits is that the great part of them is reinvested in the machines and factories that keep our standard of living rising. The Labor Day speakers, for all their rhetoric, would not like to see profits *really* eliminated. Comes the day when profits vanish, the jobs will vanish too.

Which brings us to the matter of how labor leaders talk—and will be talking indeed on this very Monday. Whether laboring men or not, as *FORTUNE* magazine points out in its September issue, you must have heard the phrases. Taft-Hartley is the "slave labor" law. (Try to tell Sam Gompers' ghost that we have any slaves in America today.) Rising prices are "robbing" the laborer of his gains. (Try to find anybody but the laborer or the farmer who has so much extra money in his pocket to pay the higher prices.) Every new tax bill is designed to "soak the poor." (The rich, God help them, are only soaked to the extent of 87¢ on the dollar!)

We do not mean to bleed here for the millionaires, even though they may have to make do with domestic champagne and last year's mink. We do not mean to begrudge the laboring man his gains. This is a great Labor Day. The pie that we all have to share is much bigger than ever before, and we are sharing it much more equitably. To the extent that the unions helped end child labor, the 72-hour week and the utter dependence of the workman on the whim of the old-fashioned terroristic boss, we salute them. They have been a big asset to America.

But we do urge on the new day's labor leaders that they bring their rhetoric up to date. There are still some serious problems to be worked out—how closed a shop, profit sharing, the role of labor in politics and the whole question of how far government can be expected to continue with the redistribution of wealth through its tax programs. All these deserve much more thoughtful consideration than is possible in a rhetorical atmosphere where every boss carries a whip and every laborer has hunger pangs. These are no longer the *East Lynne* days, and all the weeping and gnashing of teeth is not only old-fashioned but also a real stumbling block to progress.

As the chief beneficiaries of our new economy, as a powerful 15-million-member pressure group pulling a lot of political strings, the unions now have a tremendous responsibility. Their new place in the U.S. is far too important to permit of the demagogic approach or the frivolous demand. As a matter of fact labor has the best seat in the boat right now, and had better begin to worry about rocking it.

Green Hits Reactionary Lawmakers, Bosses

"Big businessmen" and "reactionary" members in Congress are leading this country toward economic chaos, William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, told the 50th annual convention yesterday of the International Photo-Engravers Union.

He added that inflationary legislation made matters even worse, for such legislation makes communism possible in this country.

"We know who organizes communism," he said. "It is not the poor fellow, not labor, not the soap-box orator, but it is those who fasten this yoke of economic control upon the people of the nation."

Story in the Aug. 23 New York World-Telegram and Sun which helped to inspire this editorial.



NOTHING—NOT EVEN DISALLE—IS NEW UNDER THE SUN

All year long there have been mysterious goings-on at the National Gallery of Art in Washington. Visitors, going through a room of bland old Dutch paintings, would stop in front of one of the portraits, scratch their heads, frown, ponder, get an inspiration, smile, look again and burst into guffaws. The polite attendants were quite baffled. Then TIME-LIFE Correspondent Ed Darby, who had got wind of these queer

events, took a look for himself and told LIFE Photographer Hank Walker, who went over to the Office of Price Stabilization. There he persuaded Mike DiSalle, the nation's rotund and fun-loving price boss, to see for himself one of the strangest coincidences of modern times. Seated beside the painting—a 17th Century Frans Hals canvas called *Portrait of a Young Man*—DiSalle discovered he was the spitting im-

age of a long-headed Dutchman. The coincidence could not be attributed to genealogy; DiSalle is as Italian as *lasagna*. The incident may have cast some light on why DiSalle, in the most unpopular of all government jobs, is a very popular man. The old-fashioned fat and happy fellow who was so common in 17th Century Holland is well-nigh extinct in modern Washington, and when one comes along he is bound to be a sensation.

A HURRICANE LEAVES JAMAICA IN DESPAIR

Hunger and epidemic threaten the homeless

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY GEORGE SILK

The hurricane which for 5 terrible hours had battered the Caribbean island of Jamaica was gone, blown out against the mainland 1,350 miles to the west. In its wake the measurable damage was \$56 million, with more than 20,000 buildings destroyed or badly damaged, thousands of farms and plantations smashed, fishing fleets sunk or scattered. But the real misery and the unmeasurable damage lay in what had happened to the people themselves. At least 152 were dead, 2,000 injured. The survivors' livelihood had disappeared in plantations and farms ruined by 125-mph winds and 17 inches of rain. Twenty-five thousand were homeless. In the chaos, drinking water had been polluted; sanitation facilities, primitive at best, had become almost nonexistent and now the survivors feared the new peril of typhoid epidemic. British warships rushed inoculants to the island with a policy of no inoculation, no food. But with most roads blocked, typhoid might break out before the queuing thousands were immunized.

Finally, almost worse than the terror was the despair. Survivors could shelter in schools and churches still standing, or in shacks built from debris. They could eat government rations or the salvage of the farms. But although life is easy and necessities few in tropical Jamaica, not many live far from the borderline of poverty. The hurricane had blown a lot of people across that line. It would be six months until the truck farmers would be self-supporting again. It would be a year until the banana plantation workers had a crop—and four years for those on the coconut plantations. Without money or building materials, it might be forever until the homeless had a hearthstone again.



IN MORANT BAY SCHOOLHOUSE SHELTERING 60 CHILDREN MADE HOMELESS BY THE



A FLOOR AND A WALL are only shelter left to Hubert Walters and his family at Grants Pen as they huddle in lamplight and contemplate a future with no work, no home, no food.

← SISTER BRINGS TEA TO VICTIM IN MORANT BAY CHURCH



STORM, A JAMAICAN LABORER BENDS ABOVE HIS FEVERISH GRANDCHILD BUT FINDS NO SIGNS OF TYPHOID FEVER ISLANDERS FEARED WOULD BREAK OUT



A SHOT AND A HOLLER and a boy, who had hiked two miles is inoculated. Only 1% of islanders had been immunized before the storm.



A HAMMER AND COURAGE start a new home out of tree limbs and scrap lumber for Simms Balti, a Grants Pen fisherman, who lost house, store (background) and two boats

STORMS COME OUT OF THE DOLDRUMS BEARING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

His second hurricane in July 1494 reportedly provoked Christopher Columbus to say that "nothing but the service of God and the extension of the monarchy could induce me to expose myself to such dangers." Much, but not enough, has been learned of the West Indian big wind since the admiral became its first white student.

Black-sheep cousin to the huge spiral air movements which breathe for the world, the hurricane is one of a family of renegade brothers: the China Sea typhoon, the South Pacific and Indian Ocean tropical cyclone, the Philippine *baguio*, the Australian willy-willy. Its own name, now applied to all whirling tropical storms, was bestowed by Carib Indians. They called it *huracan*—evil spirit.

The hurricane is mothered by the doldrums, the shifting zone of wet, stewing calm which stretches in a belt between the trade winds from Africa to the South American coast. There, nobody quite knows how, the deflective effect of the earth's spin, the convective rise of hot humid air masses and the convergent buffeting of the northeast trades combine to start the air mass churning counterclockwise. Ninety-eight times in 100 this brew of low barometric pressure and confused squall bubbles away to nothing in a pot spanning thousands of square miles. But the other two times a meteorological chain reaction feeds upon itself until the hurricane forms a whirling disk like a phonograph record, perhaps 500 miles from edge to edge, with a central eye about 14 miles across and a top-to-bottom depth of about a mile.

Once out of its cradle, a hurricane can perform weird, terrible acts before its death nine to 12 days later: kill 6,000 people (Galveston,



HURRICANE'S PATH was unusual for August. Instead of curving north toward Florida, it went on

west, lashing over Jamaica, tearing across Yucatan, knocking itself out against Mexico where it killed 50.

1900); smash \$300 million in property, sink a coast, conjure winds up to 186-mph (New England, 1938); bring 23.11 inches of rain in 24 hours (Taylor, Texas, 1921). It can drive a one-inch pine board like an arrow through the trunk of a palm (Puerto Rico, 1921) or heave a house over a hill without hurting the house or its eight occupants (Tobago Island, 1790). Until a hurricane dies, no man breathes free on the windward face of North America from Trinidad to Maine. When it is dead, those still alive in its wake face the heartbreaking task of cleaning up and starting over, as the dazed Jamaicans on these pages are doing.

Hurricane students have followed Columbus, who himself developed the storm savvy to predict a blow at Santo Domingo on a clear day in 1502. Ignoring his warning cost the Spaniards a fleet. Ben Franklin was among the first

to glimpse the fact that hurricanes generally travel a great reverse arc, first northwestward, turning northeast. Boston newspapers tipped him off; they reported a moon eclipse visible there at the same hour it was obscured in Philadelphia by a wild northeast wind (which seemed to be blowing straight from Boston).

Spanish priests of the West Indies knew centuries ago that hurricane paths shift westward as the storm season advances from June toward November. In 1898, Father Benito Viñes recorded that for centuries the priests of Puerto Rico had been enjoined to recite the prayer "*Ad repellendas tempestates*" during August and September but not in October, while westward in Cuba it was recited throughout September and October although not in August. This ancient piety may have succeeded last week: the big storm missed both Puerto Rico and Cuba.

COMEBACK BEGINS BY CLEARING DEBRIS, DRYING BED LINEN (BACKGROUND) OF MORANT BAY'S HOSPITAL. IT WAS WRECKED BUT ALL PATIENTS WERE SAVED





WORKERS SALVAGE GREEN BANANAS FROM RUINED GROVE. NINETY PERCENT OF THE TREES SHAPPED, BUT THEY GROW FAST, WILL BEAR FRUIT NEXT YEAR



PLANE CRASH SCATTERS AIRMAIL

Before the first light of morning a gray blanket of fog came in from the Pacific and lay heavily over the scrub-covered mesas and canyons near San Francisco. Down through the fog came a 27-ton United Airlines' DC-6B with 30 people on board. The pilot radioed he was on course.

But he wasn't. He hit a hillside and in a split second the plane disintegrated. So inexplicable was the crash that the FBI began looking for possible sabotage. From the wreckage-strewn hill postal men (*above*) gathered up all that had survived—flimsy-enveloped airmail letters.



When Johannes Fritz gave up lion-taming in Hamburg, Germany, he retired to a farm near Pretoria, South Africa. The unique result can



In Buenos Aires about 200,000 Argentines gathered to coax Eva Perón to run for vice president on a ticket headed by her husband, Juan.



AFRICAN FARMER RIDES IN A ONE-LION OPEN SHAY

he seen above. The picture shows Fritz free-wheeling along a country road behind a harness-broken lion—which is shying at the sight of a

car. Fritz acquired the lion as a cub about six years ago, christened him Samson, raised him on a baby bottle and then turned the jungle king

into a draft animal. Controlled by a single rein and Fritz's hollering, Samson pulls both stone and manure. He is also useful as a watchdog.



THE PERONS (SURPRISE!) BOW TO POPULAR DEMAND

Huge signs had blazoned that PERÓN FULFILLS, EVA, TOO (left) or EVITA DIGNIFIES. Another sign covering the scaffolding of a new building

said that the Peróns were the people's choice. But despite these straws Evita apparently was taken completely unawares when she was asked

to run. She said that she needed four days to think it over, then she changed it to four hours and then, acting on a ladylike whim, accepted.



FATHER Feller passes gaze to Steve (at bat) and Marty. He lives in Gates Mills, a Cleveland suburb.

GOOD PITCH

Feller and throwing colleagues

At the end of last week the Cleveland Indians were hanging on to the American League lead by their eyelashes—but nevertheless hanging on. How they got there in the first place was one of the summer's strangest phenomena. With half their team beggared in a batting slump, they had vaulted into second place over the Red Sox. With a lurching first baseman and no regular right fielder, they ran up a 13-game winning streak and shot past the Yankees to first place. Their fielding was just fair (fourth best in the league) and they would win no medals for running the bases. But in an era of big scores, short fences and cheap home runs the Cleveland Indians had one rare commodity. They had great pitching—a whole bull pen full of it.

The big guy was Bob Feller. Anyone could tell that by watching him work on the mound (left) or by listening to him in the locker room



FIREBALL KING Mike Garcia was losing one. But he has league's top earned run average of 2.35.

← EYES TOWARD PLATE, FELLER COILS FOR PITCH



COMMUTER Feller flies own plane 30 miles to airport, goes last half mile to ball park by motor scooter.



VICTOR Feller rides off field on shoulders of mates after winning 20th game. In 1940 he won 27, lost 11.



FOREMOST FAN is his wife, Virginia, waiting outside clubhouse door, unrecognized by other fans.

BUT NO HIT

put Cleveland into first place

bellow out of the side of his mouth, "A-a-ay; clubhouse," when he wanted service from the clubhouse boy. He worked hard to keep himself in shape—with chin-ups, push-ups and sprints across the outfield during batting practice. At 32, after two bad seasons (for Feller, that is), he no longer tries to knock the bats out of the batters' hands; his best pitch is now a jug-handle curve. Last week he became the season's first 20-game winner.

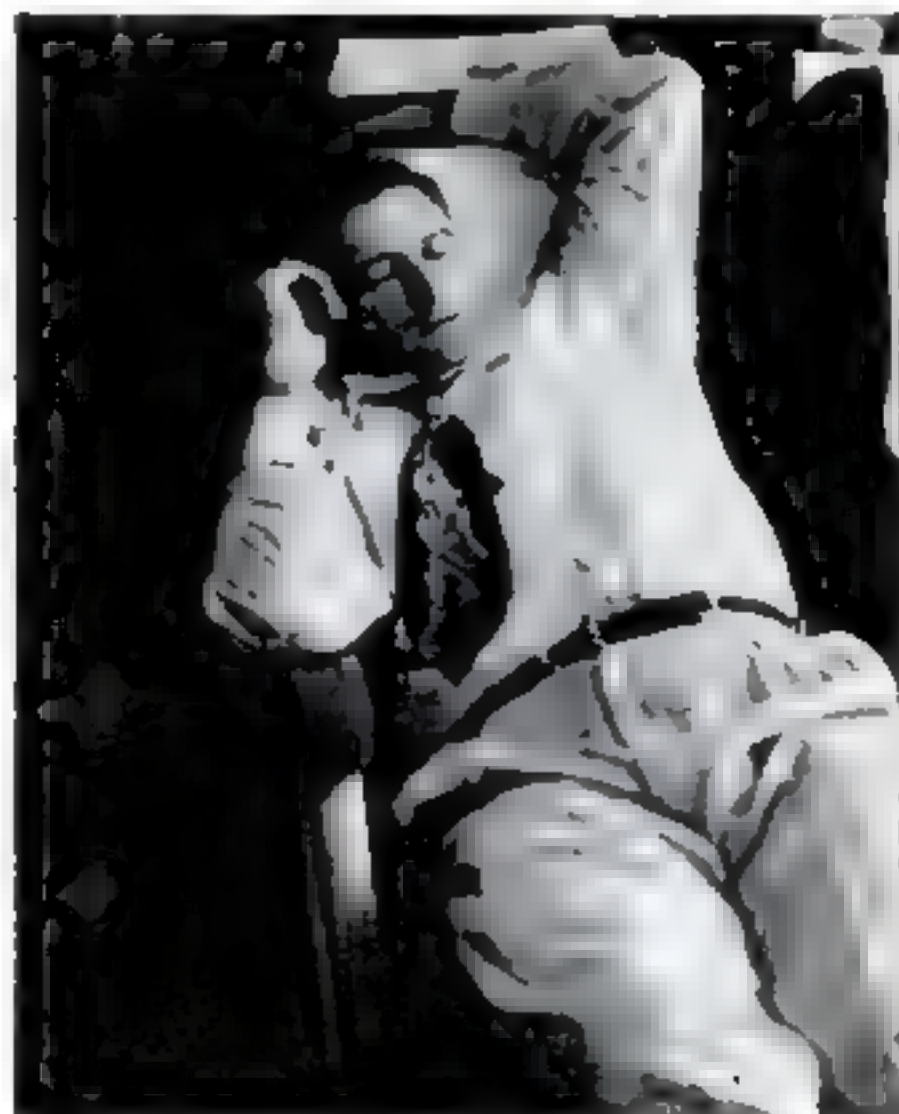
When Feller wasn't in there pitching, the Indians had three others just about as good in Mike Garcia, Bob Lemon and Early Wynn. The staff's earned-run average was a fantastically low 3.37. "I've never seen one like it," says Manager Al Lopez. But not even this can save the Indians if they insist on getting a total of five runs in three games—as they did last week when they lost 2 out of 3 to the threatening Yankees.



DRAMATIC DIVE BY YANKEES' BOB BROWN FAILS TO ROB BOB AVILA, TOP INDIAN HITTER, OF SINGLE



SINKER ARTIST Bob Lemon, a reformed third baseman, relaxes in clubhouse after winning No. 15.



KNUCKLE-BALLER Early Wynn, who has won 14, lost 12 games, catches catnap on train to Chicago.



FRESHMAN MANAGER Al Lopez (left) sums up his team's troubles: "If they could only hit."

THE BEGINNING AND END OF BIG LEAGUE MIDGETS



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Until a real, live one came to bat in St. Louis last week, baseball's only midget had been the immortal Pearl du Monville. Pearl was the creation of Humorist James Thurber and appeared 10 years ago in a *Saturday Evening Post* story illustrated by Norman Rockwell (left). The fictional midget puffed big cigars, carried a bamboo cane and called everybody "Junior," although he was less than three feet tall. In the middle of a tight pennant fight he was sent in as a pinch hitter with the bases loaded.

"I don't need to tell you Bethlehem broke loose on that there ball field," wrote Thurber describing Pearl's advance to the plate. "The fans got onto their hind legs, yellin' and whistlin'.... The St. Louis manager kept yellin' like his house was on fire. When Pearl got up to the plate and stood there, the pitcher slammed his glove down onto the ground and started stompin' on it,

and they ain't nobody can blame him. He's just walked two normal-sized human bein's, and now here's a guy up to the plate they ain't more'n 20 inches between his knees and his shoulders. The plate umpire called in the field umpire, and they talked a while, like a couple doctors seein' the bucolic plague or somethin' for the first time.... I thought there'd be a free-for-all, with everybody yellin' and shovin' except Pearl du Monville, who stood up at the plate with his little bat on his shoulder, not movin' a muscle....

"Well, the pitcher is sore as a old buggy horse in fly time. He slams in the first pitch, hard and wild, and maybe two foot higher'n the midget's head.... The big right-hander tries an undershoot and it comes in a little closer, maybe no more'n a foot, foot and a half above Pearl's head.... For the third pitch, the pitcher stands there flat-footed and tosses up the ball like he's playin' ketch with a little girl.... The ball comes in big and slow and high—high for Pearl, that is, it bein' about on a level with his

eyes, or a little higher'n a grown man's knees. They ain't nothin' else for the umpire to do, so he calls, 'Ball three!' Well, the pitcher decides to give him a toss again.... They ain't nobody ever seen a slower ball throwed.... It come right in over the plate in front of Pearl's chest, lookin' prob'ly big as a full moon to Pearl. They ain't never been a minute like the minute that followed since the United States was founded by the Pilgrim grandfathers.

"Pearl du Monville took a cut at that ball and he hit it. Magrew [the manager] give a groan like a poleaxed steer as the ball rolls out in front a the plate into fair territory.... The catcher gets to the ball first, but he boots it on out past the pitcher's box, the pitcher fallin' on his face tryin' to stop it, the shortstop sprawlin' after it full length and zagging it over toward the second baseman.... Ty Cobb could 'a' made a three-bagger outa that bunt.... But Pearl is still maybe fifteen, twenty feet from the bag, toddlin' like a baby and yee-pin' like a trapped rabbit, when the second baseman finely gets a holt of the ball and slams it over to first.... The base umpire waves Pearl out, and there goes your old ball game, the craziest ball game ever played in the history of the organized world.

"Their players start runnin' in, and then I see Magrew. He starts after Pearl, runnin' faster'n any man ever run before. Pearl sees him comin' and runs behind the base umpire's legs and gets a holt onto 'em.... Finely Magrew.... gets holt of that little guy by both his ankles and starts whirlin' him round and round his head like Magrew was a hammer thrower and Pearl was the hammer.... Then Magrew lets the midget fly.... I know you never seen a midget ketched, and you prob'ly never even seen one throwed.... I never seen nothin' like that center fielder. He goes back and back and still further back and he pulls that midget down outa the air like he was liftin' a sleepin' baby from a cradle.... The base umpire, who was runnin' back with the center fielder when he ketched Pearl, yells, 'Out!'

Bill Veeck, new owner of the St. Louis Browns, was admittedly inspired by Thurber's story when he sent a midget in to pinch-hit for his last-place team last week. Veeck's midget was 3-foot 7-inch Eddie Gaedel. He had been secretly signed by Veeck, a man who will stop at nothing to attract customers, and with 20,299 fans buzzing, he came to bat against Pitcher Bob Cain of Detroit. Unlike Pearl he never took his toy bat off his shoulder. He looked at four pitches and trotted down to first—where he was replaced by a pinch runner. Veeck's gag stirred the wrath of fans and editorial writers from coast to coast; he was making a mockery of the national game. Two days later, mustering as much dignity as they could, the American League officials recommended a new rule: no more midgets.



VEECK'S MIDGET, batting for St. Louis Browns against Detroit, looks at ball four (in glove) as catcher kneels and the umpire squats to call it. Thanks to his

base on balls the Browns filled bases but failed to score. Said Umpire Hurley, "The midget's contract was in order. We go by that, not by a tape measure."

SCHOOL DAYS ARE SOUP DAYS!

SO GIVE THEM...

SOUP FOR LUNCH



Children need one hot dish at noon, authorities state

The energy poured out by a healthy child in the course of a single day is huge. Nutrition experts agree that school children especially need a hot dish at the midday meal to help see them through the strenuous afternoon.

Hot food stimulates appetite ... makes other foods taste and digest better ... and school

authorities say, it is a factor for better marks.

For school lunches, there's nothing better than a generous serving of good hot soup. It's nourishing, warming, satisfying ... so practical ... and children love it! ... Are your children getting the right sort of food at midday? Why not try giving them soup for lunch—today!



LUNCH AT HOME

Campbell's Vegetable Soup
Fourteen delicious garden vegetables mingled in rich beef stock. "Almost a meal in itself!" And how the children go for it!

Cheese Spread Sandwich
Vanilla Pudding with Chocolate Chips **Milk**

LUNCH AT SCHOOL

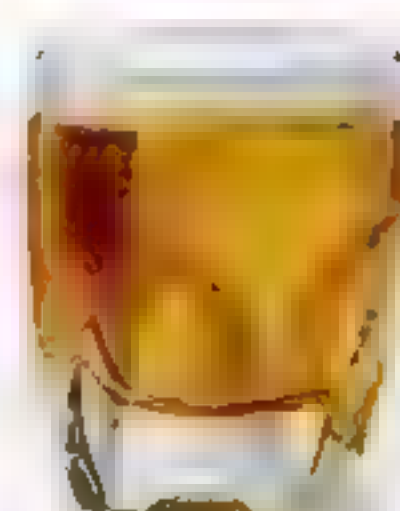
Campbell's Tomato Soup
Made from choicest tomatoes and fine table butter. Simply delicious! And extra nourishing when prepared with milk.

Bologna and Pickle Relish Sandwich
Carrot Sticks, Radishes
Fresh Fruit **Spice Cup Cakes**





there's
no
better
Bourbon



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THE GREEN STAMP ON TOP OF BOTTLE

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**OLD
HICKORY**

STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKY

100 PROOF BOTTLED IN BOND • ALSO AVAILABLE IN LESSER PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLING CORP. • PHILA., PA.

PEOPLE

SOME CELEBRATE WEDDINGS AND A BIRTHDAY
BUT OTHERS GET FEATHERED AND BEATEN UP



BIRTHDAY PICNIC

On Aug. 21 Queen Elizabeth gathered her royal brood and led them off into the heather of the Balmoral Castle estate for a champagne picnic to celebrate Princess Margaret's 21st birthday. Afterward the men stayed behind to bag some grouse, letting the ladies and the queen, flanked by daughters Elizabeth (left) and Margaret (right), walk home.



ANNIVERSARY WALTZ

On Aug. 19 Guy Lombardo, who for some 25 years has been serenading his fans with sweet music, serenaded his beaming parents instead. It was their golden wedding anniversary and Guy brought home a special band to play the *Anniversary Waltz*. Born in Italy, Guy Lombardo Sr. fathered a lot of Lombardos, five of whom have been in Guy Jr.'s band.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"THIS DIET SUITS MY TASTE AND NEEDS"

Your Dog deserves "The MILK-BONE way of feeding!"

1

**Make the main meal
MILK-BONE TINY-BITS**

A dinner balanced to his individual nutritional needs — and so simple to get ready! Merely moisten slightly with warm water or soup—add nourishing left-overs to TINY-BITS and your dog's diet will be as appetizingly varied as your own! Economical because it's concentrated nourishment — you add the liquid to this basic food. MILK-BONE TINY-BITS are sealed in lined containers. Feed them regularly!



MILK-BONE products contain nutrients your dog needs: Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, D and E...Meat Meal...Fish Liver Oil...Whole Wheat Flour...Minerals...Milk.



2

**Start the day with
MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT**

The sport of a real bone — the chewing exercise that helps keep gums firm and healthy. How he loves nutritious MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT! It's concentrated food...baked for purity and digestibility. MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT comes in three sizes to suit every dog. Get some today!

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

National Biscuit Co., Dept. LM-9
Milk-Bone Bakery
446 East 10th St., New York 9, N. Y.
Send me FREE sample of (check)
☐ MILK-BONE DOG BISCUIT or
☐ MILK-BONE TINY-BITS. Also booklet:
"How To Care For and Feed Your Dog."
(Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.) Please print.

Name.....
Address.....
City and State.....
This offer good in United States only

Waffle and grilled-sandwich eaters
never had it so good!



Specifications subject to change without notice.

It's the superb, new—
**General Electric Combination
Sandwich Grill and Waffle Iron**



• "Superb" is an understatement! How else could you grill delicious sandwiches ... make heavenly waffles (simply by inserting the large interchangeable aluminum waffle grids) ... even fry bacon and eggs—all right at your own table?

• Finished in sparkling, long-lasting chrome plate, it will adorn your loveliest table setting. And the cool plastic handles make it easy to carry about, too. Automatic, a turn of the Temperature Selector quickly gives you the correct heat. A "tell-you-when" light goes off the moment you have it. Result: you serve golden-brown waffles or just-right sandwiches every time!



Automatic model (shown above)—and the Standard model—come complete with easy-to-clean sandwich and waffle grids. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

See The New G-E Garry Moore TV program Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Afternoons, CBS-TV.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



A LADY CONCERT PIANIST

On Aug. 15 a sprightly couple walked unannounced into the Providence, R.I. City Hall and applied for a marriage license. The man, John D. Rockefeller Jr., gave his occupation as "real estate investor"; the lady, Mrs. Martha Baird Allen, gave her occupation as "at home." Half an hour later they were wed and a week later the happy 77-year-old groom was photographed (above) showing his beaming 56-year-old bride some of his real estate: the Prometheus Fountain in New York's Rockefeller Center. The second Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Jr. (his first wife died in 1948) had hardly spent a life "at home" as she claimed. Married twice before, once to a Brown University classmate of Mr.



MARRIES REAL ESTATE MAN

Rockefeller's, she was for years a prominent pianist. Her concert career had begun in Los Angeles when she was just 8 years old, an appearance which pleased her mainly because it meant skipping school. In 1918 she gave her first professional concert with the Boston Symphony Orchestra and in 1926 made her London debut at Royal Albert Hall as a guest soloist with Sir Thomas Beecham's London Symphony. After retiring from the concert stage she wrote a song called *We Want Willie* which was selected as the Republicans' official 1940 campaign song for choral presentations. Mr. Rockefeller shares his wife's interest in music for, since childhood, he has liked to relax by playing the violin.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

LI'L ABNER^{by} AL CAPP

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LOOK OUT!!

-EVIL-EYE FLEAGLE IS GIVIN' YO' A "FULL-WHAMMY" FUM HIS-UGH!!-EVILEST EYE!!

SHRIVEL UP, AN' BOIN, HILL-BILLY!! DIS GAL IS MINE!!



AH FOUND HIM WIF HIS CLOTHES BURNIN', BUT WIF HIS HIDE COLD AS A MACKEREL!!

HE'S STILL BREATHIN'!! GIT TH' ENRICHED 5 MINUTE CREAM OF WHEAT QUICK!!

LOOK!! HE'S GETTIN' THET WIDE-AWAKE, KEEN-EYED, IN-TELLY-JUNT EXPRESSHUN AGIN!!

NATCHERLY!!-IT'S THEM MINNY-RULS, VITY-MINS AN' FOOD-ENERGY WHICH DOES IT!!

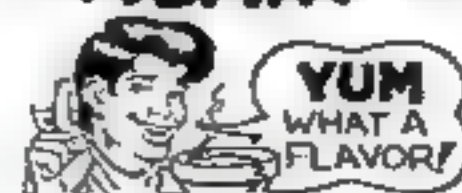


AH CAIN'T LOOK!!-FLEAGLE IS GIVIN' HIM TH' "DOUBLE WHAMMY"-WHICH NO MULE, DOGPATCHER OR HOOMIN BEAN HAS EVAN SURVIVED!!

HA!!-YO' SEEP-NOTHIN' KIN BEAT THET CREAM OF WHEAT FEELIN' WHICH AH IS NOW ENJOYIN' FO' LESS'N 1¢ A BOWL!!



GET THAT CREAM OF WHEAT FEELING!



HISTORY of TAMPAX

Tampax not only *has* a history. It has *made* history. Young as this product is, it has revised and revolutionized the whole idea of monthly sanitary hygiene. Sales have mounted to the billions.



Tampax back in the beginning... was designed by a physician to relieve women of such nuisances as belts, pins, external pads. He solved the problem with Tampax—small, neat, easily disposable. Made of pure absorbent cotton in slender patented applicators.



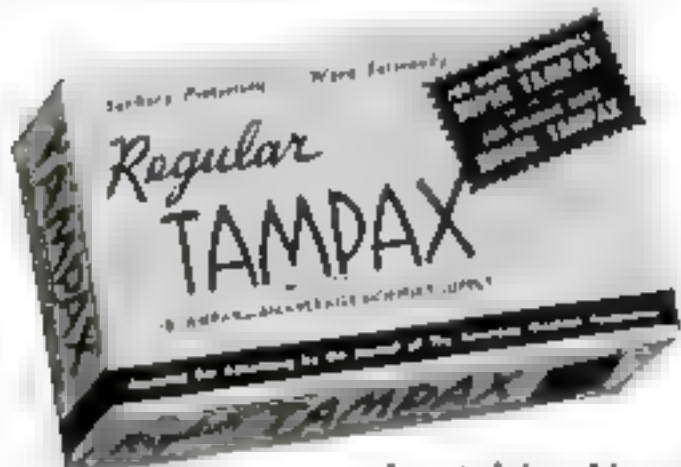
Tampax in the women's colleges... has gained favor rapidly. Active modern girls welcome its compactness (month's supply goes in purse) and the social serenity Tampax brings—no bulges or ridges to show with sport clothes or formals.



Tampax spreads to other lands... yes, more than 75 countries—mountainous, sea-level, tropical. Especially popular in hot, sticky climates, for Tampax causes no odor, cannot chafe or bind. In fact, wearer does not feel it when in place.



Tampax at drug and notion counters... with choice of 3 absorbency-sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit individual needs. Remember you cannot even *feel* the Tampax while wearing it! Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.

LR-391-W

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

PEOPLE CONTINUED



FEATHERS FOR EAGLE HEAD

During his long career Viscount Alexander received many honors—Britain's Order of the Bath, France's Legion of Honor and Russia's Order of St. Anne. As Governor-General of Canada he recently got another from Chief Shot-On-Both-Sides, who made him a Chieftain in the Blood Band. Given a fancy name (Eagle Head) and an even fancier head-dress, the new chief was caught by a gust of wind. While more experienced chiefs held their feathered hats, Alexander let his flop over his face.



A SHINER FOR IRISH BOB

As he entered the Madison Square Garden ring on Aug. 22, swashbuckling Irish Bob Murphy was given a 2-1 chance of slugging the light heavyweight championship away from the titleholder, Joey Maxim. But when they left the same ring 15 rounds later, all Murphy had gained were some lessons in skillful boxing and an overripe-looking right eye. Maxim, who easily retained his title, jabbed the swollen eye until he had frustrated Murphy thrashing around the ring like a barroom brawler.

FEET BURN?



Get FAST RELIEF with this MEDICATED Powder!

No unmedicated powder can relieve your chafed and burning feet as Ammens Powder does!

For Ammens contains three famous medicinal ingredients—gives 3-way medicated skin care: (1) It soothes, relieves and helps heal irritated skin. (2) Its extra softness protects and cushions sore skin, and so promotes healing. (3) Its extra fluffy texture gives cooling relief. For real medicated skin care, get genuine Ammens Medicated Powder at any drug counter today.



FREE trial size can. Write today to Dept. L-91, Bristol-Myers Co., Hillside, N. J. (Offer limited to U.S.A.)

AMMENS
Medicated Powder

ASK YOUR CHIROPODIST ABOUT AMMENS

Enos Slaughter
Star Outfielder
of the St. Louis
Cardinals.

LOOK YOUR BEST LIKE THESE
BIG LEAGUE STARS... WEAR

BEE HATS

FINE QUALITY \$5.00 to \$7.50
FUR FELTS

Joe Garagiola
Ace Catcher of
the Pittsburgh
Pirates.

BEE HAT COMPANY
1021 Washington Ave. • St. Louis 1, Mo



Photograph by Benmaa

Logo, 1951 by West Products Company

NEWS ABOUT
DR. WEST'S

4 OUT OF 5 TOOTHBRUSHES ARE WORN OUT !

Replace yours with a new DR. WEST'S

Broken, matted, missing or worn out bristles. Unsightly, unsanitary—even dangerous. These are the conditions in which the American Dental Association found 4 out of 5 toothbrushes now being used in American homes. If *your* toothbrush fits any of those descriptions—throw it out.

Get a new sealed-in-glass Dr. West's Miracle Tuft. Clean your teeth the way they should be cleaned—*thoroughly* inside, outside and in between. The Dr. West's does this as no other toothbrush. Does it for more people than any other. Your choice of four brushhead designs. Each 60¢.

60¢





Never More Important than

*Get All the Mileage Your Car Can Deliver — Get the World's Largest —
And Complete, Money-Saving Mobil-Care. See Your Friendly Mobilgas.*



Around the World More Cars
are Protected by
Mobiloil
than by Any Other Brand!

Mobiloil is a heavy-duty motor oil with increased detergency to protect modern high-speed, high-compression engines—including those with hydraulic valve lifters.



ASK FOR IT AT SERVICE STATIONS,
CAR DEALERS AND GARAGES



Now !
*Selling Motor Oil—
Mobiloil Dealer!*

SOCONY VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC., and Affiliates. MAGNOLIA PETROLEUM COMPANY, GENERAL PETROLEUM CORPORATION

New Post's SUGAR CRISP

HAS FOLKS IN A WHIRL!

YOU'RE ON TOP
OF THE WORLD WITH
SUGAR CRISP! THIS CRISPY
PUFFED WHEAT HAS A
DELICIOUS HONEY-FLAVORED
COATING TOASTED ON!
SO SWEET ALL THE
WAY THROUGH — NO
SUGAR NEEDED!

MORE FUN THAN
A CARNIVAL ...
THAT'S SUGAR CRISP
THE HANDY 'TWEEN
MEAL SNACK! WATCH THE
WHOLE FAMILY GO FOR IT—
ANY TIME OF DAY!
P.S. STAYS CRISP TILL
THE BOWL'S EMPTY!

HAVE A WONDERFUL
TIME NIBBLING SUGAR
CRISP LIKE CANDY—
RIGHT OUT OF THE
BOX! MAKES YOU
GLAD YOU'VE GOT A
SWEET TOOTH! PUT
POST'S SUGAR CRISP
ON YOUR GROCERY
LIST TODAY!

ANOTHER
DELICIOUS
POST CEREAL—
TASTE THEM ALL
IN POST-TENS!

A Product of General Foods

AS A CEREAL IT'S DANDY—
FOR SNACKS IT'S SO HANDY—
OR EAT IT LIKE CANDY!



FEMININE LEGS STILL STEAL THE SHOW FROM MUSCULAR AND TOOTHPICK VARIETIES DISPLAYED BY TULSA'S MEN

BIG DAY FOR MALE LEGS

Scorching city of Tulsa survives outbreak of midsummer fashion madness

It was 107° in Tulsa, the kind of day when men's minds reach the boiling point too. So Wilt Tribble, a hot and harassed hardware dealer, irked by the stylishly unclad women strolling Tulsa's streets, organized the merchants of Brookside, an outlying shopping center, in a revolt against male summer apparel. On Friday, the morning of the revolution, nearly everyone turned up at work in shorts—the sheepish guys, the clowns and a whole gang of overwarm enthusiasts who simply hoped for the best. Surprised customers found shorts-clad workers polishing store counters, serving hamburgers and even delivering mail.

According to prearranged signals, the rebels left their offices during the morning for ostentatious Cokes or coffee, and in the afternoon they assembled for a march down the main drag. The directors of the Brookside bank voted against the idea for their own employees, but after the 2 o'clock closing Bank President Howard Barnett sprinted outside in his shorts to join the fun. When the day's horseplay was totaled up, nothing much had been done toward overthrowing men's traditional summer garb, but everyone felt better and besides, winter was a whole day nearer.



MAYOR OF TULSA, after coming to the beauty review fully clad, retained his honor by unveiling his plaid shorts.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Never neglect a blister

The tiniest injury can become infected. Never take a chance. Always use BAND-AID, the only adhesive bandage that gives you Johnson & Johnson quality.

Always look for the name
on the box



BAND-AID means MADE BY
Johnson & Johnson

THE INTERNATIONAL WHISKY

Sir John Schenley

World's Choicest Blend



Enjoy
the finest
tasting
whisky
in the
world

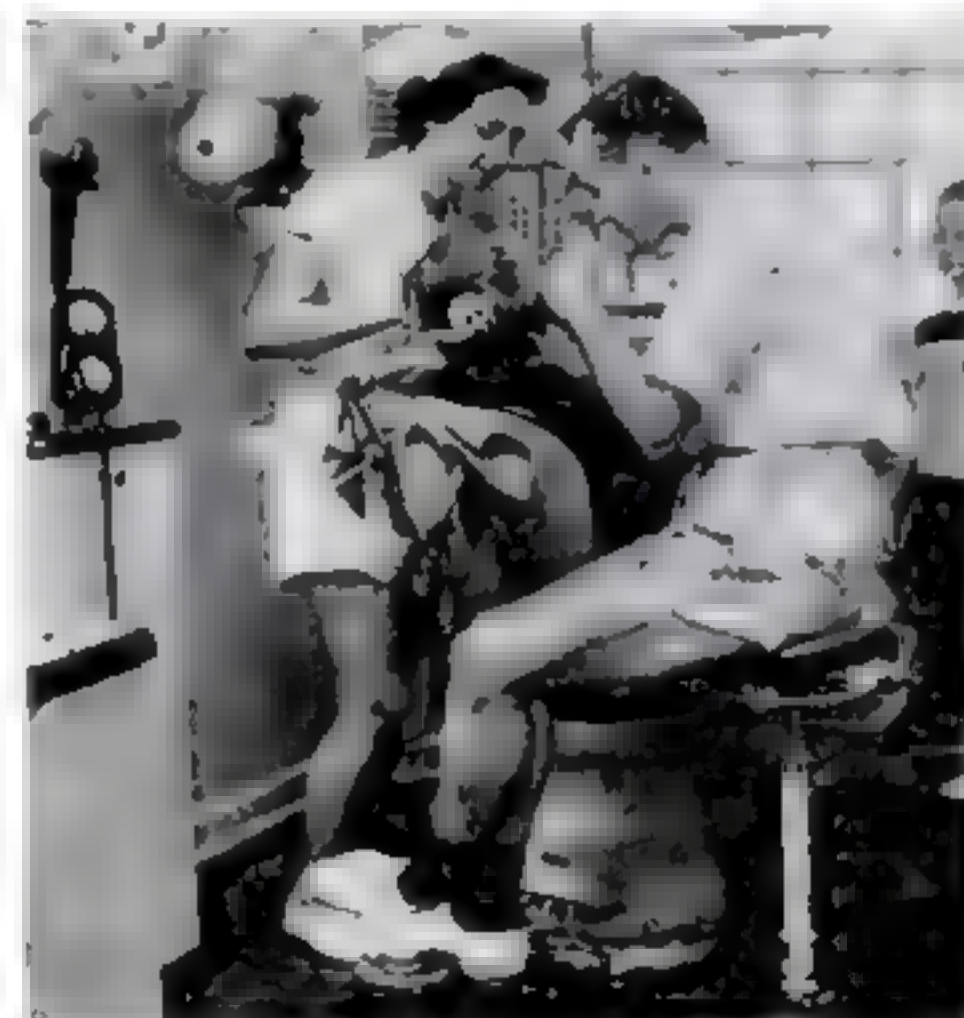
Few, if any, of the world's great whiskies can equal the quality of Sir John Schenley . . . none can match its delightful taste! Here indeed is the finest-tasting whisky in the world—rare and full-bodied. You will enjoy in Sir John Schenley the lightest whisky you've ever tasted. Ask for it at finer stores, clubs and bars.

BLENDING WHISKY 86.8 PROOF. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 8 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKY, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N. Y. C.

Male Legs CONTINUED



TEASING is taken in stride by hairy-legged Police Officers Ralph Duncan and Harold Harding. Teen-aged taunter on the motorcycle is Suzanne Carlile.



DRILLING as usual is done by dentist whose nurse made loyal but sedate attempt to match his loud shorts.



DUNKING of trouser clad rebel Edwin Lane, manager of T. G. & Y. variety store, occurred in L. O. C. trough. Only a few merchants held out against slurs.



MAGIC CARPET—32,000 MILES LONG

It can whisk you all the way from San Francisco to far-off Bombay with five-mile-a-minute speed . . . or gently let you down at exotic places in between. It can put joy into every journey . . . help you, as it has helped millions, to step along to happier holidays or better business ahead. Today, across our nation and overseas, a TWA Skyliner can be your "open sesame" to a new high in travel pleasure.



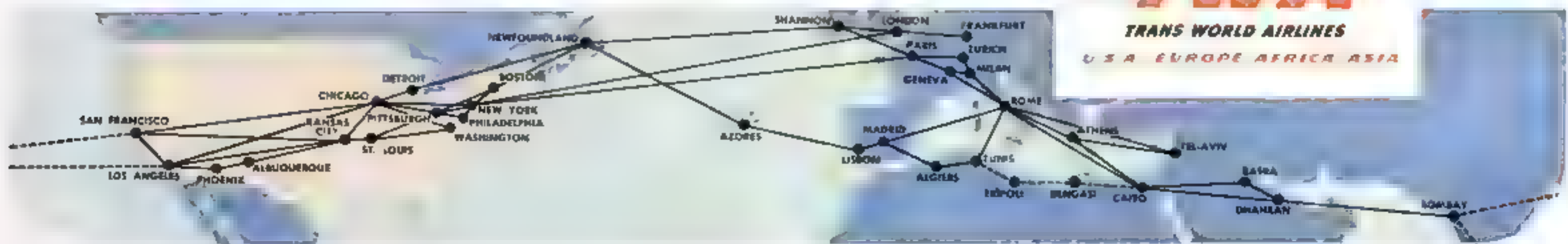
Where in the world do you want to go? For information and reservations, call TWA or see your travel agent.

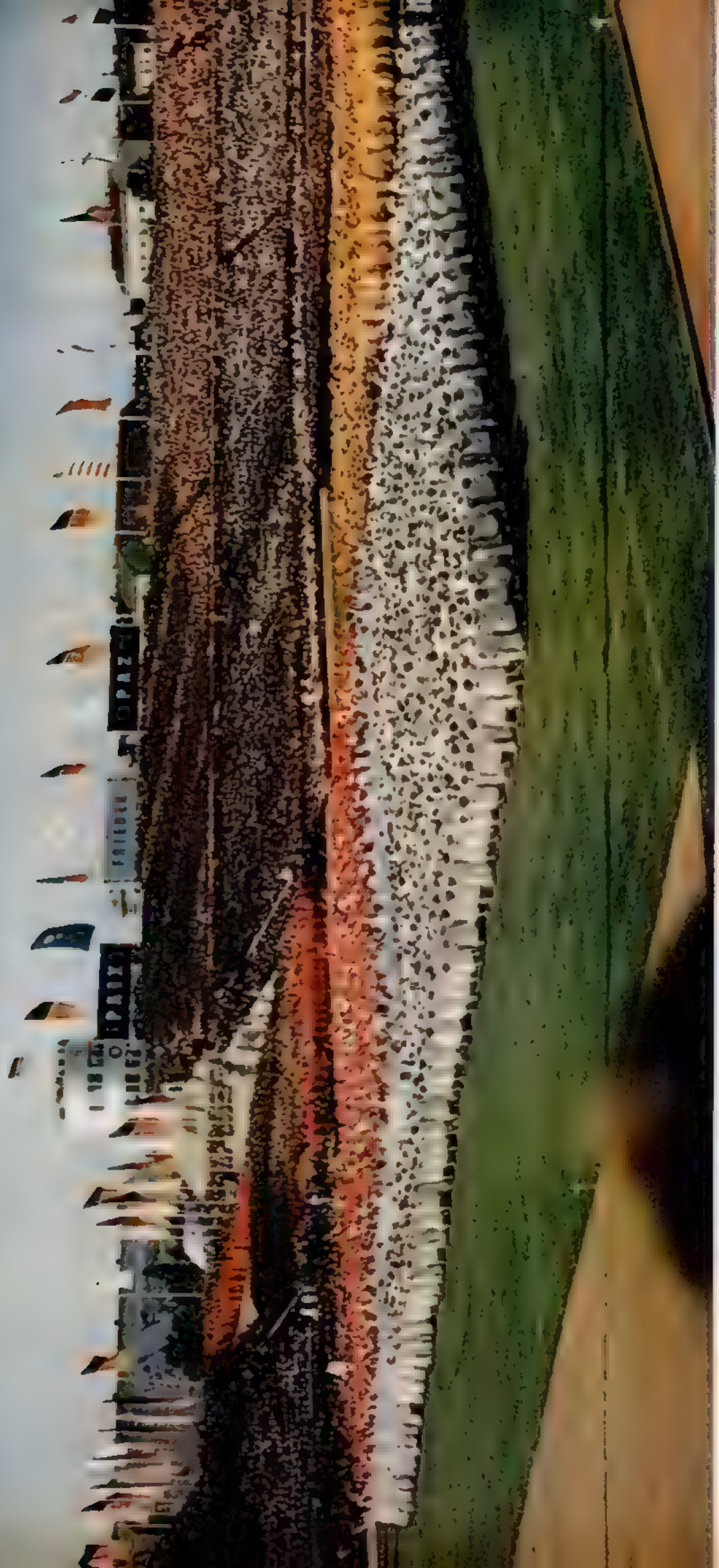
ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS... YOU CAN DEPEND ON

TWA

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U.S.A. EUROPE AFRICA ASIA





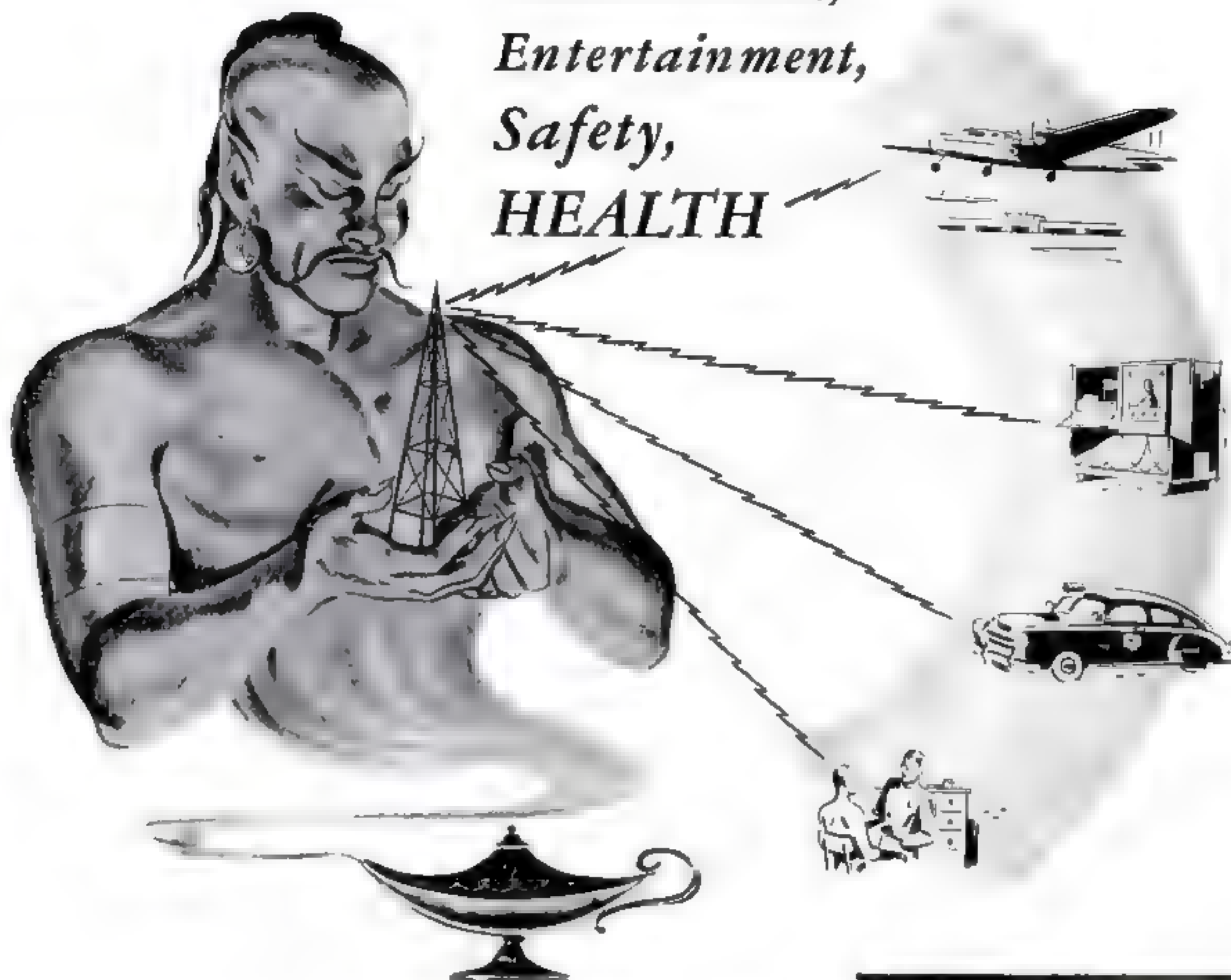
COLOR IN A RED RALLY

In East Berlin's Walter Ulbricht stadium last month, the tinted German Communist youths cheered the red-bannered maneuvers of massed beatniks to the Kremlin-sponsored World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace. For two weeks they kept coming,

more than 100,000 at a time, jamming the flag-bedecked, slogan-rimmed-to turn built for the rally. But outsiders forbade the few who came from Western nations to mix with youths from the satellite's list, even by hearsay, a discriminatory virus all too real.

Radio Frequency:

*Versatile Genie of
Communications,
Entertainment,
Safety,
HEALTH*



No less fascinating than the fable of Aladdin's genie is the factual story of the myriad uses of radio frequency energy.

Readily obeying the bidding of its Master, this invisible and powerful force directs the safe landing of aircraft...assists the police in emergencies...brings entertainment by radio and television...connects the world in instant communication. And, in a field less familiar this unseen force makes a vital contribution to treatment of disease, both medically and surgically.

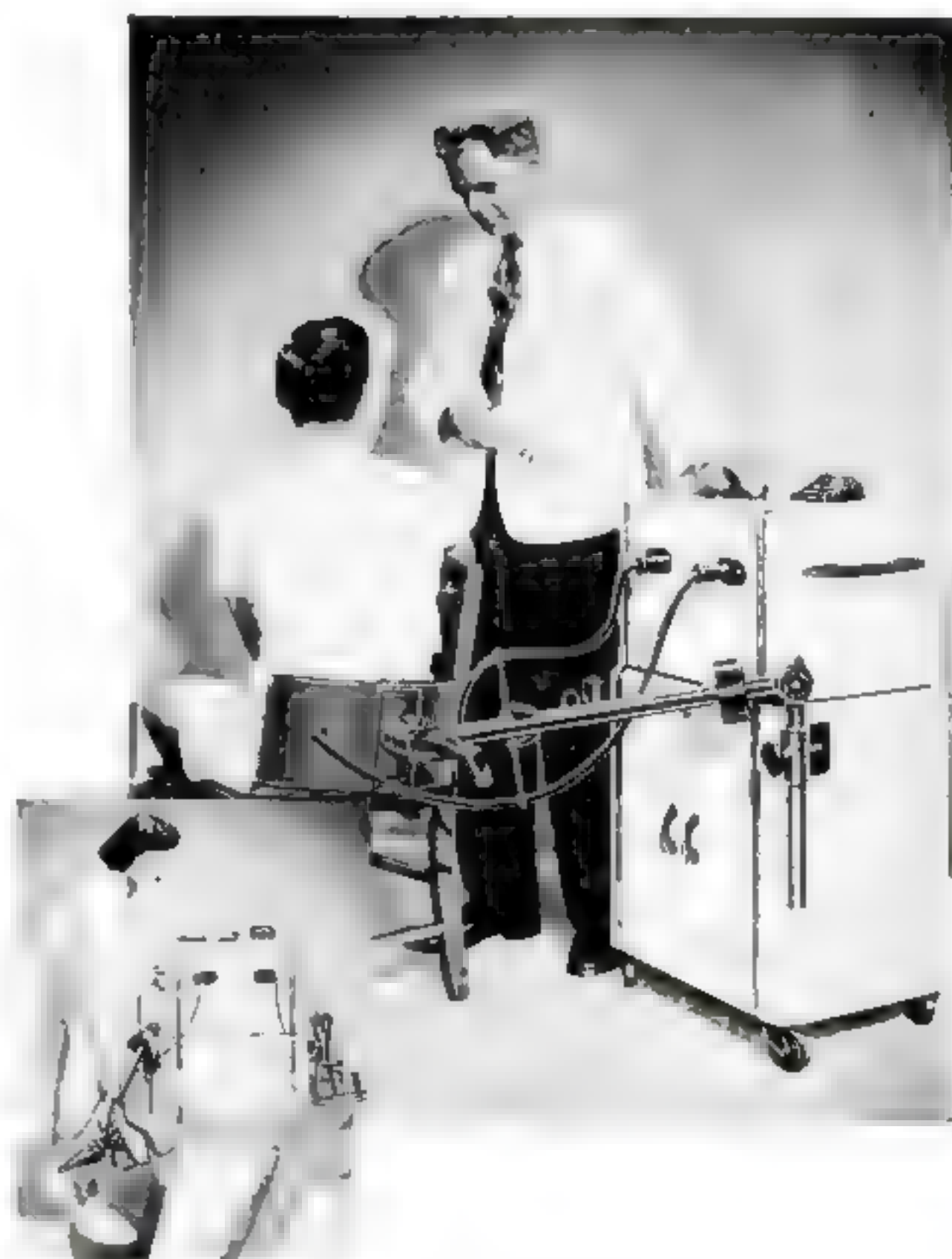
An outstanding example of the specialized electronic apparatus used extensively in modern medicine is the Liebel-Flarsheim Short Wave Diathermy pictured here. The high frequency energy generated by this apparatus and directed through appropriate applicators, reaches deeply into the body tissues to produce pain-relieving, healing hyperemia. The only sensation experienced by the patient is a feeling of soothing warmth and comfort. But diathermy is safe, sane and effective only under the guidance of its Master, the physician, who knows how, when and where to use it.

IN ALL MEDICAL
MATTERS, RELY
ON YOUR DOCTOR!



Liebel-Flarsheim Diathermy is designed and manufactured exclusively for the medical profession. You'll see it only in hospitals and physicians' offices. That's where it belongs because that's where it will be properly used.

The L-F trademark is the hallmark of quality and dependability in electromedical and electrosurgical apparatus.



THE LIEBEL-FLARSHEIM CO.

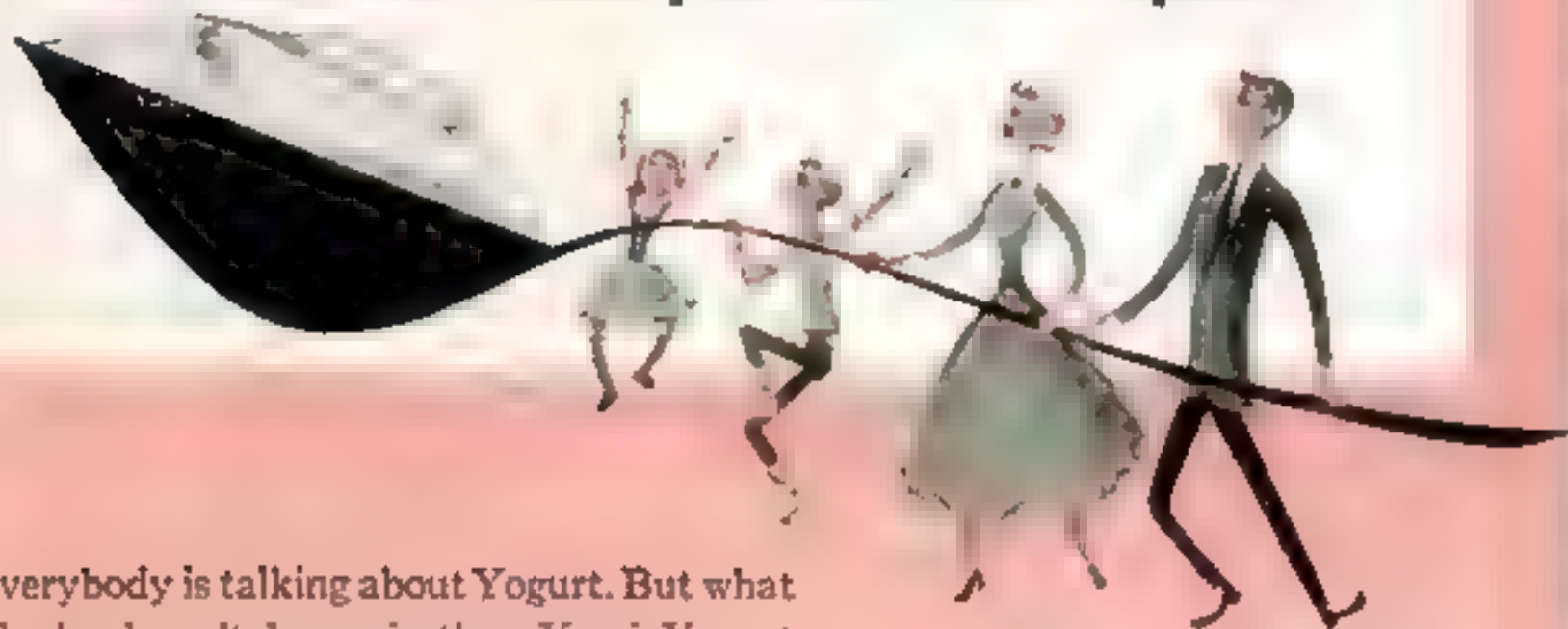
CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

**Now you, too, can
eat your way to health**

with the original

yami yogurt

the "cultured" milk you eat with a spoon



Yes, everybody is talking about Yogurt. But what everybody doesn't know is this: Yami Yogurt pioneered the Yogurt Health Habit in America. Yet the idea behind Yami Yogurt is not new. In fact, it's 4,000 years old. Primitive people in all lands...wise beyond their time... have always looked to such a cultured milk-food as the magic key to Better Meals, Better Health, Longer Life.

Yami Yogurt is a food, not a medicine. It brings you the minerals, the proteins, the vitamins of milk; yet it is easier to digest than milk. It is rich in nourishment yet low in calories: a full 8-oz. container supplies only 170 calories. Hence it is *non-fattening*.

The friendly lactic acids in Yami Yogurt go right to work; help to police the gastro-intestinal tract; help to keep the stomach sweet and clean; help to keep you *young*, keep you *fit*, keep you *regular*!

Yami Yogurt has a refreshing tart taste all its own. Many people say it's great when they eat it *straight*. Others prefer it *sweetened*. So they add a bit of sugar, honey, cinnamon, preserves. Others use it to top off fresh or canned fruits, cereals and what not. Still others use it for out-of-this-world salad dressings...or to put new taste-adventure into Everyday Cooking. But no matter how you eat it, it's still Yami and it's still *yummy*. Best of all, you're eating your way to health with every spoonful!



Here, at the world-famous Rosell Institute...on the grounds of a great monastery at La Trappe, Quebec, Canada...is produced the rare Yogurt Culture that goes into Yami Yogurt. That's all important because a Yogurt is only as good as the Culture from which it is made. And Yami Yogurt is the *only* Yogurt in America made with genuine Rosell Culture...originated and perfected many years ago by Dr. Joseph Maria Rosell. The culture is then flown to carefully picked, franchised dairies in the U. S. A. where it is added to pure, pasteurized milk. The result is Yami Yogurt.

**It had to be good to get where it is...the
largest-selling brand of Yogurt in America!**



**FREE! "America's New Food
Discovery" by Adelle Davis**

Here, in one compact folder, is the health-and-recipe story of Yami Yogurt... told by Adelle Davis, famous author, cookery authority and Nutrition Consultant for Yami Yogurt. Just fill in and mail this coupon to Yami Yogurt Products, Inc., 8476 Melrose Place, Los Angeles 46.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



You can identify YAMI Yogurt by the red symbol below...regardless of shape or size of container. The franchised dairy your community uses the type of container best suited to its needs.

Where can you get Yami Yogurt?
At food stores or from your regular Milk Man. If you can't get it in your community, write Yami Yogurt Products, Inc., 8476 Melrose Place, Los Angeles 46.

Red Rally CONTINUED



EAGER BERLINERS arrived early at Schoneberg park in U.S. sector for one of American TV shows designed to counter the youth rally. Young Reds crossed border and heard President Truman's message opening the TV exhibit.



DRENCHED RIOTERS were driven back by West Berlin police during one of three invasions by 11,500 Communist youths, some of whom were 10 years old. There were 116 arrests, and Reds claimed that 413 were beaten by police.



DEFEATED DEMONSTRATORS hurried past a politely informative border signboard in an anticlimax to the troublemaking ordered by Red bosses to cover up the fact that their rally was far short of a propaganda victory.

Kodak
TRADE-MARK



It's a proud day for you
and your camera

Your snapshots tell the story best

When your boy comes home, even if it's only
for a day, your camera will find so much to record.
And think how grateful all his friends and
relatives will be, when you send them extra prints
of your pictures.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Share "snapshot news" from home—send extra prints



At your dealer's—dependable
Kodak and Brownie cameras for
snapshot opportunities ahead.

For black-and-white snapshots,
Kodak Verichrome Film. For full-
color snapshots, Kodacolor Film.



Esterbrook®

AMERICA'S PEN NAME SINCE 1858

for easier...
clearer writing

CHOOSE

Student, lawyer, merchant... doctor, secretary, salesman, clerk... whoever you are, whatever you write, however you write it... there's an Esterbrook Point exactly suited to your writing.

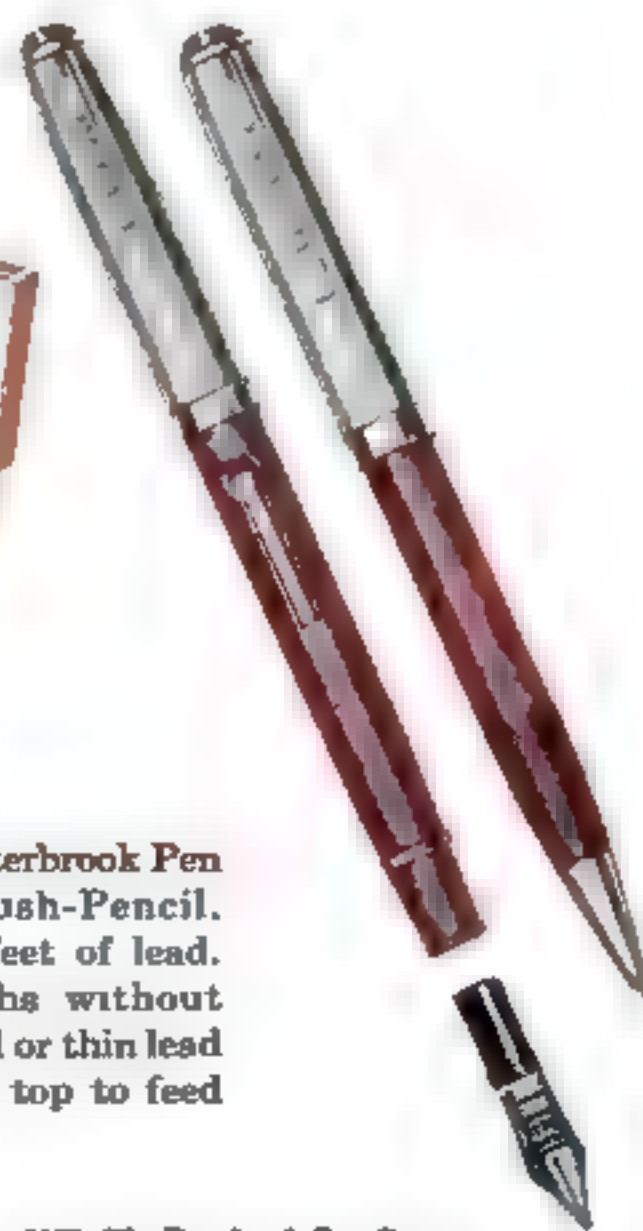
Choose your Esterbrook Point at any pen counter. Screw this point into the Esterbrook pen barrel you choose for color and style... and write. Learn, first-hand, why Esterbrook is first choice with those who buy a pen for their own use.



FOR YOUR DESK—Model 444 Desk Pen Set. With full choice of Renew-Points. Base holds 40 times more ink than ordinary fountain pen desk sets. Fill it once, write for months.



POCKET SET—Esterbrook Pen and matching Push-Pencil. Pencil holds two feet of lead. Writes for months without reloading Standard or thin lead models. "Push the top to feed the lead."



Copyright 1951, The Esterbrook Pen Company

TO SELECT OR REPLACE
...HERE'S ALL YOU DO

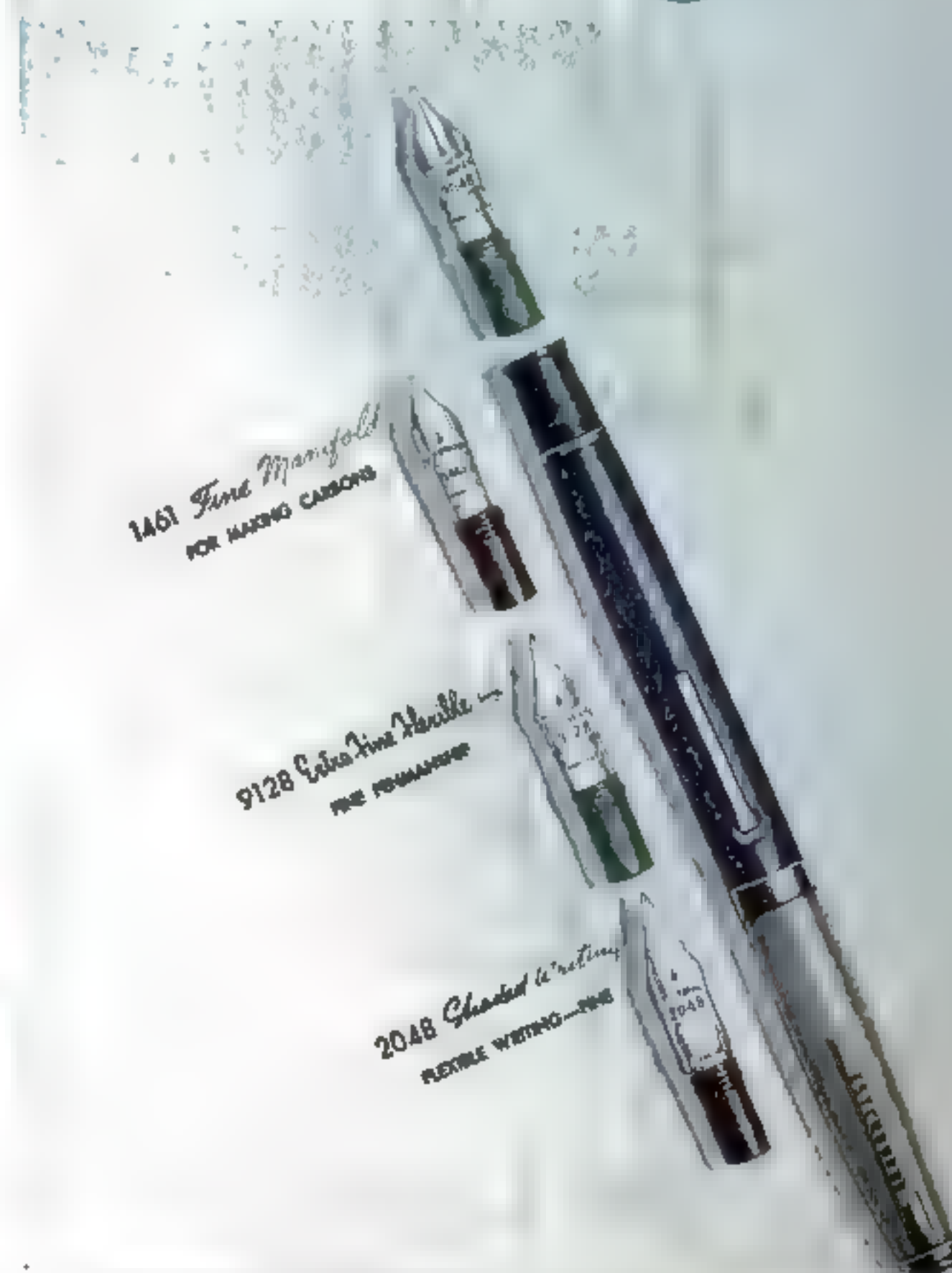
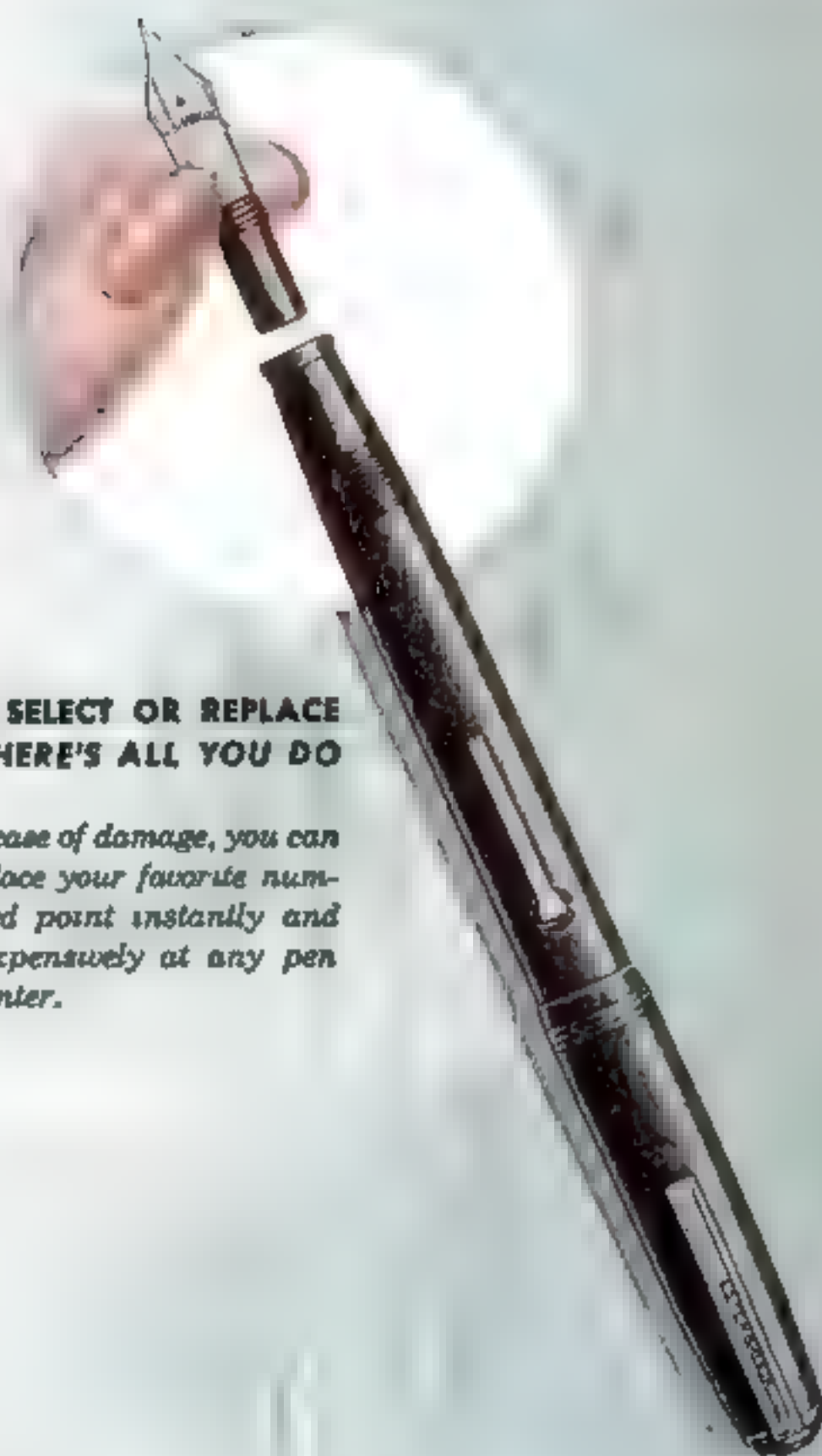
In case of damage, you can replace your favorite numbered point instantly and inexpensively at any pen counter.

the right

1461 Fine Manifold
FOR MAKING CARBONS

9128 Extra Fine Flexible
FINE FOUNTAIN

2048 Shaded Writing
FLEXIBLE WRITING—FINE





point for the way you write

Only a few of the more
popular point styles shown



Only the *best of the best* are stamped Sunkist



BEST Sunny days, cool nights, mineral-rich soil and mountain-snow water make California oranges the world's finest.



BEST OF THE BEST From this fine crop we select the sweetest, juiciest oranges of all—and stamp these *Sunkist*



Enjoy Sunkist Orange Juice *Home-Squeezed!*

Have you tasted the Sunkist Valencias now on the market? Delicious! For juice, salads, desserts or plain eating, there's just nothing else as good.

Despite the wonderful abundance of summer fruits, your family still needs orange juice *every day* for its

vitamin C and other essential vitamins and minerals. See that *children especially*—and adults too—get plenty!

Look for the name Sunkist on the fruit itself, top-quality trademark of 14,500 cooperating California and Arizona citrus growers.



For fast, easy fruit juicing, see the Jucit extractor, Sunkist approved, at department stores or electrical shops.

Sunkist

BEST FOR JUICE—AND EVERY USE!



SIDES ARE CLEARLY DRAWN OVER MORGAN'S GRAVE AS MEN OF WINCHESTER (LEFT) GLARE WITH VARYING DEGREES OF HOSTILITY AT COWPENS INVADERS

WHO GETS THE GENERAL'S BODY?

Two Southern towns battle over grave of Daniel Morgan, hero of Cowpens

General Daniel Morgan, leader of Morgan's riflemen, was a bold Revolutionary soldier whose audacious tactics whipped Tarleton's Redcoats at the famous battle of Cowpens in 1781. Cowpens never forgot the battle or the general and always resented the fact that Morgan was buried in his home town of Winchester, Va., instead of on the scene of his great victory. In preliminary skirmishing, Cowpens asked Winchester to give up the body. Winchester refused. Then, last month, Cowpens took a course that was Morguesque in concept. On a Sunday morning, when Winchester was least

expecting an attack, it sent to Winchester an undertaker and crew armed with shovels and a document from Morgan's great-great-granddaughter authorizing the removal of the body. Mobilizing its historians and cemetery authorities, Winchester rushed to repel the invaders and forced the undertaker to withdraw. Then, into Winchester stormed reinforcements from Cowpens who went to court. South Carolina's Governor Byrnes supported Cowpens; Virginia's Senator Byrd came out for Winchester. At week's end an uneasy truce reigned while a judge made up his mind.



CAUSE OF FEUD, Daniel Morgan led famed company of riflemen,

Paulette Goddard says:

"Me? I'm especially particular about the quality of my radio and television reception. That's why I call the man who displays the Sylvania service sign. He's an expert and keeps my sets in top form."



For peak performance from your radios or television set be sure to call the dependable dealer who shows this Sylvania service sign. He uses those extra-fine Sylvania tubes that keep reception smooth and amazingly realistic.



SYLVANIA

RADIO AND TELEVISION PICTURE TUBES

Sylvania Electric Products Inc. also manufactures Television and Radio Sets; Photolamps; Light Bulbs; Electronic Products; Electronic Test Equipment; Fluorescent Tubes, Fixtures, Sign Making, Wiring Devices

General Morgan CONTINUED

THE FORCES MEET AT THE GRAVE

When the Cowpens reinforcements reached Winchester, they went on a reconnaissance to Morgan's grave. A group of Winchesterites, including the mayor, went along to watch. "It could be any grave," sniffed "Tip" Mosely of Cowpens, noting the leaves lying on the slab. "Nothing at all compared to the monument we want to put up." He invited his adversaries to the dedication of the Cowpens monument. "A dedication without a body," snapped Winchester's Lawyer Thomas Scully.



AT GRAVE, Cowpens' J. Manning Poliakoff (right) accuses Scully of Winchester (center) of disrespect to Morgan because his foot is on slab. He failed to notice that Cowpens' Mosely (left) is similarly guilty.



UNDERTAKER from Cowpens, flanked by Winchester historian, at left, and the superintendent of the cemetery, stands in the graveyard leaning dejectedly on his shovel which he was not permitted to use.



SUPPORT FOR COWPENS was given by General Morgan's great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. Josephine Callahan of Redwood City, Calif. She wants a more imposing grave built for her ancestor (whose picture sits on the table).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



**Labor Day
or Any Day**

Lee WORK CLOTHES

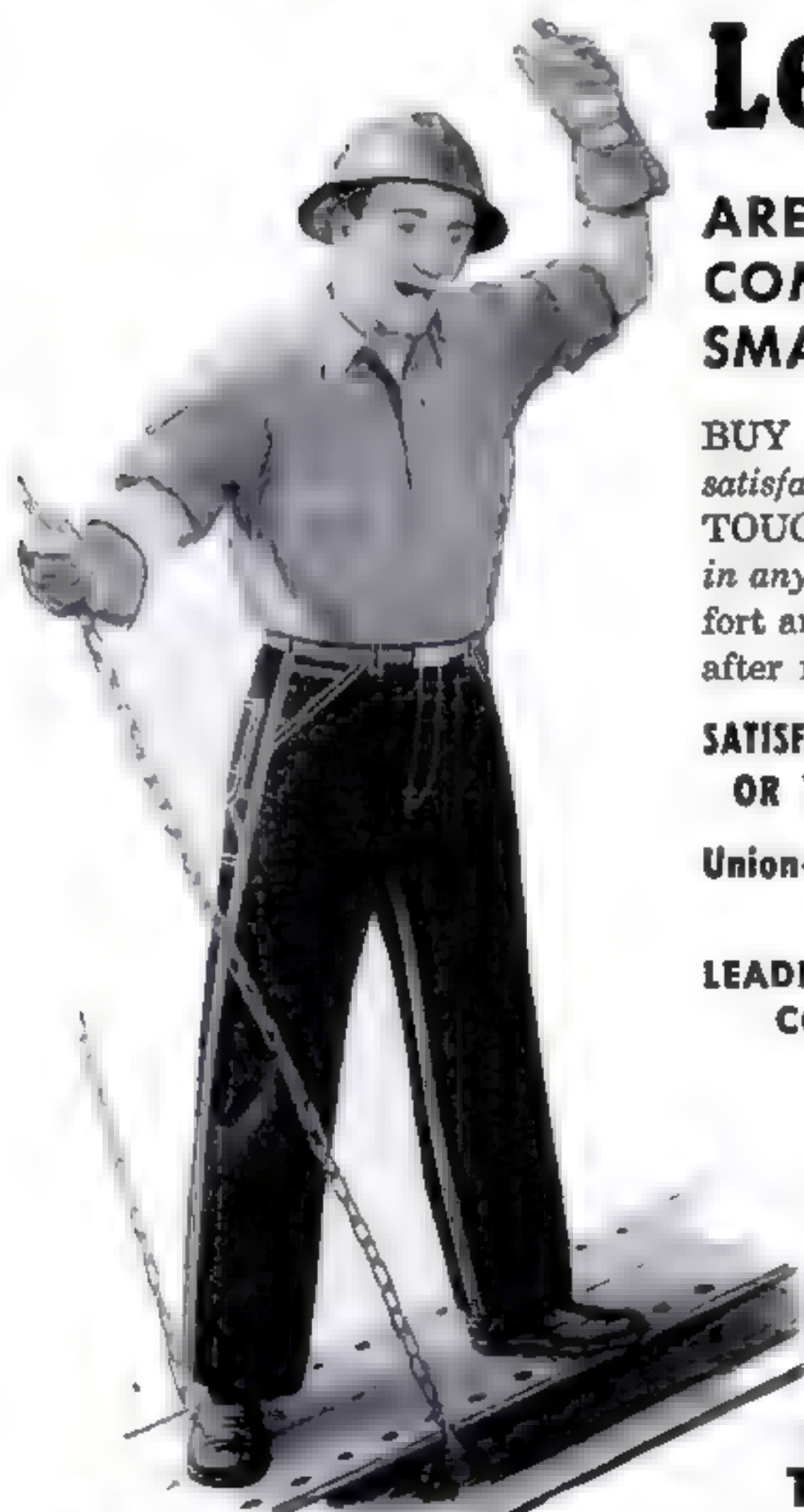
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COWPENS RALLIES TO THE FIGHT

Cowpens claims the body primarily because Morgan had his greatest triumph there. But it also points out that Cowpens and nearby communities have steadily paid homage to him while Winchester has not. In his honor they have named streets, squares and D.A.R. chapters, have built three monuments. Their people are immersed in Morgan lore. But in Winchester, the Cowpens lawyer reported, only one of 40 he quizzed knew who Morgan was. One thought he was a state cop.

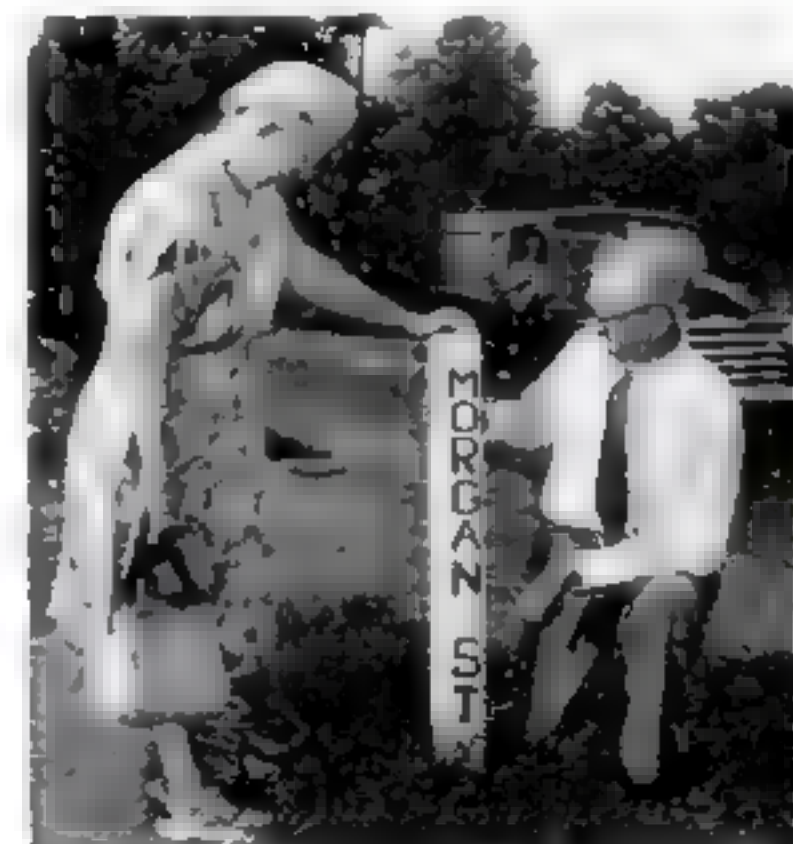


MORGAN MEETING is held at the Cowpens battle monument as people from Cowpens and nearby communities pledge to help the fight for Morgan's body.



MORGAN STATUE is further evidence of South Carolina's reverence for General Morgan. It stands in the square at Spartanburg, a city near Cowpens.

MORGAN AD is one of many signs that sit outside Cowpens advertising, for benefit of passing motorists, the history of the town along with its wares.



MORGAN FANS, shown with Morgan street sign in Cowpens, are descended from John Savage, who supposedly fired the first shot at Battle of Cowpens.

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Unique, unparalleled Courier Cloth...the fabric that started a new fashion tradition in menswear. A yarn dye sheen worsted with the strength of sharkskin, the luster of gabardine, the suppleness of flannel. 100% virgin wool, handsomely tailored, \$69.50. At 1,263 of America's finest stores. Miron Mills, Inc., 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

MRS. HUMPHREY BOGART SAYS :
(*Lauren Bacall*)

"I love to see a man smoke a Cigarillo"

Lauren Bacall, speaking
for style-wise women
everywhere, endorses
The New Idea in Smoking from
the feminine point of view...
As for men, they go in a big
way for delicious smoking
pleasure in a shape, trim and
handy as a cigarette...
The perfect mild smoke.

Convenient as a cigarette...
Fits neatly between the smoker's lips,
or into a holder



*Humphrey Bogart and his wife, Lauren Bacall, co-stars
of Santana Pictures, are both ardent, expert sailors.*

Robt. Burns *Cigarillos* 5¢
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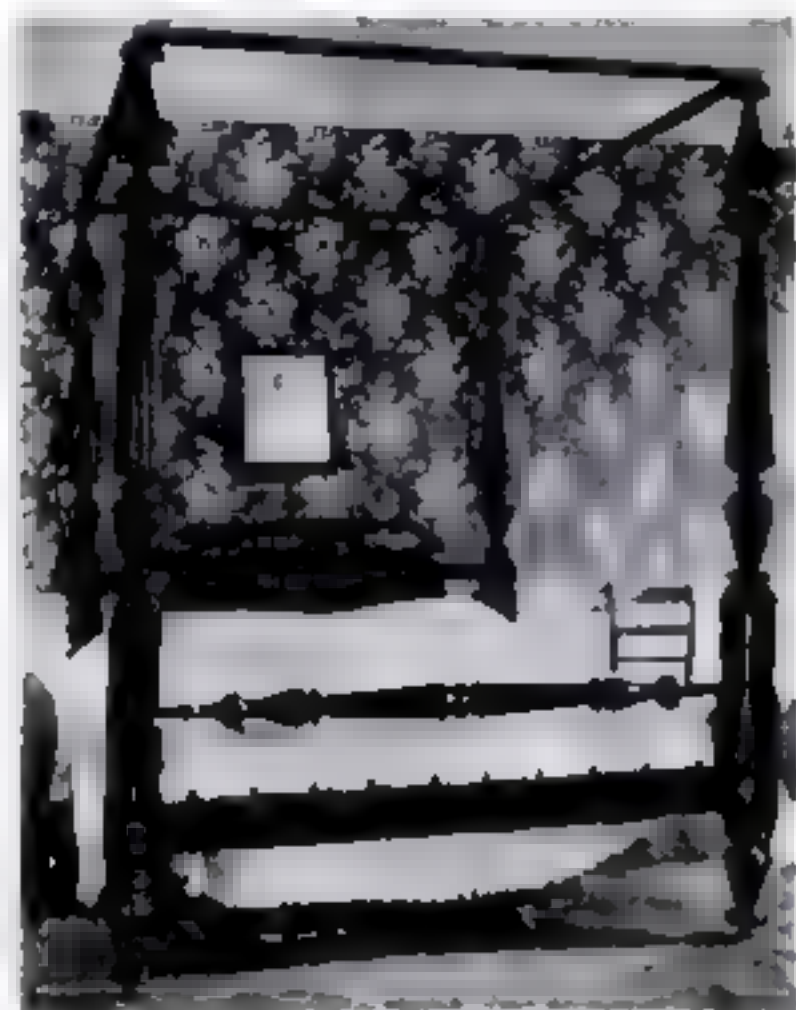
AVONITE SOLES

WINCHESTER STATES ITS CASE

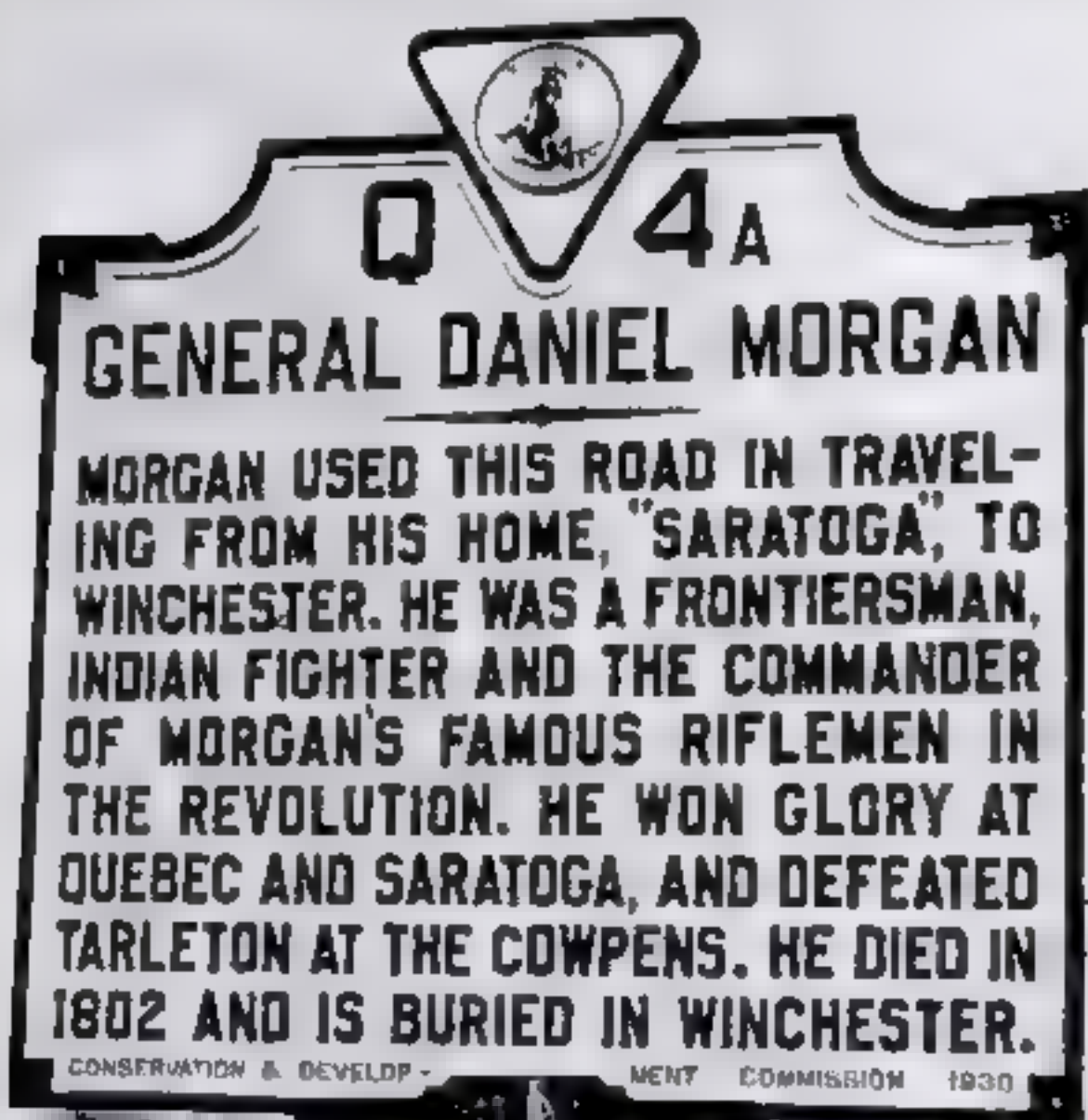
How Cowpens could have even the remotest claim to the general is beyond the citizens of Winchester. The president of the Lions Club observed sarcastically, "I wonder why Quebec doesn't put in a claim for him. After all, he fought a battle there." And besides, it was Winchester where General Morgan lived as a youngster and later recruited his company of famous riflemen. After the war he returned to the town, built a house for his daughter and in 1802 he died in a Winchester bed.



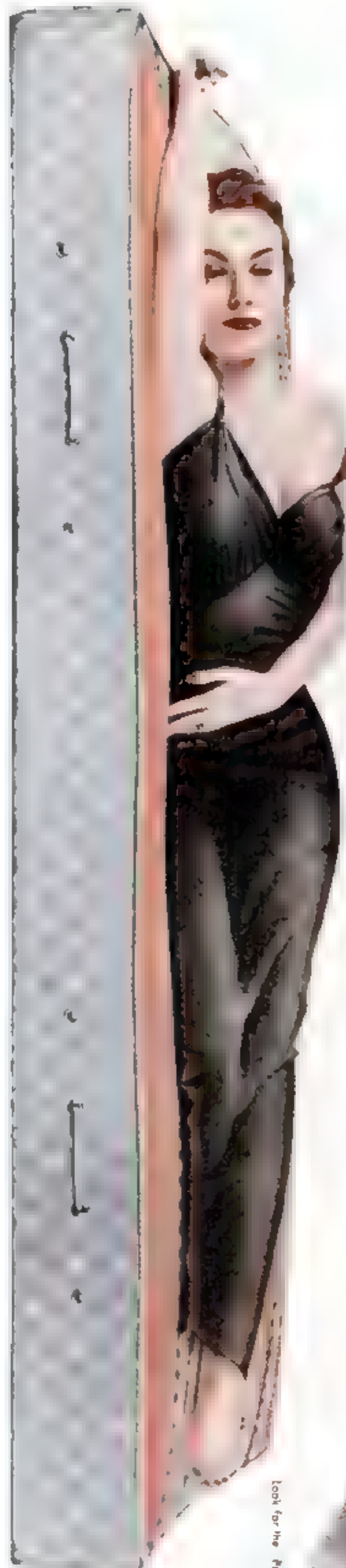
MORGAN RELIC near Winchester is a house general built, using captured Hessians as laborers. He called it Saratoga, for another battle he fought in. Town of Saratoga has put in no claim for the body.



DEATH BED of General Morgan; still in house where he died, has become a show point in Winchester's defense. Formerly in the attic, it was dragged downstairs to be displayed when fracas became acute.



ONLY MORGAN MONUMENT in Winchester is a sign on town's outskirts. To Cowpens it is an example of Winchester's indifferent homage to the general.



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the smooth top...*



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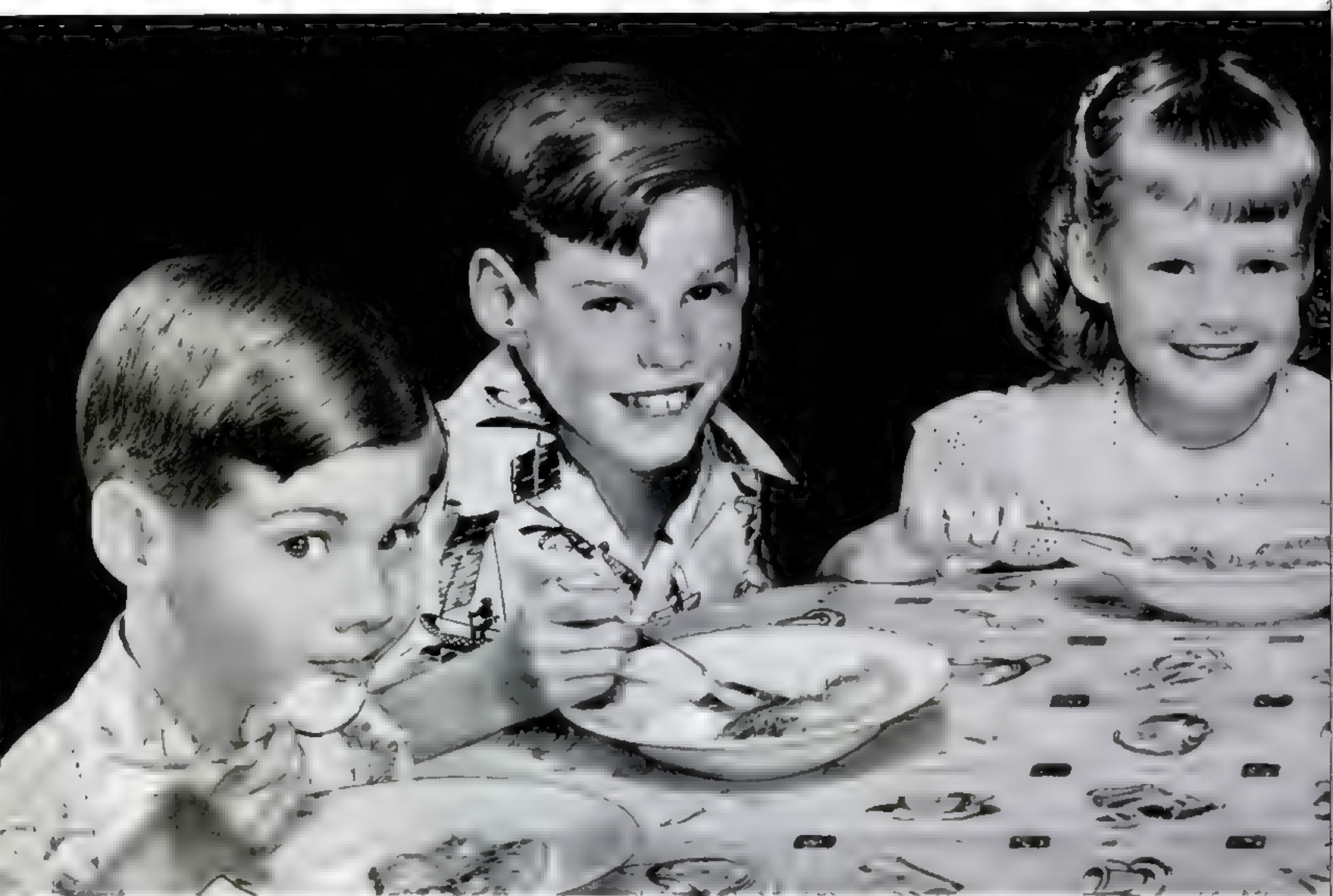
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with America's great body-building breakfast



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Iron...Important for red BLOOD.

GIVE YOUR FAMILY THESE NATURAL, HONEST BENEFITS TOMORROW!

Don't just say "Shredded Wheat," say "NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT"



WHEAT and MILK!



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



LEA PADOVANI

Crouched beside an ancient goddess in the Roman Forum is Lea Padovani, one of Italy's busiest stars. Lea, most recently seen in the U.S. in *Three Steps North*, sometimes works 16 hours a day on two movies at once. "Not a striking beauty, but a very good actress. She has an electric quality, a disarming frankness, and she changes every minute," says Halsman. Though Lea, who is 28, could afford some luxury, she prefers to live home with her parents in a middle-class apartment, likes to eat in the kitchen.



SEXY SIGNORE

They liven Italian films



ANNA MAGNANI

"One quality struck me about the stars I photographed in Rome this summer," said Philippe Halsman, whose 50th *LIFE* cover appears on this issue. "They are not different in private life from the way they appear on the screen. They look as they are, and they are as they look."

The crop of excitingly realistic films produced in Italy's postwar renaissance has overshadowed the crop of excitingly attractive film stars that appear in them. Uncombed and untamed, the four Italian beauties whom Halsman presents here were influenced strongly by the greatest of all Italy's film actresses, tigerish Anna Magnani (*unset above*). Their natural type of beauty is a result too of the kind of roles they act. Young actresses who are required to clamber, agile as wildcats, over bomb ruins, live in squalid tenements or craggy mountain villages, are in no mood to put on airs or wear mink. But despite their lack of fancy trimmings, Italy's stars have no lack of glamour. Dressed as ragamuffins or refugees, they constitute the sexiest sisterhood in the entertainment world today.



SILVANA MANGANO

Americans who saw her last year in *Butter Rice* are still talking about Mangano's smoldering sensuality. Halsman was surprised to find, with all her animal beauty and laziness, that "Silvana has a mathematically precise mind. She is given to long, languorous silences, but when she talks she shows a sharp intelligence." Here Silvana, who is 21, is photographed on a bed in her own apartment where she lives with her husband, a movie producer. In her next film, a religious story, she will play the part of a nun.



MARINA BERTI

"A combination of Madonna and wildcat" is how Halsman described 26-year-old Marina, who recently made *Up Front* in Hollywood and played the part of a slave girl in *Quo Vadis*. Halsman photographed her on an ornate gold chair in Rome's Palazzo Orsini because he saw her as a symbol of Rome today where poor people live amid the luxuries of the past. He called her a genuine Italian beauty and was impressed by her "aristocratic elegance, which mingled incongruously with her primitive loveliness."

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SEXY SIGNORE CONTINUED



GINA LOLLIBRIGIDA

"She probably has the best figure of any actress I've seen," says Halsman about this young lady (see cover), Gina, who is 23, was brought to the U.S. last fall by Howard Hughes, who planned to make her one of his stars. But after three months of waiting around, Gina decided to go home. Americans have seen her in an Italian version of *Pagliucci*.

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Oldsmobile Hydra-Matic Drive*! Try that wonderful "Rocket Ride"
yourself today—in Oldsmobile's sparkling new Super "88"!



Above, Oldsmobile Super "88" 1-Door Sedan. *Hydra-Matic Drive optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.

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WIDENERS GAVE THIS ROOM

This 18th Century French salon was moved from the New York Fifth Avenue home of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton Rice, mother of Board Chairman George D. Widener, shown seated beside his nephew, Fitz Eugene Dixon Jr.,



who is a governor of the museum. Mrs. Rice, famous Newport hostess, married Dr. Rice after her first husband, George D. Widener, was lost in the sinking of the *Titanic* in 1912. Carpet originally belonged to Louis XIV.



SOUTH WING OF MUSEUM IS FLANKED BY EQUESTRIAN STATUE

The Philadelphia Museum

CREATED BY MAIN-LINE FAMILIES,
IT BRINGS GREAT ART TO PUBLIC

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY ARNOLD NEWMAN

In the late 19th Century the country's tycoons took to collecting art. Their new wealth was vast, their enthusiasm boundless and their taste was sumptuous. Men like Mellon, Morgan and Frick bought famous paintings by the carload, resplendent Persian pottery and rugs, early Shakespeare folios, antique furniture and rare porcelain. As they grew old and civic-minded, they donated their purchases to museums where the public could see them too. Today in most of the museums the donors live on in name only, and their gifts are all that perpetuate them in the world of art. But there is one museum left where the names are more than memories. It is a gleaming yellow-marble edifice which stands like a Roman temple on a pile of rock, and it is run almost exclusively by the descendants of its great donors of the past.

This year is the 75th anniversary of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. In 1876, when the city celebrated the U.S. centennial, it borrowed a collection of old masters from Europe and hung them in Memorial Hall, which was built specially for the occasion. The exhibit aroused high interest, and the wealthy citizens determined that Philadelphia would have a collection of its own. They set about amassing art with such vigor that by 1919 Memorial Hall was busting with their donations. So the city began building its present \$17 million edifice. Five years later the new building was ready to receive its first big collection bequeathed by William L. Elkins, who made his millions in oil and trolley cars. His grandson, the white-haired gentleman at left, is now the museum's board chairman. Other descendants of other donors are also active in the affairs of the museum, and on the following pages they are shown with some of the priceless works of art their families have given.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE McILHENNYS GAVE RUGS AND ANTIQUES

Among the most active of Philadelphia families today in the museum are the McIlhennys, shown here with some of the treasures they have donated. Henry P., who owns a great collection of impressionist paintings, is the museum's curator of decorative arts, while his sister, Mrs. John Wintersteen, is on the board of governors and is also a trustee. Their father, John



D. McIlhenny, was museum president at the time of his death in 1925. Associated in business with early donor, William L. Elkins, John D. McIlhenny also became interested in art at the turn of the century and left the museum priceless Oriental rugs and antiques and an endowment fund of \$200,000. Hanging horizontally is the famous \$50,000 Marquand rug

made in Persia in the 16th Century. At left and right hang 17th Century Caucasian rugs, in center background a 16th Century Persian rug. The Toulouse-Lautrec watercolor at left and the 30x12-foot Persian rug on the floor were bought with McIlhenny funds. Persian pottery on floor near 1500 English chest was donated by the curator in memory of his parents.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE ELKINSES DONATED ENGLISH AND FRENCH ART

Sitting beneath a Gambsborough portrait in the museum's 18th Century English room are the granddaughters of early art patron William L. Elkins. Mr. Wharton Sinkler, a museum trustee (left), and her sister, Mrs. George F. Tyler, a sculptor. In 1928 Mr. and Mrs. Sinkler gave the museum an entire 15th Century French Gothic room. The room shown here was

brought to the U. S. in 1926 with funds donated by the late William M. Elkins, brother of Mrs. Sinkler and Mrs. Tyler. It now houses some of the great 18th Century English paintings given to the museum by their father. The drapery and the Gambsborough portrait was carved in wood in the style of William Kent, famous decorator during the reign of King George II.



INGERSOLLS GAVE THE MUSEUM MODERN WORKS

Surrounded by some of the finest modern art in the museum, given by the Ingersoll family, are the museum's president, R. Sturgis Ingersoll, his wife, who is a member of the museum's committee of women, and their daughter-in-law, Mrs. Charles E. Ingersoll. When confronted with the Picasso (center) his museum donation had purchased, Mr. Ingersoll's father, a

conservative and substantial Philadelphia railroad man, asked, "Is *that* what I gave?" Other generous Ingersoll gifts: a Delacroix and a Rousseau (top and right), given by R. Sturgis Ingersoll; a Braque (extreme left), from his sister Anna. Museum President Ingersoll is also legal counsel for the Philadelphia Phillies baseball team, rarely misses a home-town game,



THE JENKSES GAVE ARTIFACTS. ORIENTAL ART

Mrs. John Story Jenks (*left*) became interested in the art of Asia on a round the world trip with her late husband, a Philadelphia banker and nephew of the first John Story Jenks, an early donor to the museum. Some of the objects shown here were collected on that tour. Mrs. Jenks passed her interest on to her son Morton, also a banker. However, young Mrs.



Morton Jenks (*center*) says that their son, aged 3 (*foreground*), is not interested in art, preferring to play with his train and toys. The Jenks family is grouped around furniture from a Chinese scholar's study. On the left is a Ming blue and white porcelain hexagonal candlestick, a Sixth Century marble head, Robert and Chinese scrolls are 18th, 19th and 20th Century.



THE STOKESSES GAVE EARLY ART OF PENNSYLVANIA

When John S. Price 3rd (*right*) married Martha Stokes (*center*), they were promptly labeled a "mu-seum match" for both come from families of former museum presidents. Price's grandfather, who was responsible for the construction of the new building, served as head of the museum for seven years. His successor was J. Stoddell Stokes, Martha's father, who served from 1933

till 1917 and was a champion fund-raiser. He was also an enthusiast of Pennsylvania Dutch art and helped furnish the 18th Century Pennsylvania room above with its oak manteled fireplace, the corner cupboard of pine, the oak refectory table, clay bird and pewter dishes and a rifle of 1780, decorated with silver inlay. His widow (*left*) is now a trustee of the museum.

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POMPEIAN VIEWS.



DONOR'S DESCENDANT, Curator L. C. Madeira IV, stands before scenes an ancestor (bust, right) gave museum.

DIRECTOR GETS THE GOODS

When Memorial Hall became the city's art museum in 1876, Philadelphians soon began to turn it into a repository for everything from Swiss lace handkerchiefs to elaborate portrayals of antique ruins (*above*). By 1915 the museum had outgrown its quarters and Memorial Hall was submerged in motley clutter. It was then that plans were launched for a gigantic new museum which would cover seven acres of galleries which, officials hoped, would house all the great collections of Philadelphia's wealthy families. In 1925, with the new building still under construction, an enterprising young art historian named Fiske Kimball (*below*) was asked to take over. The new director found himself in charge of a stupendous marble shell, with almost no money left for installing and enriching the museum's collection. So he set out to raise \$1.8 million, wound up a year later with \$2.5 million. He then sent his curators scouring for treasures—to China to buy a Ming dynasty palace hall, to Persia for faience from the interior of a mosque. He helped persuade an old lady to donate the entire facade of a 12th Century French church. This year, rounding out a quarter century at the museum, Kimball achieved another coup. He inveigled some rich Los Angeles residents, the Walter Arensbergs, to donate their coveted \$2 million worth of modern art to Philadelphia. Grateful to Kimball for making the museum one of the country's top five, Philadelphia last spring gave him its \$10,000 award, presented annually to a Philadelphian who has advanced "the best and largest interests of the community."



DIRECTOR'S BOOTY, Brancusi sculpture and crated items in Arensberg collection, is stacked behind Kimball.

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make-up leading skin
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will not clog pores.
1.00, 60¢, 30¢



Parker Preview for Fall!



\$13.50 UP

New Parker "51". Slim regular size ... or slimmer demi-size. 7 colors. Gold-filled caps (F.E. tax incl.); sets, \$29.75 up; pens, \$19.75 up. Lustraloy caps (no F.E. tax); set, \$19.75; pen, \$13.50.

Only pen with the Aero-metric Ink System! Draws in, stores, safeguards, releases ink a new way. Pl-glass reservoir (no rubber parts!) lasts longer, holds more ink visibly. Easier filling. Platinum-tipped point of 14K gold. Metered ink flow. For New "51", you'll gladly discard all other pens. **WORLD'S MOST WANTED PEN!**

SEE THE COMPLETE ARRAY OF NEW PARKER PENS YOUR DEALER IS FEATURING NOW. AMERICA'S PREFERRED WRITING INSTRUMENTS, THEY BRING REAL PRIDE AND LASTING WRITING PLEASURE. FOR SCHOOL, BUSINESS, AND HOME, YOU'LL FIND A PARKER AT ALMOST ANY PRICE YOU FAVOR.



Busy days ahead ... time to replace that old pen that may cause trouble. The Parker Preview for Fall, featured by dealers all over America, offers the widest selection of New Parker Pens you've ever known.

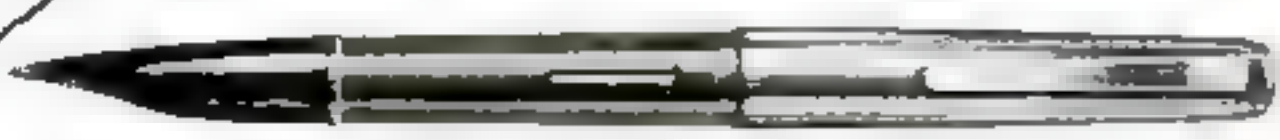
Choose from a full range of prices, colors, points. All models have slip-on caps with Parker's pocket-level clip. (Perfect for Servicemen!)

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ease will confirm each day the soundness of your investment.

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New Parker "51" Special. Miracle Oceanium point. Pl-glass reservoir (no rubber parts). Visible ink storage. Metered ink flow. 4 rich colors. Lustraloy cap. Pen, \$10.00 ... with pencil, \$15.00. No F.E. tax.



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New Parker "21". Finest at its price. Oceanium point. Visible ink supply in Pl-glass chamber (no rubber parts). Special ink flow control. 4 colors. Lustraloy cap. Pen, \$5.00 ... with pencil, \$8.75. No F.E. tax.



MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Bright Victory

Realistic film shows life can still be rewarding for sightless veterans



OBSTACLE PERCEPTION, a faculty developed by some blind, helps Larry to "feel" that he is approaching a brick wall.

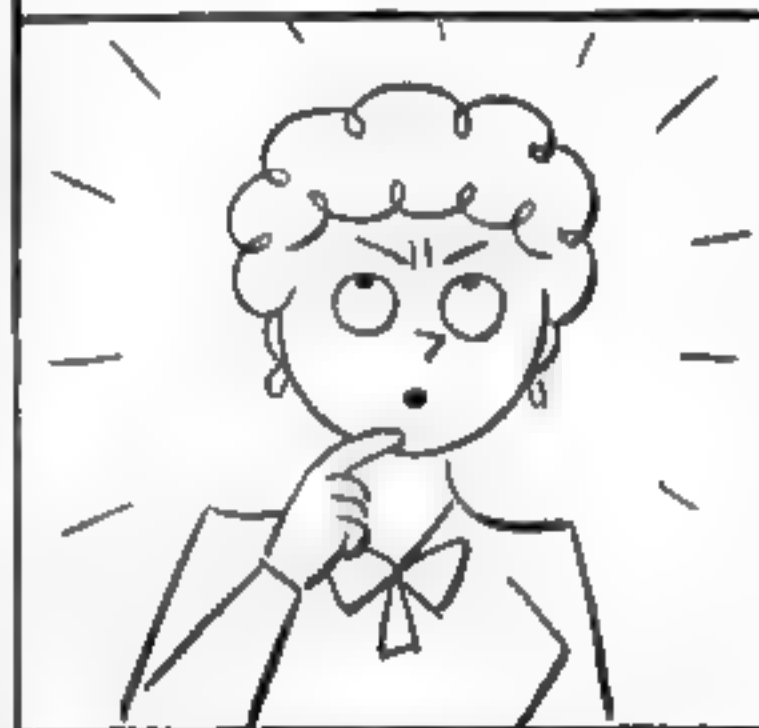
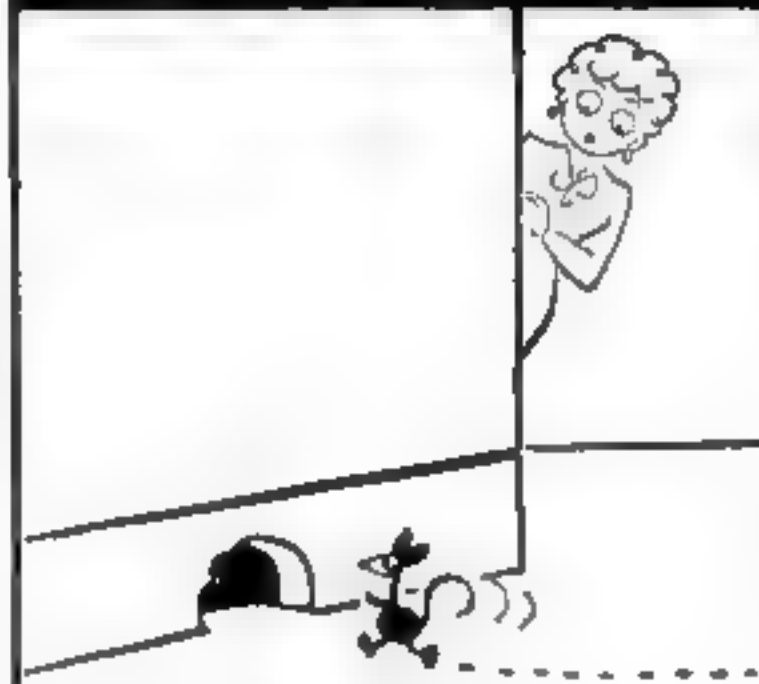
Hollywood has every reason to be proud of itself for its courage in tackling the problems of disabled veterans. Last year *The Men* was a fine film about paraplegics; now Universal's *Bright Victory* takes up the problems of American soldiers blinded in combat. *Bright Victory* offers a smattering of romance in the plight of a sightless GI who loses the love of a pampered Southern belle and wins a more worldly girl up north. But the film's real worth lies in its convincing documentary scenes, shot in an Army hospital at Valley Forge, Pa., which show how a soldier suffers the appalling shock of losing the faculty the poet John Milton, lamenting his own lost eyesight, described as "that one talent which is death to hide."

Early in the story the Army psychiatrist tells his patients that once they have conquered their neuroses of panic and despair, they will begin the readjustments which will bring them peace. Says he, "You'll discover that every part of you is working hard to replace your eyes. . . . This is one of the greatest miracles that the human body can achieve." How this miracle comes to pass is demonstrated by Larry Nevins, movingly acted by Arthur Kennedy. In quest of realism Kennedy wore opaque contact lenses on his eyes while playing the role so he could experience the precise sensations of a blind person.

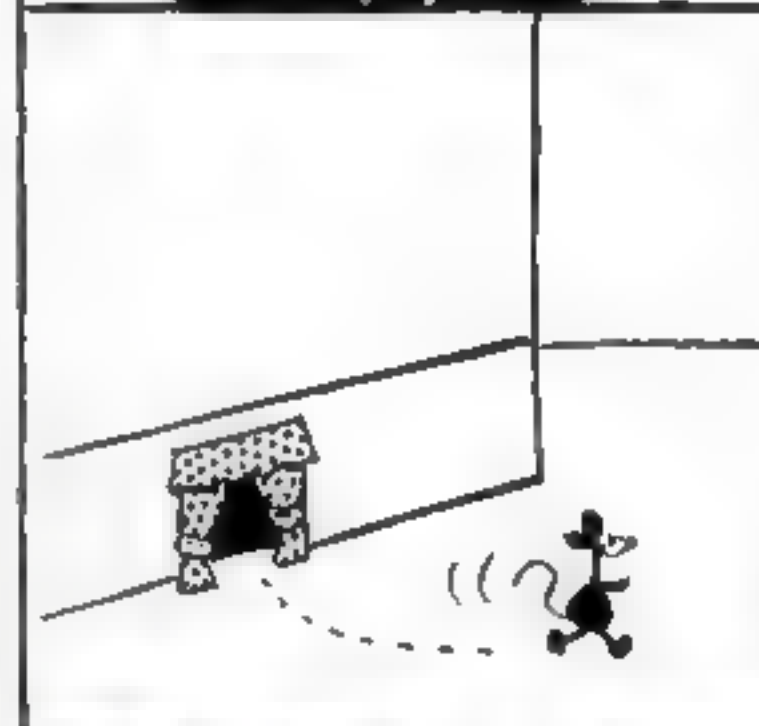


WITH EXTENDED FOOT AND CANE, LARRY EXPLORES HOSPITAL PORCH. WATCHING IS FILM DIRECTOR MARK ROBESON

LOOK
HERE



DRAPERIES

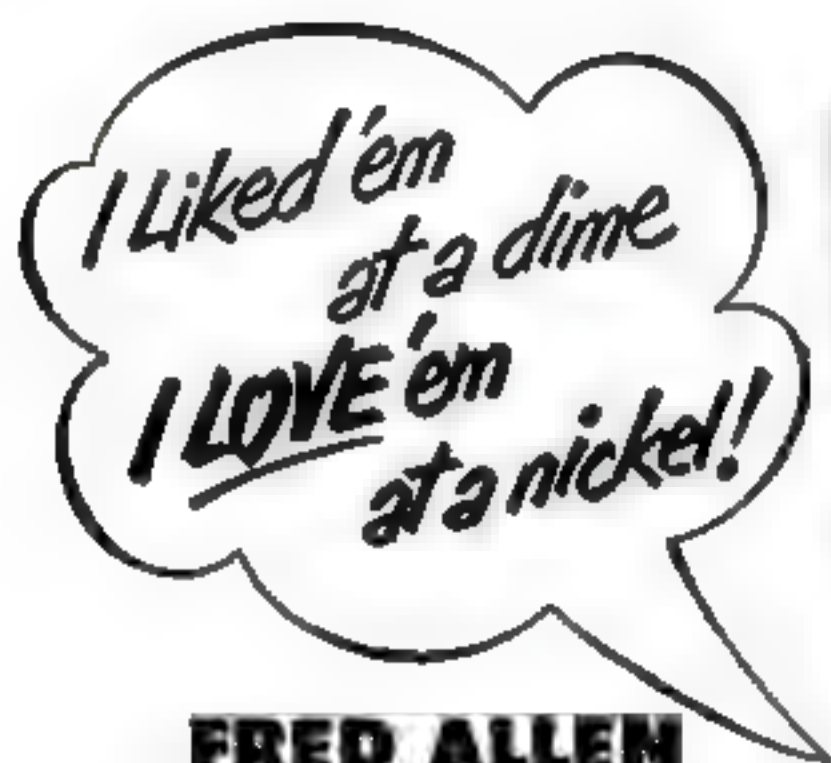


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HERB, BETTY AND FERN ELIZABETH JEFFRIES TAKE THE SUN ON A SANDY STRETCH OF BEACH IN FRONT OF A HOTEL AT CANNES

He Wouldn't Cross the Line

HERB JEFFRIES CHEERFULLY PAYS THE PRICE OF CHOOSING HIS RACE

by RICHARD L. WILLIAMS

THE social sensation of the season on the French Riviera was the extravaganza wedding, with a parade and music by blaring jazz bands, of Negro Clarinetist Sidney Bechet and his white bride. The singing sensation of the Riviera was another, younger and paler American, built like a basketball player, who was appearing before nightclub audiences in slate-blue slacks and an open-throat black velvet shirt to croon ballads in a black velvet baritone. He was in such demand along the crowded Côte d'Azur that he had to divide his time between three establishments, hustling from the expensive Carroll's Beach Bar near Eden Roc to two populous spots in Juan-les-Pins.

The American's name is Herb Jeffries. The story behind his career, if he had told it, would have dumbfounded the people who flocked to hear him sing, or who met him sunning on the beach with his slim and pretty

wife, daughter of a Chicago economist, and their effervescent 3-year-old daughter.

Jeffries is a personable, broad-shouldered fellow, a good deal more robust-looking than most practitioners of the crooning profession. He stands 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 199 pounds, has dark curly hair and a mustache, smoky blue eyes and a vaguely Latin or Cesar Romero look about him. He could pass for, and is often mistaken for, a Spaniard, an Italian, a Mexican, a Portuguese, an Argentine and occasionally a Jew. He has scrupulously elected to "pass" for nothing but what he is—a light-skinned Negro.

The story of Jeffries—his experiences on both sides of the color line—is a revelation of race prejudice in all its forms from the curious to the cruel. In his chosen field the quality of his voice has proved more important than the shade of his skin. An \$85-a-week singer six years ago, he now makes over \$50,000 a

year, largely from record royalties and nightclub dates. His highly stylized vocal records, like *Flamingo* and *Basin Street Blues*, often sell 300,000 to 750,000 copies. His is the kind of voice that once led Ella Fitzgerald, a more famous singer, to lean across to her husband while listening to Jeffries and sigh a one-word tribute: "Wow." Yet while the Jeffries voice is becoming famous the Jeffries face is still virtually unknown. The reason is not pleasant: he has found that it is all but impossible for a Negro artist, or even a three-eighths Negro, to meet the general public as a movie star or (with such rare exceptions as the TV Amos 'n Andy) on sponsored television or radio network shows.

Jeffries' refusal to "pass" and his somewhat ambiguous facial appearance have let him in for so many kinds of prejudice and mistaken identity that he is practically a one-man minority group. A few months ago,



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AS ROSE BOWL PRINCESS in 1941, Betty Allensworth (*left*), now Mrs. Jeffries, was chosen at Pasadena Junior College. She had not yet met Herb.

JEFFRIES CONTINUED

in the club car of the Santa Fe Chief rolling eastward to Chicago, he struck up a conversation with a Jewish clothing merchant. They chatted in Yiddish, which Jeffries has spoken fluently since his childhood in Detroit, and the talk was largely about anti-Semitism. Finally the businessman turned to Jeffries and said sympathetically, "Being that you are a Jewish performer, you must run into it all the time." Replied Jeffries, deadpan and still in Yiddish, "Look—us Jews get it, the Italians get it, the Negroes get it, the Irish get it—things are tough all over!"

He is in a position to know. People are forever jumping to conclusions about his race, but he rarely bothers to disabuse them, let alone get indignant about it. One afternoon in a Los Angeles store, riding in a crowded elevator with a friend, he stood aside to let a woman leave. As he lifted his bundles clear, one package caught the back of her hat and tilted the brim rakishly over her eye. She turned on him and blazed, "You Dagoes—you're all alike, shoving people around just like Mussolini!" Then she flounced out, and Jeffries' apology was cut off by the closing car door. "I just turned to my friend and laughed," says Jeffries. "What good would it do to get mad about things like that?"

Herb Jeffries knows exactly how it feels to be discriminated against as a Jew. Several years ago, house-hunting with his white bride, the former Betty Allensworth, a Pasadena Rose Bowl princess of 1941, he sat in a real estate office, ready to close a deal for a house in a Los Angeles suburb. Jeffries noticed that something seemed to be bothering the salesman. Looking embarrassed, the man blurted, "You know, the people in that neighborhood—well, frankly they're all Gentiles and they might not make people who were—*different*—feel at home, if you see what I'm driving at. . . ."

"I do," said Jeffries. "And I'm certainly glad you told us. We do have Jewish friends who might come out from time to time. Matter of fact we even have Negro friends who might be visiting us. Well, no hard feelings. Let's just call the deal off." And without enlightening the salesman he and Betty thanked him and left.

What with his assured and friendly manner, his confident baritone voice and his prosperous-looking dress, Jeffries is never called "nigger" to his face, never turned away by headwaiters, never snooted when he walks up to a desk clerk. He has had subtler experiences than these.

One night in 1949 when he was singing at the Red Feather, a club in Los Angeles, a patron called him over to a table. He introduced himself as a foreign-born movie producer, spoke warmly of Jeffries' talents and urged Herb to take a test for a starring role in a new picture opposite Gene Tierney or Hedy Lamarr.

"I thought he was a phony," Jeffries says. "Then I found out he wasn't, and he found out—when I told him—why I couldn't play a romantic part like that. 'But tell me,' he asked, 'why do you want to be a Negro? You could be anything!'"

"That's right," I told him. "I have been. I'm a chameleon. But I decided some time ago that the Negro people need all the good, intelligent, unbelligerent representatives they can get in this world, and I'm trying to be one. If I thought the Jewish people needed it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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JEFFRIES CONTINUED

more, I'd be a Jew.' That's what I told him, and that's how I feel."

The key to his feeling is the word "unbelligerent." No militant, chip-on-shoulder radical about race relations, he may shift the rhythm of *Of Man River* to suit his style but, unlike Paul Robeson, never shifts the lyrics to fit his politics. His argumentation never goes beyond making others examine their beliefs and their reasons for holding them. One night in a New York club where he was singing he sat down at a table with some guests. In the subdued light his features, which sometimes have a Negroid look, seemed to belong to a Latin from Manhattan or to a man from anywhere.

"Isn't it funny," one of the guests said to him, "I've heard your records and until tonight I'd always assumed you were colored, but you're not . . . are you?"

"What do you mean, colored?" Jeffries asked him.

"Why, I mean anybody with Negro blood, I guess."

"How much Negro blood does it take?" Jeffries asked gently.

"Well, I'd always heard that if you had any Negro blood you were Negro and that was that," the guest said uncomfortably.

"Like two drops of it, for instance?" Jeffries persisted. "Then it can't be such inferior blood, can it? If you had a black paint that was so powerful that two drops of it would color a bucket of white, that'd be the most potent paint in the world, wouldn't it? So if Negro blood is as strong as all that it must be pretty good—maybe I'd better find out where I can get some more of it."

"I'd never thought of it that way," the guest reflected.

"I always think of it that way," Herb Jeffries smiled.

Wife to a chameleon

HIS wife has learned to feel the same way and to consider herself an adopted representative of the Negro people. Although she entered upon her mixed marriage at 27 and with her eyes open, Betty Jeffries has had to make some drastic adjustments in playing the role of wife to a chameleon. A sense of humor has helped her. One day in Los Angeles, walking her daughter Fern to the grocery store, she stopped to say hello to a neighbor.

"You know, we've lived here for years," said the gray-haired woman, "but so many new people have moved in, we almost feel like strangers. Wouldn't you and your husband and daughter come by for supper some night next week? I'd like to get acquainted."

Betty Jeffries said they'd love to. The neighbor went on: "Mrs. Jeffries, tell me—those colored people who've moved in next door to you . . . doesn't it bother you?"

"I don't know whether they'll bother me or not," said Betty evenly. "We don't know them yet."

"What I'm trying to say is, I just don't like Negroes," the neighbor persisted, "and I'm too old to change now. I've lost boarders, you know, who simply refuse to live in the same neighborhood with colored people." So Betty told her how she felt about it: that Negroes, like everybody else, deserved to be judged as individuals; that some were bad and some were good, but that she didn't think it would do much good for her to get up on a soapbox and say so.

"By the way," she said casually as she took Fern's hand and started on, "I think you ought to know that my husband and my baby and I are all colored."

The woman's jaw dropped. After a dazed moment she swallowed hard, rallied and said, "All right. You've taught me a lesson—I do see what you mean."

The Jeffries did go to dinner and are now good friends of the elderly couple, but the story illustrates one of the many things that are different about a mixed marriage. For Herb and Betty Jeffries a new acquaintance can never be casually acquired; each one is a potential problem, and it is possible to make friends only with those who either lack prejudice or are willing to shed it.

This is a fact of life that Herb Jeffries' mother had to learn the hard way, which is the inevitable way. She was a widow who had taken her two small daughters to live with her family in Port Huron, Mich., when a singing troupe came to town one day. According to local custom, the singers were put up in local homes, and one Howard Jeffrey was billeted with the family of the young widow. Despite the color gap between them—she was Irish and he was a mixture of Negro, Indian, French and English—they fell in love. It was one thing, however, for the family to extend its hospitality to a traveler and quite another for him to court their daughter. When she married him some time later, the family stopped speaking to her for 10 years.

Her new home was in a polyglot section of Detroit, with a Negro family next door on one side and a Jewish family on the other. There, across Fourth Avenue from a synagogue, Herb Jeffries was born Sept. 24, 1914. However much their mother and sisters may have

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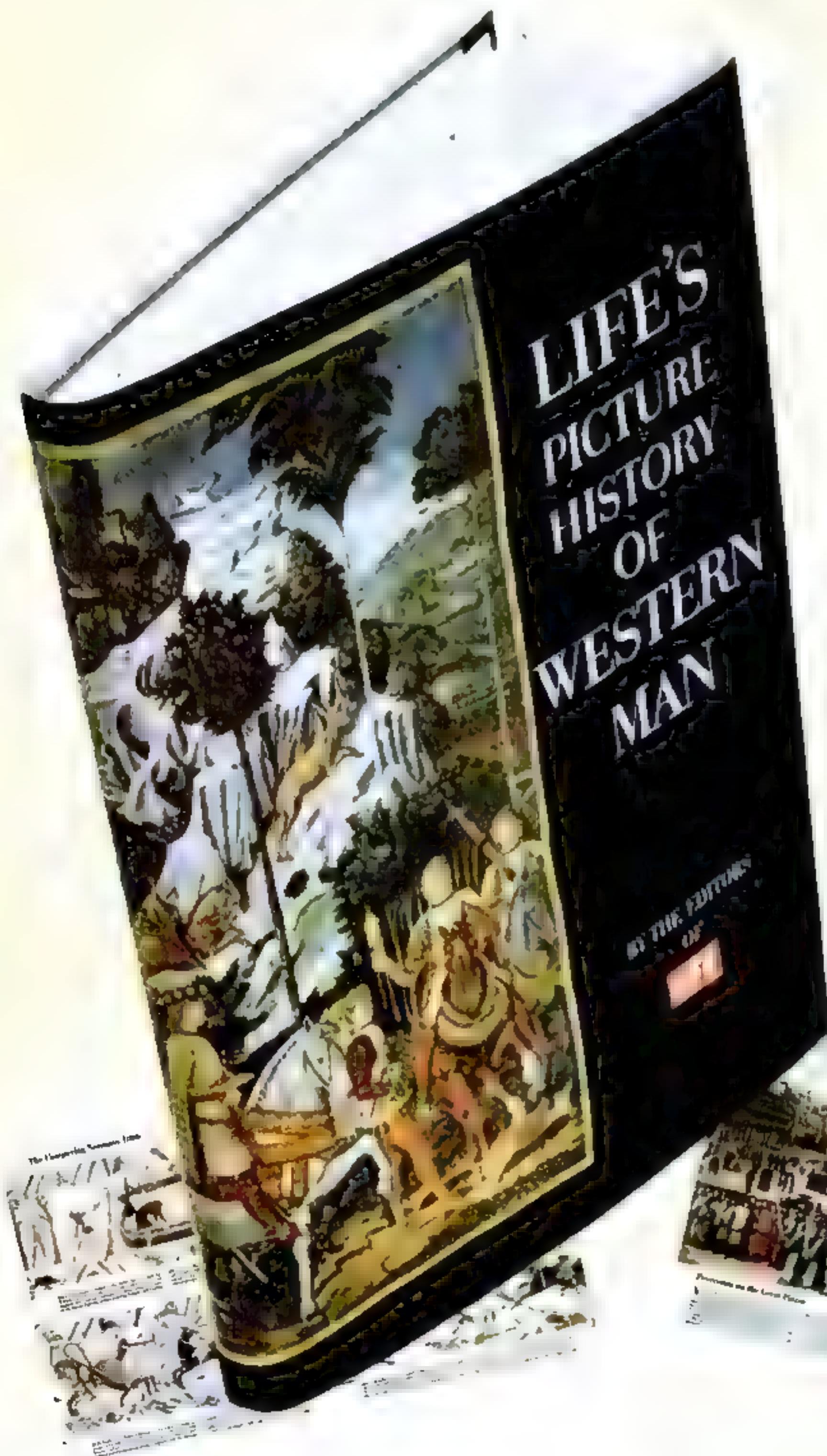
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FRIENDS AND RELATIVES



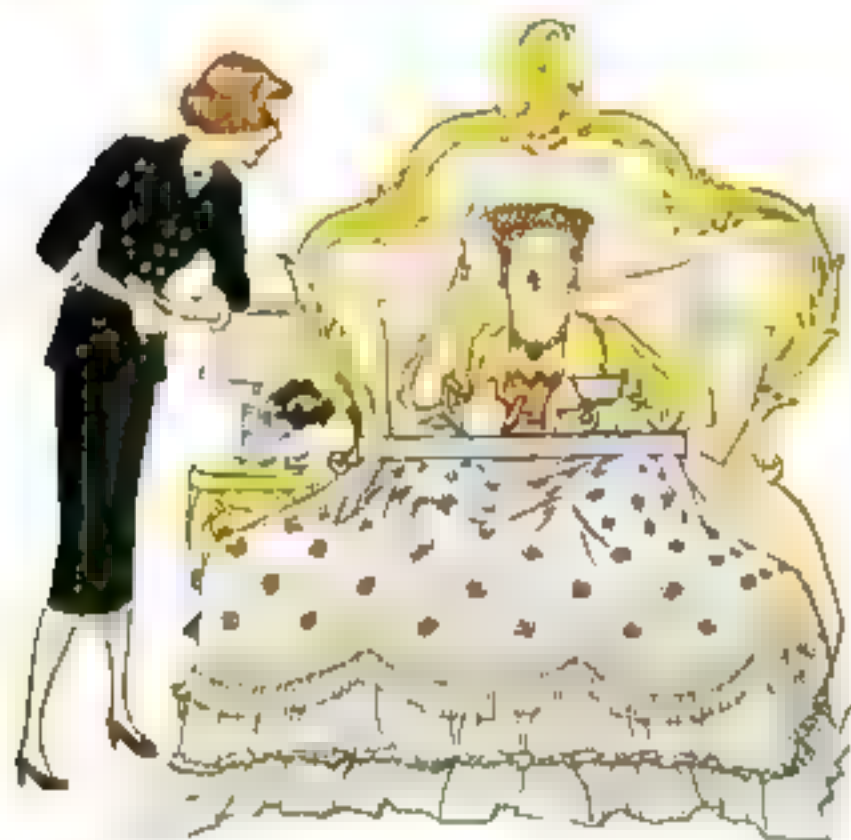
YOUNGER SISTER: "When I get married, I want yummy Cannon Percales like yours. But moonlight ye low. So romantic!"



STUDIOUS COUSIN: "Our home ec teacher said Cannon Combspun® Percales were the intelligent thing to buy. Excellent wearing qualities!"



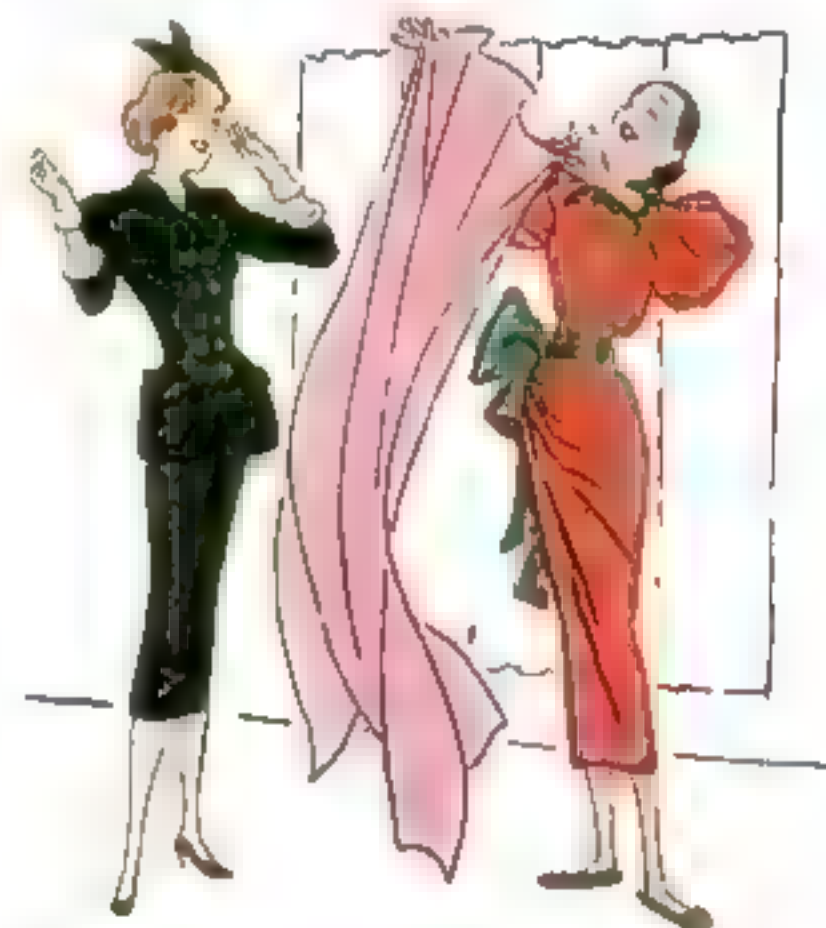
JUST-MARRIED CHUM: "And here's my pink-and-white room. See? Shell pink Cannons for top-sheets, white for bottom. Pretty!"



DOWAGER AUNT: "The chambermaid? Not very good, my dear! She used aquamarine sheets. On this bed I always use sunrise peach!"



HAVE-YOU-HEARD GIRL: "Mrs. Miller's cousin is coming! A real movie star! Mrs. Miller was buying Cannon Percales—lagoon green."



FRIEND WITH IDEAS: "I can just see it... a SWOOSH of sunset rose draperies! Expensive? Nonsense! Make 'em with Cannon Percale sheets!"



PUNCTUAL FEMALE: "Cannon Percales are so light, easy to wash—I'll be through by, say 12.25... meet you for lunch at 1.05 sharp!"



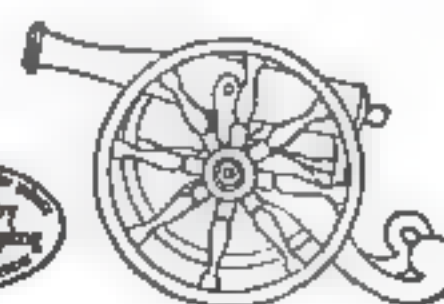
OLD FAMILY FRIEND: "Cannon Combspun Percale! COMBSPUN! C-O-M-B-S-P-U-N! With the cotton combed so that only the long, smooth-weaving fibres remain!"



COMPLAINER: "Just my luck! My sister sends me Cannon Percales and the postman comes when nobody's home! Another day to wait!"



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MOTHER



FATHER



BROTHER DON AT 16



BROTHER HOWARD AT 18

Jeffries' family includes two brothers (above) and two white half-sisters. Herb changed his name from Jeffrey after it was spelled as Jeffries on a record label.

JEFFRIES CONTINUED

suffered for having gone beyond the pale, Herb and his younger brothers Don and Howard were hardly aware of it in childhood. They attended the synagogue because their friends did, and by the time they started in at Lincoln School, then 95% Jewish, they could sing the old Jewish religious chants as well as their playmates.

When Herb was 11 his father died, and his mother gave her daughters their choice of living at home or going to live with her own family. One daughter, Fern, elected to stay. Her older sister jumped at the chance to put Fourth Avenue behind her. On her 16th birthday she rejoined the white side of the family, and while time has softened her attitude somewhat, she has dreaded the thought that her children's friends and her own in Detroit might learn about her Negro stepfather. She has referred to her mother's second marriage as "that awful mistake," and once grimly said that if the family secret ever came out, "I might be found in the Detroit River."



HERB AT 5

to have to face it—that in some ways I was in for a rough time." He was, but he did not have to face it at once. After high school, an office boy's job at a local radio station and a singing engagement at a place in his neighborhood, Herb struck out for New York at 17.

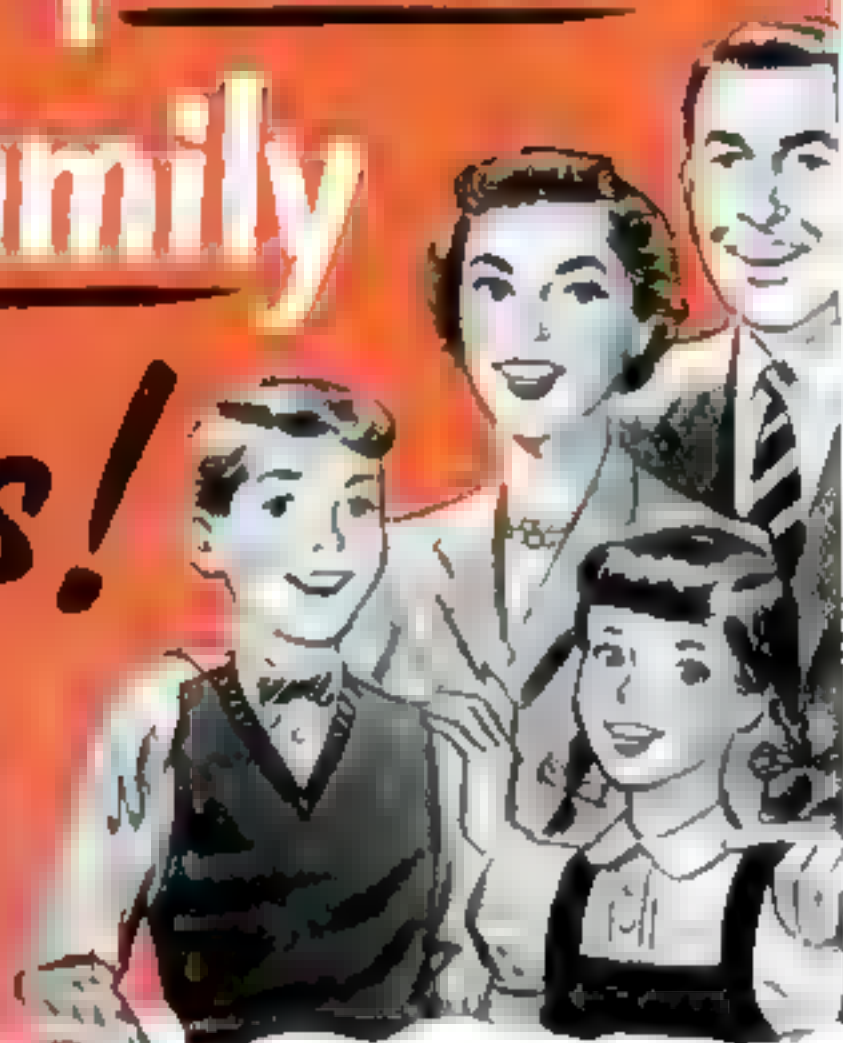
"I didn't even know there was such a place as Harlem," he says. "I used to sing in Greenwich Village joints for a dollar or so a night, and did my sleeping on the subways. I wasn't getting anywhere at all, except in my sleep. Then one night I heard Rudy Smith, a colored Dwight Fiske type of pianist, over in the old Nut House, and

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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* Jones, R. K. and Lorenz, Maria. 1941. "The Relation of Calcium Soaps to Staphylococcal Infections in the Skin." *Jour. Inv. Derm.*, Vol. 4:58-60.
† Hall, B. E., and Schwartz, Charles. 1937. "The Sanitary Value of Sodium Metaphosphate in Dishwashing." *Ind. and Eng. Chem.*, Vol. 29:421-424.



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JEFFRIES CONTINUED

talked him into letting me sing *Say It Isn't So* with him. Rudy was great—he took a liking to me, got me a place to sleep up in Harlem, began coaching me and teaching me about jazz."

One day Smith took Jeffries to a Club Ubangi "breakfast dance," introduced him to the Negro crowd and accompanied Herb while he sang *Trees*. "It was corny, but it broke up the joint," Jeffries says. "For some reason those people went crazy for my stuff. I thought, boy, this is for me—here are the people who appreciate me!"

It was then, Jeffries believes, that he made up his mind to be a Negro. Years later, in Hollywood, the late cowboy star Buck Jones tried to change Herb's mind and his race. He outlined a brazen plan under which Jeffries would drop his identity, go to South America for a year to learn Spanish, then return with loud fanfare under a new name as Jones's discovery. Jones would foot all the bills, in return for first rights to his protégé's services as a *caballero* starring in horse operas.

"I was almost tempted," Jeffries muses, "because by then I'd learned how things are stacked against you as a Negro. But besides the fact that we'd probably have been found out, I suddenly asked myself just what the hell I had to run away from, or be ashamed of. So I turned Buck down."

From New York young Jeffries beat his way to Chicago, where he landed singing jobs with Erskine Tate's and Earl Hines's Negro bands by trying out during intermissions. At 25 he wandered on to Los Angeles, where he sang in "after hours" joints for whatever change he could pick up off the floor, worked as a busboy and made his movie debut. Later he trekked back east with the Four Tones, a Negro quartet, making personal appearances with some cheap sepi Westerns in which he had played the lead—pictures with titles like *Harlem Rides the Range*.

Visiting in Detroit after the tour, Jeffries dropped in at the Graystone Ballroom, where Duke Ellington, an old acquaintance of the family, was appearing with his band.

"So you're the 'Bronze Buckaroo' now," Ellington greeted him. "How you doing?"

"Oh, great," Herb lied. "Just finished my personal appearance tour. I'll probably be going back to Hollywood to make some more pictures."

"Yeah?" grinned Ellington. "Anything wrong with you that \$80 a week with me wouldn't cure?"

"Just give me that contract!" said Jeffries.

He jumped for joy

THE Ellington recording of *Flamingo*, with an unusual vocal by Herb that lapsed from words into a wordless primitive cry, established Jeffries as a promising singer—and identified him with many jazz fans as a Negro. Before leaving the band to go on his own, Jeffries starred in Ellington's famed revue, *Jump for Joy*, which ran for 18 weeks at Los Angeles' Mayan Theater.

"Everybody said I was crazy to leave Ellington—including him," says Jeffries. "But I reminded him that he'd had to do the same thing once, and that as long as I stayed just a dance-band singer I'd get the usual 10 or 20 bucks for a recording, and never any royalties. So he wished me luck and said the job would always be there just in case."

Shortly after they parted, Jeffries came close to sinking into oblivion. Driving through Arizona with one of his brothers, he was trapped in their car when it left the road near Gila Bend and overturned. For nearly a year, recovering from a dislocated pelvis, he was mired in discouragement. Even when he regained the use of his legs, he felt it was hardly worth the trouble to resume his career. Songsman Leon René, coauthor of *Sleepy Time Down South*, tried to haul him out of his despair. René was forming a recording company to exploit his own songs and needed a vocalist. Jeffries wasn't too interested at first. But about the same time, Maurice Duke, an artists' manager and producer of Monogram musicals, stepped in to help speed Jeffries' rehabilitation.

"Jeffries didn't even want to step out of his house," Duke says. "He didn't want to get out in front of people again. 'In white places,' he'd say, 'I'm a nigger. In Negro places I'm a Negro who wants to be a white man. There isn't any in-between place where I'm just a human being.'" The limping Duke would tell him, "Look at me—I've been a polio most of my life, but that hasn't stopped me from being a success in my own way—and I don't have a great talent, a voice, like you have."

With both Leon René and Duke working on him, Jeffries first stirred himself enough to design a label for René's new Exclusive Records. Then he recorded a few songs. Shortly, when the records began to sell, he became both the company's major asset and its

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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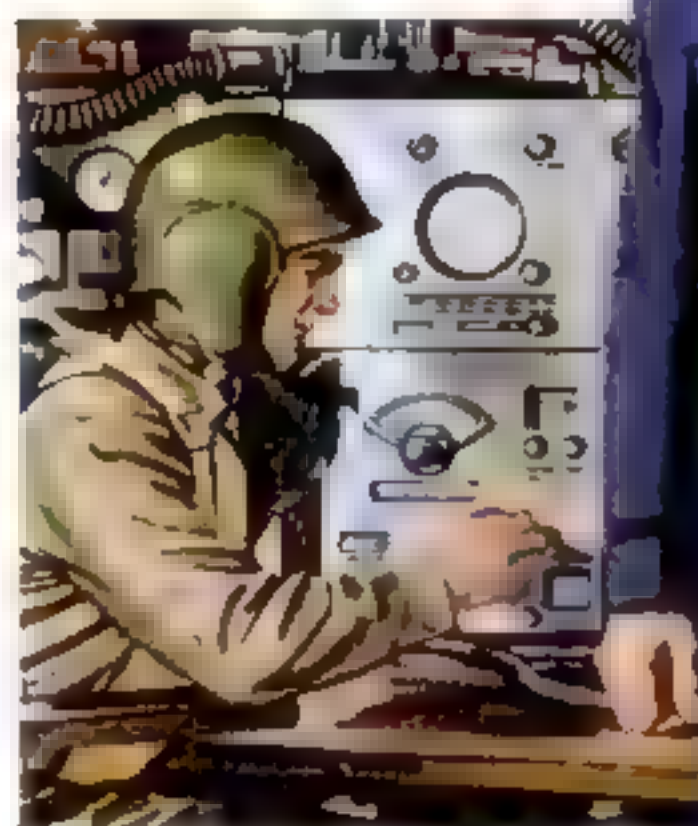
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THE LENNIE HAYTONS



THE WALTER WHITES



THE BILLY DANIELS



THE SIDNEY BECHETS

In other mixed marriages, Lena Horne wed M-G-M Musical Director Lennie Hayton in 1947, Walter White of N.A.A.C.P. married Poppy Cannon in July 1949, Singer Billy Daniels married Martha Braun in January 1950, and Negro Clarinetist Sidney Bechet married Elizabeth Ziegler on the Riviera on Aug. 17.

JEFFRIES CONTINUED

sales promotion director. His vocals pushed its "Magenta Moods" album to a more than 400,000-copy sale, and his recordings of *When I Write My Song* (a steal from Saint-Saens' *Samson and Delilah*), *Body and Soul* and Jeffries' own *I Left a Good Deal in Mobile* were hits.

On the strength of Jeffries' new vogue on records, Maurice Duke eased him into nightclub engagements, and he began doing shows for the Armed Forces Radio Service. Duke shrewdly built him up as a popular artist but not a "race" artist. He was singing at the Circle Club, a jazz spot on Hollywood Boulevard, when he and Betty Allensworth met. Betty had graduated from Pasadena Junior College, where she had been chosen a Rose Bowl princess, and had a degree in English literature from Northwestern University in Evanston, near where her father lived. Some time later, when Betty returned from a visit to Chicago and began working at Bullock's Wilshire, she and Herb began going together.

Betty Allensworth knew all along that Herb was part Negro; having been brought up in a family that had no strong feelings about racism, she saw nothing wrong in being friendly with him. But because she knew that the relatives with whom she lived in Beverly Hills would see nothing right in it, she never asked Herb out to the house. On Jan. 3, 1947, without telling her family, they flew to Tijuana, Mexico and were married.

Their elopement had a legal basis as well as a romantic one, for California then had, like 29 other states, a law prohibiting racial intermarriage. It was a comparatively mild statute—far milder, in fact, than the unwritten law that such unions violate—since it left the definition of "Negro" and "white" up to the courts, and the only penalty was nonrecognition of the marriage. In some states the laws go so far as to declare that anyone with any fraction of Negro blood is a Negro, and in seven states Herb and Betty would have been subject to as much as 10 years in jail had they dared to marry within the state borders.

"I wanted to keep the marriage a secret at first," says Betty Jeffries, "because up to a point in a singer's career the youngsters who buy his records like to think of him as single. But finally, when I was pregnant and beginning to show it, I had to tell my relatives that we were married. They got quite hysterical about it, as I knew they would. Their last words, when I left for good, were 'What if you have a coal-black baby?' I told them—as calmly as I could—that such a thing was biologically unlikely. And as I walked away I said, 'You can be sure that if the baby is coal black I'll love it anyway because it will be mine!'"

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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JEFFRIES CONTINUED

Light-haired Fern Elizabeth Jeffries was born Nov. 3, 1947, and the relatives in Beverly Hills have never seen her. When friends ask about Betty, the relatives say vaguely that they think she is living in Chicago. They deny any knowledge of Betty's marriage, and like Herb's half-sister in Michigan they prefer to pretend that he does not exist.

None of this surprises Betty. What has surprised her is that she has encountered a formidable amount of prejudice among some Negroes. "I'd have thought that being the victims of so much prejudice they might not feel it themselves," she frowns. "But some of them resent the fact that Herb didn't marry a colored girl, and resent me for keeping him from it."

Like any young married couple the Jeffries have built up a circle of good friends, but theirs has special limitations. It includes Betty's father, Allen Allensworth, a Chicago economist and commodities expert. Mr. Allensworth likes his son-in-law but wishes Betty had told him in so many words whom she was marrying, instead of assuming that he could figure it out for himself. The circle includes Herb's mother, an intelligent woman who still says, although she long ago recrossed the racial line that she stepped over, that "I'm not ashamed of my marriage. I like my downtown (Negro) relatives and my white relatives too. They all have their own lives to live, and I don't try to change their minds. . . ."

Beyond the circle, the Jeffries know, are many people who sincerely feel that even a mixed marriage, if based on love and respect, is made in Heaven—and many others who regard it as a deadly sin and its participants as outcasts. Whenever Betty is asked why she married a Negro, and whenever her husband is asked why he married a white girl, the answer is the same: "We fell in love."

Up to now they have felt no cause for regret; they think of themselves as being more happily married than most people. They are full of plans: Jeffries recently finished a picture called *Disc Jockey*, in which he appears with Tommy Dorsey, Ginny Simms, Sarah Vaughan and 24 top radio record-spinners. In France he has been on several *Radio Diffusion Française* shows and has been asked to do more, as well as make new recordings. He has found no discrimination in two trips abroad, but that does not tempt him to become an expatriate: when the Jeffries come home this fall they want to buy a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, with a workshop where Herb can tinker with cameras and model planes and trains. Eventually, when his voice gives out, he expects to know the movie business well enough to work as a director and producer.

Jeffries would not change places with anyone—or at least would never admit it. But there are times when he has reason to be bitter. There are also times when Betty, alone at home while he is singing at his work, looks at Fern and wonders: *what will she do when she grows up and has to make her own choice? And how will she feel about us if people make her suffer just because she happened to be born?*

The snubs that Herb Jeffries and his family have endured have forced him to do a lot of thinking about his place in the world. "The Creator," he says earnestly, "had a plan. He wasn't just blowing bubbles, and I don't think he put any race on earth just to be persecuted. The Negroes that he put here have no need to ask for sympathy or to be belligerent, either. They've come far, they've produced a lot of champions, and I think that being part of them has been an honor. If the Creator should ever give me the choice of being whatever I wanted to be, I'd say let me be just what I am—because I've been a lot of people, you see, where most of us get to be only one."



ON THE RIVIERA this summer Jeffries is singing at three spots, including fashionable Carroll's Beach Bar (above), open-air restaurant near Eden Roc.

Wide-awake styles

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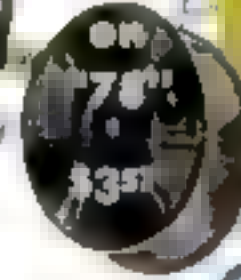
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The crackling personality exhibited by Betty Brown (*above*) is the result of electricity—four or five hundred times as much as the 2,000 volts used to operate Sing Sing's electric chair. Betty's father, Bob Brown, makes his living by entertaining schoolchildren with demonstrations of high voltage electricity, and when Betty is not in school herself she helps him out.

The high point of the act comes when Brown stands obedient Betty on a metal plate, wets her bare feet and turns on the juice. With a frightening roar a million volts climb through her body and stream out of her upraised finger tips. The secret of survival: very high frequency electricity which, when used correctly, is not only harmless but, as Betty says, "feels fine."

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Fall and Winter Fashions

Stars Snub Old New Look: Not Sexy

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ANSWERS
THE
QUESTION
skirt
lengths
up or
down?

Paris' Longer
Skirt Trend
Not Drastic

**DIOR PUSHES
DOWN THE
HEM-LINE**
By JOY PARRY
I have to lengthen

Skirt Length Controversy
Starts All Over Again
Editor's Note: Don't let it, the skirt lengths are



Calmed Controversy

PARIS PHOTOS ALLAY FEAR OF NEW "NEW LOOK"

Rumblings from the fashion showings in Paris sounded like 1917's cataclysmic "new look" all over again. Since early August, when the designers' fall collections were shown with the usual proviso that no pictures could appear before the rigidly guarded release date, U. S. fashion headlines had hinted that Paris was again playing havoc with the hemline and lowering it by inches. Screams of protest came from battle-scarred veterans of '17, when skirts became suddenly longer. Hollywood stars swore never to hide their legs, and manufacturers with their fall wares completed announced they would boycott any such radical change.

Close study of the Paris reports, however, indicated that silhouettes had changed only in detail and that the Big Four of the French designers—Dior, Balenciaga, Fath, Desses—had dropped hemlines at most only an inch or two. (It takes a good four or five inch shift in the daytime hemline to turn existing costumes into period pieces.) *Vogue* ran a soothing advertisement saying that Paris was really just lining up with current U. S. length. But until the picture ban was lifted for the general public, uneasiness persisted. The photograph above proves that the hemline hassle was only an accessory to the big show. Far more interesting were things the Paris Big Four had done to sleeves, backs and waistlines, as shown on the following pages.



As the giant Goliath fell before the boy David, so did David the King fall before Bathsheba, the adulteress!



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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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CONTROVERSY CONTINUED

NEW POINTS FROM PARIS



FULL-SLEEVED SUIT

The big sleeve came in for emphasis and even for exaggeration in Paris. Having made a start in the direction of the widened sleeve last spring, Balenciaga now carries it further in this black wool suit, whose three-quarter-length sleeves have a deep pleat opening out from the shoulder to give additional fullness.



BACK-FLARED SKIRT

Skirts with an extreme back flare were outstanding in the collection of Dessès, newest designer among the Big Four. This heavy black ottoman coat lined with royal blue wool has deep pleats flowing from two side panels which are buttoned down except over pockets. The same coat was also shown in plaid wool.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102

A young man's career was
signed, sealed and delivered in

The Envelope

WE were sitting around after lunch the other day—Bill Howell, Frank Parsons and I—having our coffee and talking about this and that, and the subject got around to how we all got started in the work we were doing.

I'd told them how winning an essay contest in school had put me on the road to being a writer of sorts instead of the engineer I thought I was going to be, and then Bill Howell explained how, as a young lad, he had become interested in architecture through watching them remodel his father's grocery store.

I turned to Frank Parsons and said, "Looks as if you're the only one here who followed his father's footsteps, Frank. Was that by accident, or by choice, or what?"

Frank tamped some tobacco in his pipe and grinned. "Well, it's quite a story, but if you're really interested, I'll tell you . . ."

He held a match to his pipe and puffed thoughtfully for a moment and then went on. "My dad always wanted me to go into the same business he was in, but he never tried to talk me into it. He wanted me to do whatever I thought I could do best, and let me have my own way about choosing a career.

"One day after I got out of college back in 1920, I stopped at Dad's office to tell him I was going across town to see about a job I'd heard was open at the mill. Dad said that was fine and wished me luck. Then he picked up a couple of envelopes from his desk and said, 'As long as you're going over that way, Frank, would you mind dropping this off for me?' He handed me one of the envelopes, shoved the other in his coat pocket and said, 'I want to deliver this one myself because it's pretty important—and it will save me some time if you take the other.'"



Frank Parsons put down his pipe and said, "I never did get to the mill that day—or any other. After I delivered the envelope I went back to Dad's office and asked him how soon I could start working for him."

Bill Howell leaned across the table and said, "What happened that made you change your mind?"

Frank Parsons smiled and said, "It was that envelope. It was addressed to a woman who lived on the way to the mill, and she opened it while I was standing there. Inside it was a check from New York Life. Her husband had died just a short while before and left her with four small children, and—well, I guess you just never know what life insurance is all about until you see what it means to people . . ."

Bill Howell nodded. "That was a pretty smart stunt of your father's—sending you on an errand like that, knowing that it might be the one thing that would swing you over to being a New York Life agent like himself."

We pushed back our chairs, and as we were leaving the table Frank Parsons said, "That's the funny part of the whole thing. Dad was in such a hurry and the envelopes looked so much alike that he gave me the wrong one! He thought he'd sent me over to pay the gas bill!"

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

THE NEW YORK LIFE AGENT
IN YOUR COMMUNITY
IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.



FITTED WITH A FLARE

To some observers the most radical silhouette in the French collections was the fitted, flared-back suit shown by Balenciaga in a dozen versions. This example in black wool also shows his prevalent slim skirt for daytime wear. To the naked eye Balenciaga's skirt lengths remained where they were in the spring.



HIGH AND WIDE BELT

The high, back belt attached beneath the sleeves was an unusual feature of this straight, heavy blue wool coat by Dior. It was shown in several of his designs coincidentally with its appearance in the Italian collections (LIFE, Aug. 20). Dior calls this novel idea a martingale and starts back fullness from it.

BEAUTY CONTEST

No use knowing
How to pick 'em
If your
Half-shaved whiskers
Stick 'em
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What's that? Judging beauty contests isn't in your line? Okay—try Burma-Shave anyway and see how good your face feels to you after using it. You'll promptly add your face to the millions that get Burma-Shaved daily.

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leading the kindergarten parade

Twigs add spice and everything nice to a little boy's wardrobe in this colorful new approach to the favorite standby, corduroy!

(Right) Unlined Eton, corduroy plaid jacket with solid contrasting shorts, about . . . 9.95
Hat to match . . . 1.95

(Far right) Unlined Card-busome, regimental stripe corduroy jacket, solid contrasting slacks, about . . . 11.95
Hat to match . . . 1.95

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low to enhance the beauty
of your feet and your en-
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GLEAM — This famous shoe
makes a smart reappearance
to wear with everything.

VITALITY SHOE COMPANY, DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

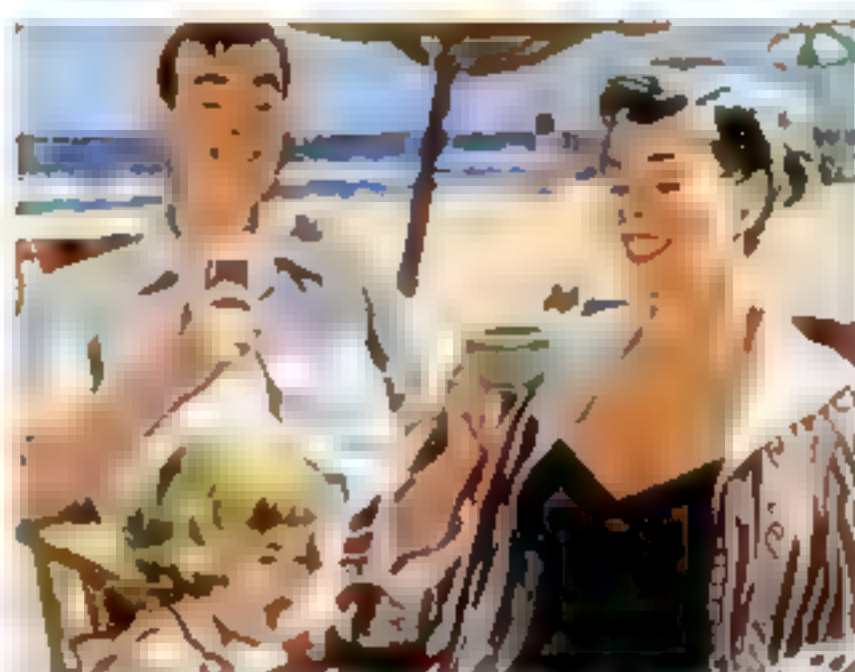
"Hold everything, honey...
I smell Coffee!"



"M-m-m! Nothing Smells as Good as Coffee!"

Who can resist the enticing smell of freshly-brewed coffee? (Especially out of doors when the aroma seems extra-appetizing!) Somehow, nothing tells a picnicker so quickly that it's time to take a "coffee rest."

© 1961, P. A. C. B.



"M-m-m! Nothing Tastes as Good as Coffee!"

For downright deliciousness you can't touch the matchless, mellow flavor of good coffee. Iced or hot—at home, on an outing, or in a restaurant, most people prefer coffee over all other beverages.



"Nothing Satisfies Like Coffee!"



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Know?



It takes a minimum of 5 years for a coffee tree to mature and reach full production.



The coffee 'cherries' containing the coffee beans must be picked by hand.



The average coffee tree yields only about 1 pound of green coffee per year.



It takes about 3,500 beans to make each pound of coffee that gives you so much enjoyment for so little money.



DRESSED LIKE ONE OF HIS WORKERS, LUCA LUISI STRUTS PROUDLY IN FRONT OF BANK HE BOUGHT WITH PROFITS OF LONG YEARS OF LABOR IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY

Shirtsleeve Millionaires

AN EXTRAORDINARY CROP OF NEWLY RICH FARMERS
GROWS IN SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY'S ONCE DRY SOIL

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LOOMIS DEAN

About 30 years ago a few farmers in California's southern San Joaquin valley began to drill deep wells through which for the first time they could lift water 2,500 feet to the surface of their semi-arid desert land. Across the irrigated soil of Fresno, Tulare and Kern counties the blush of blossoming fruit slowly spread, beckoning new farmers and, a decade later, the dispossessed dust bowl Okies whose story of tragedy and travel was told in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. From the valley came an ever-richer flow of wealth—grapes and grain, citrus fruits

and potatoes, cattle and dairy products, and, in recent years, the crop that has become spectacularly California's largest cash crop: cotton. Of the 3,070 counties in the U.S., Fresno, Tulare and Kern have come to rank second, third and fifth in total farm income; this year's harvest may surpass 1950's.

But the newest crop of the San Joaquin is the sum of all the others. It is millionaires, dozens of new millionaires, who have become rich by turning the earth with their muscle and watering it as well with their sweat. Most of them

enjoy new comforts (p. 112-113) but they work as industriously as when they began—only now they roam their ranches in Cadillacs and hop from farm to farm, or to the seaside, in private planes. One of the crop of big new rich is Italian-born Luca Luisi, who began as a vineyard roustabout in 1911. Three years later he bought his first small plot. Today Luisi, who neither reads nor writes English, owns 280 acres of orchards and vineyards so rich that one year, when he was through picking plums, he went into town and bought himself the National Bank of Orosi.



MARCUS RUDNICK RESTS AGAINST CADILLAC AFTER SORTING CATTLE FOR SLAUGHTER. ANIMALS ARE EASILY ROUNDED UP BY BLOWING HORN THAT MOOS LIKE A LOST CALF



FIRST BUSINESS of elder Rudnick was peddling wares from horse and cart in the desert 10 years ago.

Button seller turns beef baron

Oscar Rudnick became a cattle king by selling buttons. A raw immigrant from Russia, Rudnick landed in New York 40 years ago, went west and wound up at Bakersfield. He arranged for use of a horse and wagon (left), took on a load of housewares, principally buttons and thread, and bounced off into the prairies. Frequently Rudnick was paid in livestock. At night he slaughtered the animal and next day sold it to

another family. With his savings, Rudnick in 1922 took up the cattle business full time. Last year the Rudnick family sold 60,000 beef cattle and 100,000 sheep. They have two packing plants, 15,000 acres of land in California and three ranches in Nevada, are worth at least \$15 million. By day everybody in the family works. At night the rags-to-riches Rudnicks take off their shoes and sit around the house barefooted.

IN HELICOPTER, ELYNOR, 28, OSCAR'S DAUGHTER, ACCOMPANIED BY PILOT, DUSTS A COTTON CROP. SHE RUNS AERIAL SERVICE HERSELF, ALSO OWNS OIL AND PASTURE LANDS





THE RUGGED RUDNICKS all brought up in the family business, are (left to right) Milton, 21; Billy, 14; father Oscar, the only one in "city clothes", Sam, 30; and Philip, 21. Eldest son Marcus, 32 (opposite page), who manages the vast

Rudnick enterprises since ill health caused his father's virtual retirement last year, was out on the feeding lots when picture was taken. Despite their wealth, Rudnicks live unpretentiously in a stucco house on modest street in Bakersfield.



POPULAR POOL at the Ed Peters' home in Shafter is open daily to the ranch employees and their children. Mr. and Mrs. Peters, here eating grapes from

vineyard irrigated by pool runoff water, live in building in background in four-room apartment above multiple garage, laundry and cold storage lockers.



AT BIBLE BREAKFAST, held every Tuesday at the Grange hall in Wasco, Peters reads from Scriptures to his staff, then serves a hearty morning meal. A

deeply religious Mennonite, like his now retired father, Peters has gathered around him a permanent staff of key men almost entirely of the same faith.

New Millionaires CONTINUED



OFF TO MARKET goes a load of potatoes, wheeled from washing and packing plant onto freight car by Ed Peters' son, 18, as Ed (right) and foreman watch.

Praying potato packer

Thirty years ago Ed Peters' father sold out his hardware business in Saskatchewan, moved south and homesteaded a 40-acre tract in Kern County. The big crop then was grapes, but grape-growing on such a small plot paid very little, so Ed went to work in a bank while his father ran the farm. For several years the Peterses planted only a few acres to potatoes, but by the early 1930s potatoes had become the principal crop on their greatly enlarged farm and Ed Peters had left the bank. He and his father launched a washing and packing business to handle the crop from their farms and from their neighbors' farms as well. As president of the National Potato Council, Peters for years opposed federal subsidies to potato growers and now that the subsidy has been dropped he is as pleased as he was when he started radio station KWSO "because I like good music."

Peters, who is a devout churchman, never forgets to be properly grateful for his good fortune. At weekly staff breakfasts (*lower left*) he improvises topical prayers. Sample: "I thank all hands for their help this year. I realize we have been through trying periods. The potatoes have closed and the price was high, not as high as we'd have liked, but I'm thankful it was good enough. I hope we all hold together as a big family so we can ride through the cotton harvest as successfully as we did this one. Amen."



BROADCASTING ORDERS by radio-telephone, Peters talks to operators of two dozen trucks as well as to walkie-talkie equipped foremen afoot in fields.



INTO OFFICE, shared with real estate agent, comes Goforth to pick up messages. His real office, from which he transacts all business, is in his briefcase.

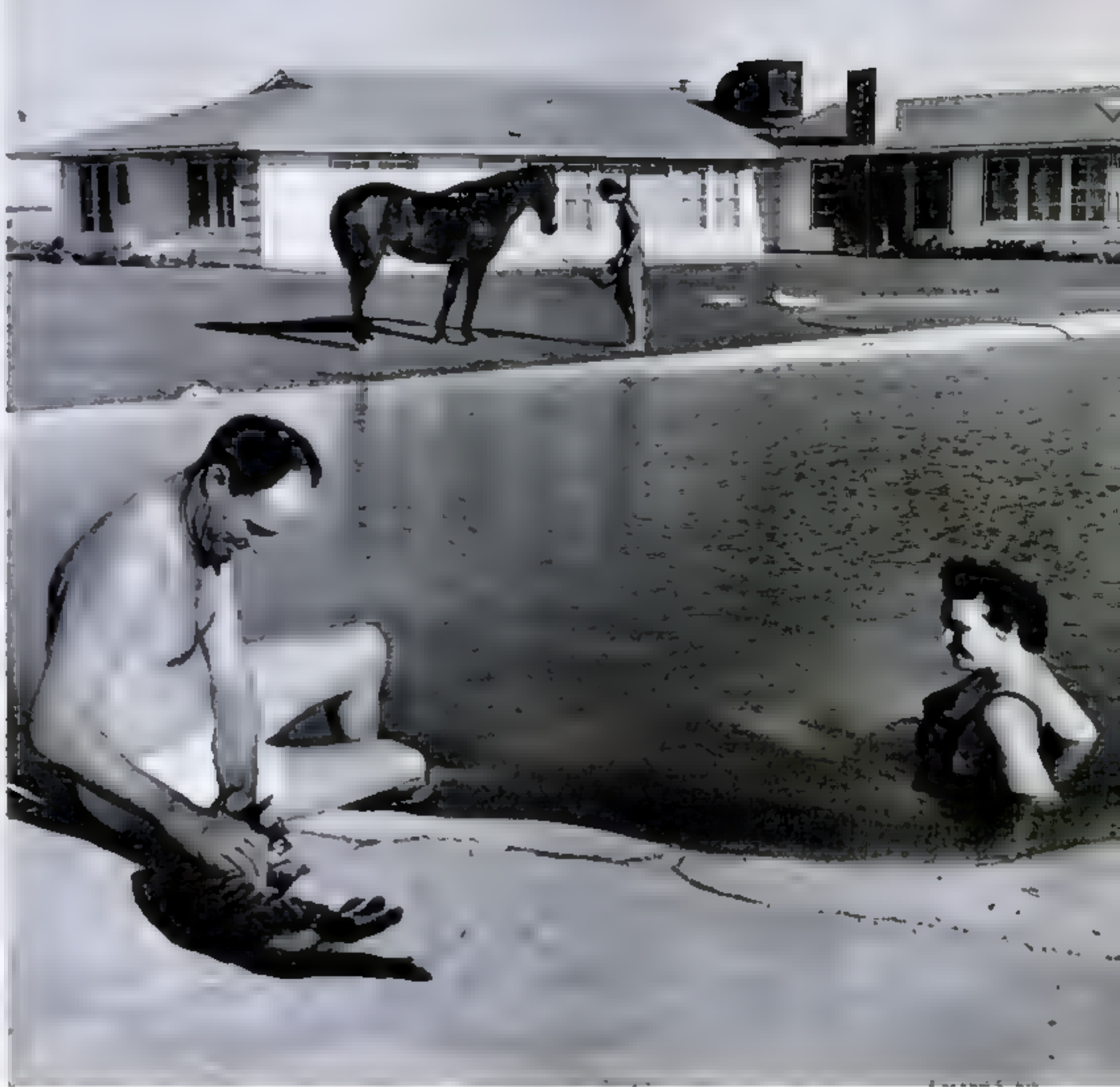
Provident erstwhile Okie

There was nothing left to do in 1931 when 20-year-old Jess Goforth put Oklahoma behind him. Like thousands of other Okies, he crammed his wife, infant son and a few possessions into a battered roadster and headed west. Along the way they slept in ditches, and when they reached California there was still \$1.50 left of \$40 they started with. The best job Goforth could find in the land of plenty was picking cotton at 2¢ an hour. When his second child came along, he fixed up a car seat as a crib. In time Goforth became a tractor driver, later an irrigation foreman, and wound up at last as boss of a big operator's ranch. His salary and bonuses mounted, and by living simply Goforth saved most of it. Two years ago he stepped out and, on cash and mortgage, bought a 6,400-acre, \$1 million ranch in his own right.

Goforth, who still kept his job as ranch manager, is up with the sun, takes off by plane to check wells and crop dusting. He goes in for crops with quick returns like cotton, wheat, barley and cantaloupes, shuns other crops that require years to yield. Anytime he feels like it, Goforth can "cash out" and be a millionaire several times over. But except for a crude swimming pool (top, right) he has stuck to a Spartan way of life and lives without a telephone. His home is on the fringe of the prairie, 50 miles from Fresno, and it would cost \$10,000 to bring the phone lines in.



BLOWING HOT on her trumpet in cool pool, Sandy creates music of a sort. She also can land her father's airplane, next year hopes to learn how to take off.



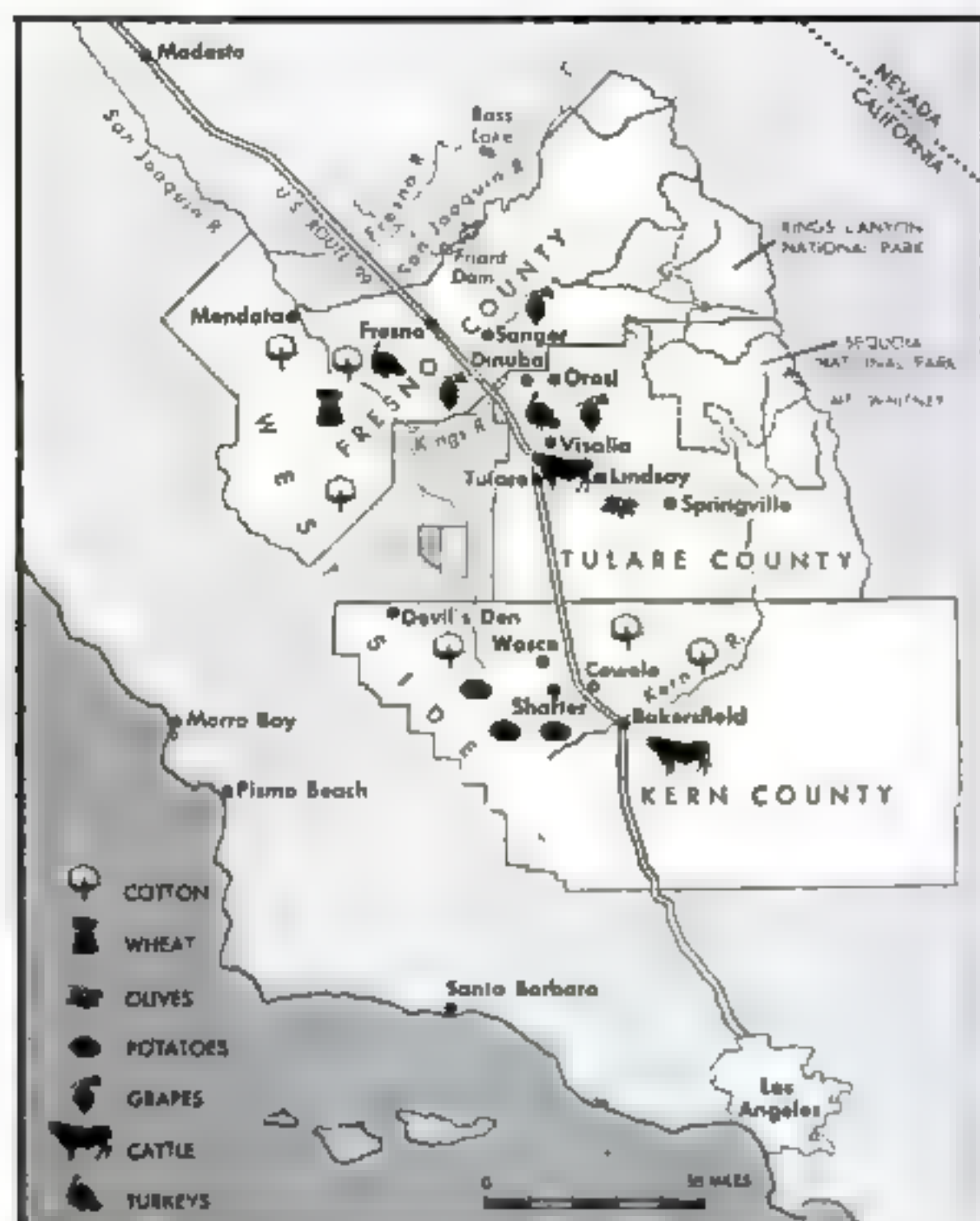
IMPROVED POOL, scooped out by bulldozer and lined with cement, is where Jess Goforth comes home to relax with wife from day's flights before he takes to

plane again after dinner. Daughter Sandy, 13, having led horse to water, dismounts and leaves it there. The Goforths live in four-bedroom, \$10,000 house.



AT FIELD CONFERENCE Goforth (center) checks \$2,000-a-day payroll with section foreman and bookkeeper. The men know when to expect Goforth, and

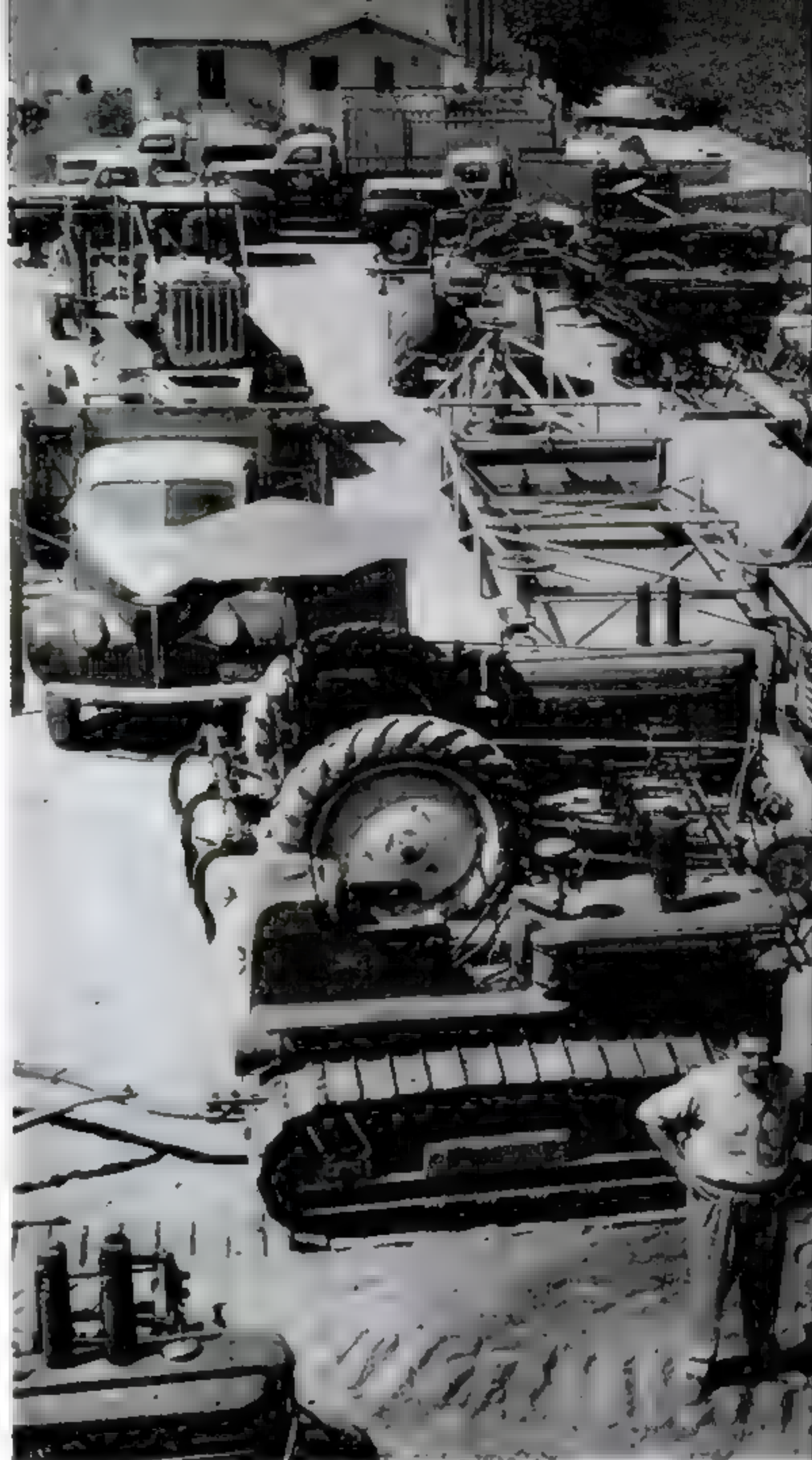
when they see single engined plane overhead they meet wherever it lands. The hard-baked soil of this airstrip shows original condition of unirrigated land.



CORNUCOPIAN COUNTIES of sunny San Joaquin Valley, watered in east by runoff from Sierra Nevada snows, in west by irrigation, total 19,024 square miles, larger than New Hampshire, Vermont combined.

Everything is big-scale

Getting rich in the San Joaquin valley involved more than a willingness to work hard. There is more to it even than Ed Peters' explanation: "We were in the right place at the right time." The valley, edged by the towering Sierra Nevada and Coast Ranges, has year-around growing weather, ideal for crop rotation. The soil, inherently fertile, needed only water to make it bloom. It was the development of turbine pumps powerful enough to go 2,500 feet into the earth to tap the previously inaccessible water table that set off the San Joaquin boom. Deep well pumping is, however, a costly operation, one cotton grower's power and water bill running annually to \$300,000. To pay for it, farming must be on a huge scale. This in turn requires vast mechanization and the use of rich new fertilizers. With scientific farming techniques, the southern San Joaquin has not had a serious crop failure in a generation. For much of that time, operators have had the assurance of government price support if things went bad, something most of them do not need today, with cotton and potatoes selling in the free market at or above the government guaranteed prices.



EXPENSIVE EQUIPMENT necessary for Ed Peters' large-scale operations of potato, grain and cotton land includes tractors, trucks, combine harvesters, four-row potato planters, portable potato loaders, weed burners, grader (gardenlike



LIQUID FERTILIZER, peculiarly adapted to use in flowing waters of large-scale irrigation, has made a fortune for ex-soda salesman, Melville Willson, 44.



GROUND LEVELING to perfect plane is a necessary operation before new fields are opened up to irrigation, to insure a uniform flow of the water, and then

the pumps are turned on. Since farmers have only infrequent use for the bulky scraping and loading machines (above), they rent them from a local operator.



implement, center) and automatic cotton pickers (machine with large hopperlike top, middle right). Peters, standing (left) in foreground with son, has three times as much equipment as is assembled here. It represents an investment of \$250,000.

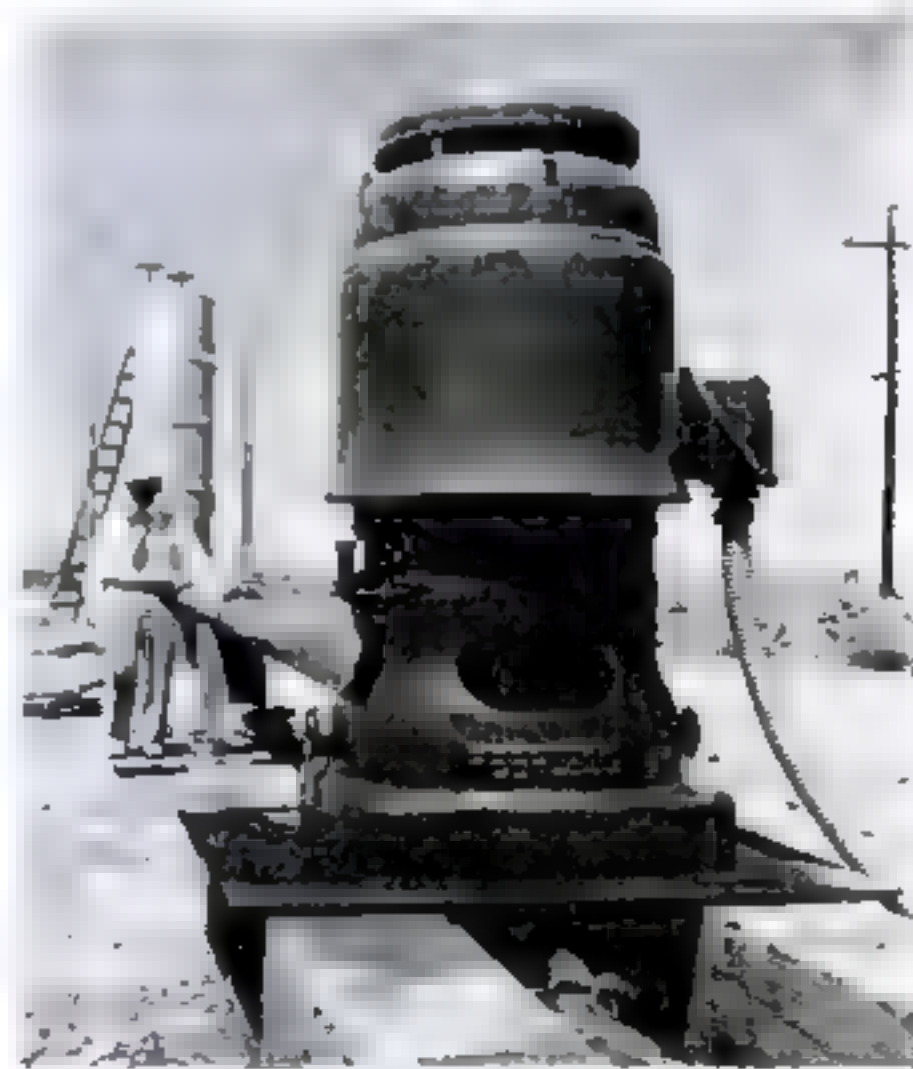


AIRPLANE INSPECTION of sprawling fields of cotton, an all-day chore for Jess Goforth, casts a shadow of his low flying plane across one of the long irrigation ditches. At top a fresh gush of water is coming down the shallow "freder" canals.



HAND LABOR, here performed by Mexican workmen in Kern County cotton field, is still vital factor in valley's expanding agricultural production despite

intensive mechanization. Mechanical cotton pickers are used successfully for much of harvesting but they cannot always pick bolls nearest soil as well as men.



DEEP WELLS, heart of the valley farmer's irrigation system, cost \$10,000 each. Pumps are spaced one to a section (640 acres), frequently work 24 hours a day.

They have time now to enjoy their money



HUNTSMAN Guy Lovelace, 76, goes after deer when on vacation from his turkey farm where he produces prize birds. Mounted on the barn wall above him are the antlers of bucks he and sons have shot. A rifle expert, Lovelace owns 35 guns.



YACHTSMAN Jim Camp, 38, gets relief from the semi-desert heat at Bakersfield home by piloting his 45-foot Chris Craft around the harbor of Newport Beach, where he maintains another home. He can get there in 50 minutes in his own plane.



HOMEODIES H. B. ("Dutch") Leonard, 58 (*above*), and W. B. Camp, 57 (*below*), enjoy their millions quietly. Grape-grower Leonard, big league pitcher 35 years ago (and no kin to Dutch Leonard of today's Cubs), can sit in any room of his specially wired house and enjoy concerts from his collection of 500,000 records. As government agronomist, Camp, uncle of Jim (*left*), introduced cotton to California in 1917. Here he sits at window that overlooks his rose and begonia garden.





BIG GAME STALKER John Lachenmaier 55 (left), who spends half of each year at potato and cotton growing and other half of the year hunting, shows brother Bill trophies of safari to East Africa where he bagged 31 different kinds

of game. To house his prizes John uses special one-room cabin in backyard. His fellow millionaires in town of St. after (pop. 2,198) make him the target of their friendly ridicule; he is the only man on his block who does not drive a Cadillac.



Lovely young
Hollywood star
JANE GREER,
an *RKO* Star, says

Jane Greer's gleaming waves and curls—no wonder she adores Rayve Creme Shampoo!

"No other shampoo makes my hair
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Now—you'll agree with smart young Hollywood stars... Rayve's the loveliest shampoo you've ever used! Your hair's dancing with light after a creamy-rich Rayve shampoo... so soft, so springy, that it just *wants*

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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! If your Rayve-clean hair isn't shiner... softer... curlier... send Rayve carton or cap-liner with name and address to Rayve, Box 2, 505 Park Avenue, N. Y. Full purchase price refunded immediately!



BORES

CRUSHING, CRASHING OR TINKLING,
THEY LIE IN WAIT AT EVERY PARTY
AND MAY EVEN TURN OUT TO BE YOU

by RUSSELL LYNES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT OSBORN



SCARCELY more than a generation ago anyone could learn how to cope with almost any social situation by reference to a book of etiquette. But there have been two marked changes in social behavior which have altered all this. One is the recent emphasis on "casual" entertaining and informal living, and the other is much more subtle and, I believe, more fundamental. It is our insistence that we have a God-given right not to be bored.

Look back a full generation for the moment and you will see what I mean. Consider the furniture in the parlor and the ways in which people sat on the straight-backed chairs, their spines erect, their knees pressed closely together. Recall, if you can, the polite conversation in which any display of emotion was considered gauche and any topic which might incite even mild argument was rigorously avoided. Even laughter, if it was hearty, was regarded, especially for women, as not quite nice.

In those days one accepted as part of one's social duty the necessity to be bored at least part of the time; now we consider it an outrage if we have to put up with a single boring evening. But since we are unsure of ourselves as hosts and equally unsure of our acquaintances as avenues of escape from boredom, we are likely to shift the responsibility for entertaining to a mechanical gadget like the television set or the home movie, or to the risks of abundant liquor, or to games such as

The accompanying investigation of bores, their habits and habitat, is the natural supplement to a dissection of snobs (LIFE, Nov. 20) by the same author, who is managing editor of *Harper's* magazine.

bridge, canasta, "the game" or to any other device which can help make guests as painless as possible.

It is our preoccupation with informality and casualness that lays us wide open to boredom. As hosts there are no longer prescribed tunes for us to call. In sacrificing rituals and formalities of a more decorous age we have exposed our flanks; our homes are no longer our castles. We can no longer pull up the drawbridge of our reticence and drop the portcullis of our offended sensibilities. Our latchstrings, for better or for worse, are always half out.

We select our friends because they are not bores, or, to put it another way, because they do not think we are bores. More often than not a bore is merely a convenient label we give to a person whom we do not fascinate, and just as often these bores are socially essential to us. If it weren't for them we should have nothing against which to measure our sophistication, and we should be compelled to admit that we are bores ourselves.

It is probably this that explains why everyone entertains boring guests at some time or other, and why one constantly encounters them in other people's houses. We don't invite them just out of social duty (though we may tell ourselves that we do); we invite them because they do something for our self-esteem.

It also explains the large, and often unmanageable, party as an institution. At a cocktail party, for instance, the host is the only individual who never gets trapped. It is his duty, recognized by everyone, to move about the room, to bestow his favors everywhere but never long in any one place. Cocktail shaker in hand, he fills a glass here, makes a polite inquiry there, says a few words of greeting, gets a forlorn guest attached to a conversational group and moves on, his social duty being for once to spread himself as thin as possible. If he sees a woman carefully examining the bibelots on the table, or thumbing a magazine, or looking at a drawing on the wall with complete absorption, he will know that she is teeming inside with feelings of neglect. No matter what her social gifts, no matter whether she is a bore or not, he can easily manipulate her into conversation with her opposite number, a male who for some unaccountable reason has taken an intense interest in reading the titles on the backs of the record albums. Whether they bore each other once the host has got them face to face is their business. The host moves

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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



THE HOST, TOO BUSY TO BE BORED, SPEEDS DRINKS TO A LAPEL HANGER, A MONOLOGIST AND THE TOTAL BLANK



CLEAN IN A JIFFY! And without tub, suds or muss! That's the magic of Sergeant's new, liquid SKIP-BATH. Here's all you do: 1. Sprinkle SKIP-BATH on your dog, or on cloth and apply. 2. Rub in well. 3. Wipe dry. Your dog is clean, sweet and flea-free, too. Get Sergeant's SKIP-BATH at drug or pet store—today. Only 79 cents. Another of the many famous Sergeant's® Dog Care Products.

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THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
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INTERLUDE WITH FASCINATING CONVERSATIONALIST BORE

BORES CONTINUED

on to other matters with a sense of accomplishment and a feeling of satisfied generalship which reminds him of Horace's comment, "A host is like a general: it takes a mishap to reveal his genius."

Unfortunately, however, the cocktail party, which is more blessed to give than to receive, often has to be attended in somebody else's house, and it is there that the whole business takes on a quite different complexion. There you may easily find yourself (having momentarily forgotten the only essential rule of cocktail party behavior: never sit down on a sofa) trapped by a bore from whom nothing short of overt rudeness can save you.

I have studied the bore at a great many parties—dinner parties, literary teas, wedding receptions and other social gatherings, including conventions, testimonial luncheons and church "socials"—and I have found that some can be distinguished by facial types, some by the cut of their clothes and some by their eagerly roving eyes which are so obviously searching for a quarry. These methods of distinguishing which people to avoid are, however, too subjective to pass along and are only partially reliable even after long practice. The sad thing about most bores is that they cannot be distinguished at a distance; it is only when one is face to face with them (or side by side with them) in a situation from which it is next to impossible to withdraw that one is aware, too late, of their special alchemy for turning golden moments into lead.

The militant and passive varieties

THE common varieties of bores are well known to everyone. Ambrose Bierce said that a bore is "a person who talks when you want him to listen," but, apt as the definition is, the species is a good deal more complicated than that. There are, for example, many gradations of boredom such as the Crashing Bore, whose conversation weighs on you like an actual physical burden that you would like to throw off because it is stifling you, and quite a different kind, the Tinkling Bore, whose conversation bothers you in the way that an insistent fly does, annoying but not dangerous. There are such types as the Sull-Waters-Run-Deep (or Crushing) variety, who defy you to say anything that will change the expression on their faces much less elicit an encouraging word. There you are on the sofa with them, their intense eyes peering at you with something between hopelessness and scorn, impressing on you the deep reservoir of their self-sufficiency and challenging you to ruffle the waters that lurk there. I cite this merely as an example of the passive as opposed to the militant type (both the Crashing and the Tinkling are militant), for it is those who make you feel like a bore who are the most boring of all.

But let us get to more specific types that one is likely to encounter at a strawberry festival, cocktail party, wedding reception or other carnival. You have arrived early—not before the time for which you were invited, of course, but less than an hour after the appointed hour, so that the party is not yet in full swing. There are just a few people; not yet as many people as there are chairs, so you have no choice but to sit down next to or at least near someone. There is a better than even chance that you may be rooted for the next

half hour, though as the place fills up you will be able to deposit a lady in your chair and slip away on the pretext of getting yourself another drink.

For the moment, however, you are planted; your party smile pulls back your lips in a pose of amiability, and you are prepared for whatever line the conversation may take. You may even be ready to establish a line yourself, once the feeling-out process has been got through, but the chances are that the lady, for you are next to a lady, will, according to custom, take the initiative. She may indeed try to "draw you out," in which case she has indicated that she is quite willing to be on the receiving end, and if anyone is going to be bored, she tacitly offers to accept the burden.

The risk, of course, is that you may fall for her pretty bait and embark on a line of conversation that is more involved or more serious than is generally considered suitable to a party, and slowly you become aware that your voice is beginning to drone. While the lady's polite smile continues to egg you on, her eyes look beyond you to the group that is standing in front of the fireplace at the far side of the room. You are aware all at once that you are being a bore, and that you have been put in this position by a species known as a Good Listener.

It is customary to think of the Good Listener as a "social asset," and many children are taught by their parents at an early age, as I was, how to be a Good Listener. But a Good Listener's ultimate social contribution is to make bores out of other people. His bright eyes and inviting smile mask a profound indifference to what anyone else says, and his basic rule of behavior is that it pays better to cock an ear than to cock a snook. In that sense he is a bore himself, just as much of a bore as that other "social asset," the Fascinating Conversationalist.

It is difficult to assemble a gaggle of people without including at least one Fascinating Conversationalist. He naturally gravitates to large parties because he is strictly an audience man and anecdotalist, and he is easy to distinguish in any gathering. He talks in a voice filled with the authority of complete self-possession and with a volume a trifle louder than most of the other guests, as he likes to project himself beyond his immediate circle of listeners and, if possible, to increase it to encompass the entire company. His dress is inclined to exhibit some minor eccentricity which sets him slightly but not outlandishly apart from other people, such as a flower in the lapel, or tremendous moonstone cuff links, or a long cigarette holder, or possibly even a monocle hung around his neck on a black thread. His conversation is entirely anecdotal with innuendoes of a slightly scandalous nature, carefully gauged to exhibit his urbanity and wide acquaintance among well-known personages. He refers to celebrities by their first names or, even better, by their nicknames. Once he has started on a story about his good friend "Willie" Maugham, he will embroider it until it is as encrusted with ornament as a bishop's chasuble and about as suitable to a cocktail party. The fact that he is often the hostess's delight should not dim one to the fact that he is the bane of other guests. He is not a conversationalist at all but a monologist, and I contend he is one of the more virulent species of party bore.

The cocktail party is not, of course, the only social device for gathering bores together, but it is one of the most common. It is more than likely to be a one-fell-swoop party at which one repays an overdue accumulation of social obligations. And so it is apt to be made up of the people one "ought to do something about," which is only another name for the people one doesn't want to have for dinner but really should.

It is not that the people one invites to a cocktail party are bores; it is the necessity that each one feels to get the most out of the ordeal somehow that makes them such. Not long ago I found myself mustered into service at a party given by close friends, and I was busily making martinis in a large pitcher at a table in the corner of the dining room. A few people beside myself had taken refuge there from the crush in the living room, and one of them, a man I hadn't met before, began to tell me a long story about a nursery



THE CORNERING BORE

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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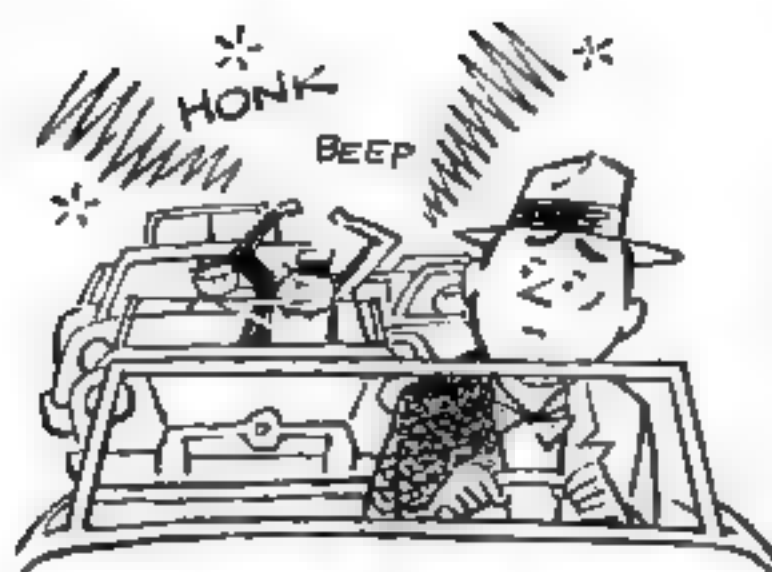
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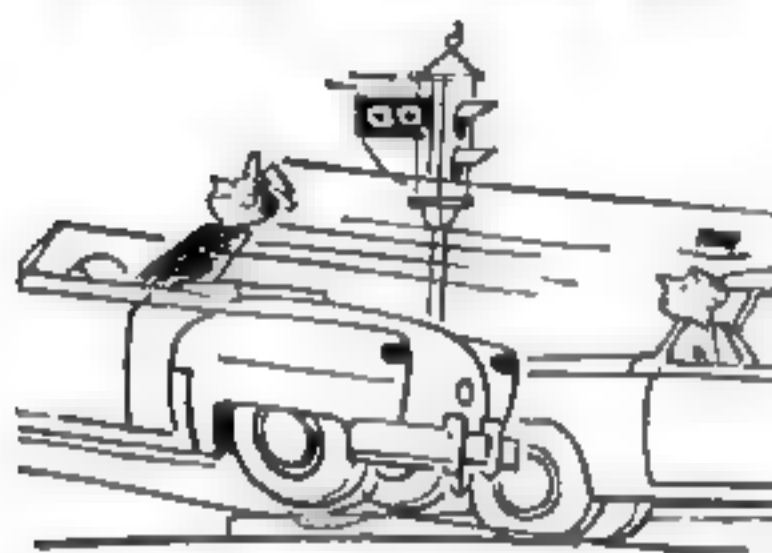




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BORES CONTINUED

that was supposed to deliver some lilac bushes to his place in Salisbury, Conn. and had planted them by mistake in his neighbor's front yard so that the neighbor, who was very proud of his lawn and didn't like having holes dug in it, had ripped up the bushes in a rage and had planted them across his (the first man's) driveway so that he couldn't get his car in. He would get out a sentence and a half and be frustrated by someone asking me for a drink. Each time he would take up where he left off. Not a detail was sacrificed. I was forced to examine every sap-filled twig of those bushes and every damp handful of dirt from the holes, until finally, many interruptions later, we arrived at the point which was intended to illustrate something I had said casually about bad temper but by that time could no longer remember.

I was, however, reminded of a doctrine of social behavior impressed on me by my mother. If you are interrupted in the course of telling a story, never try to finish it unless you are asked to. It is a difficult rule to practice, and if I don't observe it, I am at least aware of its virtues.

This sort of Total Recall Bore is one of the commonest types, but it takes one of Spartan endurance to perform adequately in the late stages of a cocktail party. By that time other types have taken over—the Hilarious Laughter, the Lapel Hanger and other Life-of-the-Party types familiar enough to anyone who stays beyond the moment when those who have plans for dinner have gone about their business.

The cocktail party emerged as a social institution at just about the moment when the lavish dinner party with its ten or 12 courses and five or six wines went into eclipse. It was also the moment at which the books of etiquette were giving up the battle for chaperons for all unmarried women up to the age of 25 and when social arbiters ceased to be shocked by young ladies applying powder and lipstick in public. Naturally enough the older generation felt with grave concern that such marked relaxation of the standards of behavior signaled a general decline in public morality. But if their rigid rules of deportment now seem to us to have been oppressive, we must admit that they at least had some formulas for taking care of the bores. As we look back upon such devices as the dance card and the "15-minute formal call," it is apparent that the avoidance of being stuck for long with a bore was a primary concern of social planning. We have no such devices today.

Some types of bores have no opportunity to show their true colors at a cocktail party; it takes a long evening to give them a chance to perform, and in this respect the dinner, whether buffet or not, is their most congenial medium. There are too many long-evening-bores to mention them all, but here are a few typical ones which everyone encounters.

The first of these is the Noncommittal type who when asked his opinion about anything invariably exposes the fact that he hasn't any by insisting that "I always reserve judgment until I know all the facts." Conversation with this type is nearly impossible, which is just as well, and it is a good deal less risky than with his opposite, the Know-All-The-Answers type. He can never let the conversation get beyond the first few sentences without at least figuratively taking you by the lapel and saying, "Now listen to me." He rarely leads the conversation, but wherever it goes, whether it has to do with Asiatic politics or modern painting or national parks or the life cycle of the salmon, he is right with it. "Listen, fellow," he will say, "you don't know what you're talking about." When you skewer him with an irrefutable argument or a precisely applied statistic, he wriggles free with "That's not what my sources tell me." If the going really gets rough for him, he takes to imputing motives. "Why, man, that's Red talk," he'll fling at you, or if that is too farfetched, he'll raise his eyebrows quizzically and ask, "What's your angle? You got money in this?"

The opposite of this type is likely to be a woman of the Poor-Stupid-Little-Me sort who hasn't an opinion about anything. She can mangle any conversational gambit by declaring, "Oh, I wouldn't know anything about that." There is a male variation of this type



KNOW-ALL-THE-ANSWERS BORE

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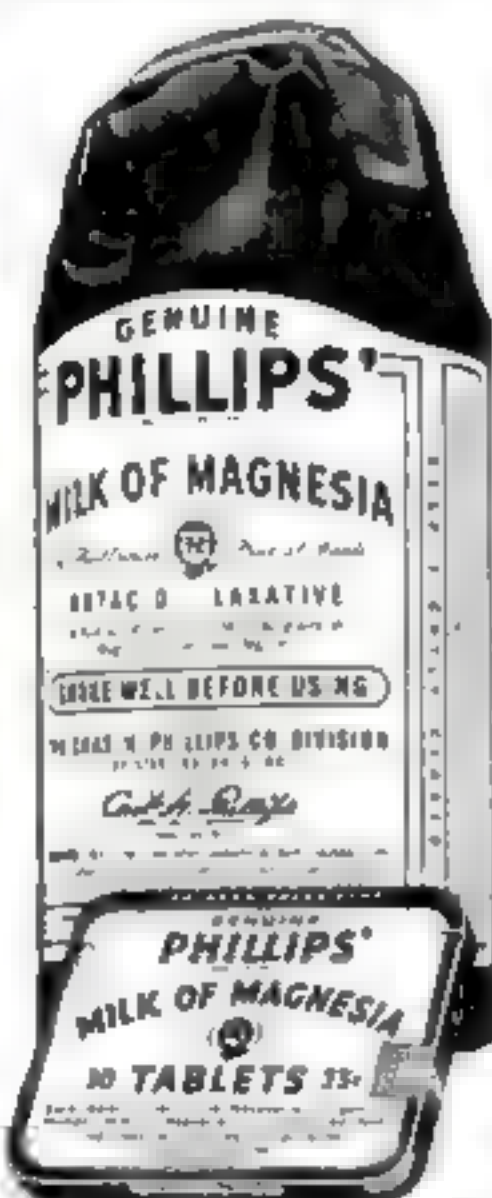
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BORES CONTINUED

who acts from quite different motives but produces much the same depressing effect. He is the kind who says, "I wouldn't know about that" in such a deprecating way as to imply that he is much too busy with the really important matters of life to bother with such frivolities as those which concern you. "I haven't time to read a book or get to a show. Too busy. Haven't read a book in years."

These sorts are all on the defensive, unlike such types as the Travel Bore, who are always just back from somewhere you wish they had stayed, or the Statistical Bore, who regale you with facts and figures about such subjects as the mean temperature of July and

the recent variations from it, or the familiar Post-Mortem kind who replay their golf game for you divot by divot. Potentially none of these types are bores. It is only that you make them so by not having traveled where they have, not caring about weather statistics or not playing golf. Their enthusiasm, even though you cannot share it, has a somewhat infectious quality, and you are at least eager to interrupt them so that you can steer their enthusiasm to something that might interest you more.



THE POST-MORTEM BORE

This is not true of the Bored Bore, whose attempt at sophistication takes the form of letting you know that everything bores him. If you have any enthusiasms of your own which you have been rash enough to

mention, the Bored Bore will do his best to make you feel naive about them. He has a sour word for the book you had thought was very clever, the play you thought entertaining or the woman you have found enchanting. His own boredom is all-encompassing. He listens to you as though he has heard everything you have to say before and better said; he refuses your offer of a drink with the disdain of a reformed alcoholic, and he looks at your wife as though he has known hundreds of her sort and thought them all tiresome. His kind is often emulated by teen-agers who believe his pose to be one of true sophistication.

It is not unusual to be saddled with this type by a hostess who uses the most enervating of all introductions: "I want you two to meet each other. You have so much in common." This is a cliché that inevitably sows the seeds of mutual suspicion, ruffles the poise of both and tends to dry up the conversational wells. It is second only in obtuseness to another substandard and wholly unsportsmanlike gambit: "I want you to meet Mrs. Green. Mrs. Green always says such witty things." Mrs. Green hates you on sight because she can't think of anything witty to say, and you hate yourself for not being able to give Mrs. Green a lead that will restore her composure. For putting you in such an awkward spot you both think that your hostess is not only a bore but a social cripple as well.

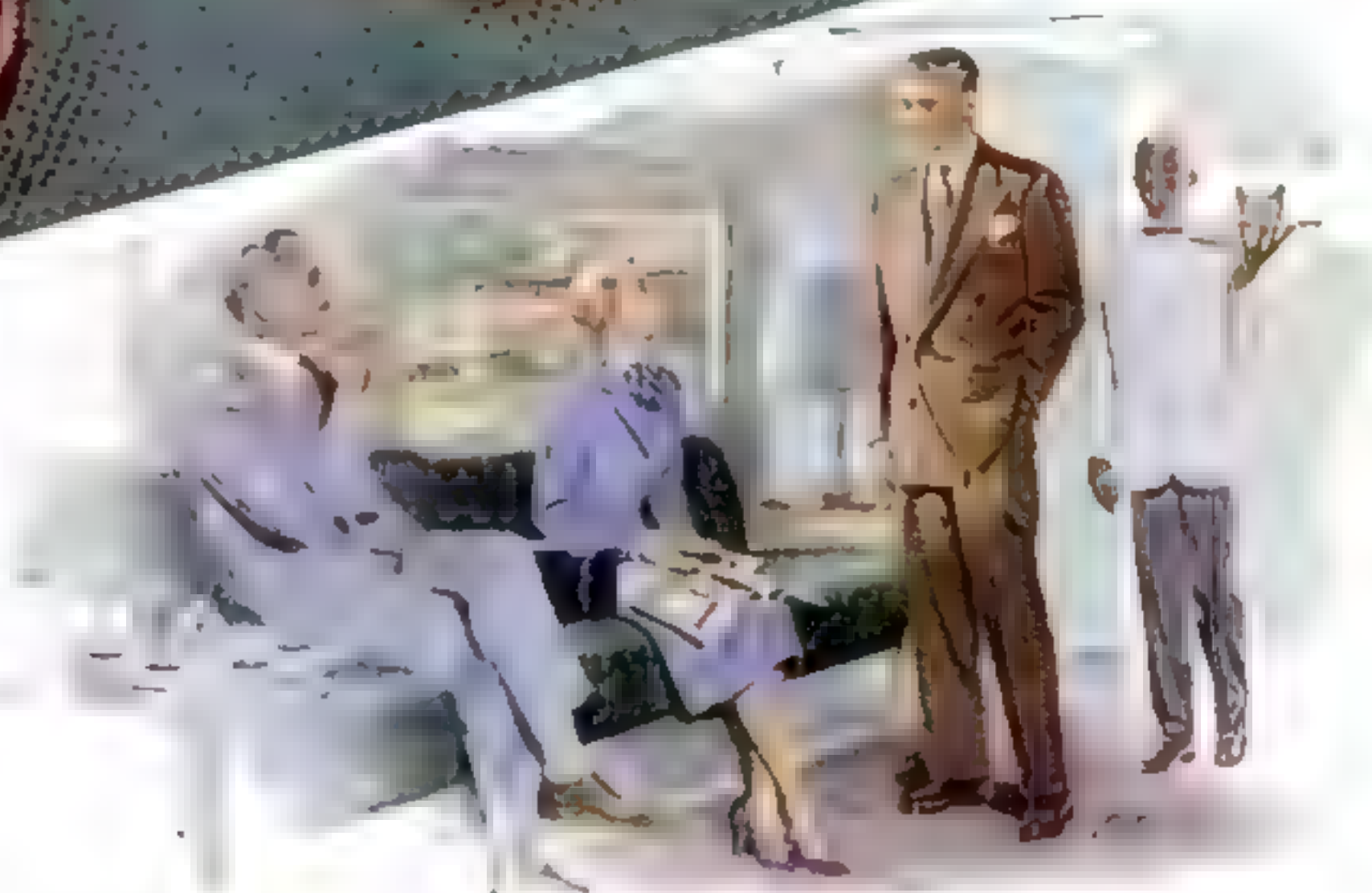


THE TINKLING BORE

This business of pairing guests is sometimes carried to an extreme in which whole parties are built around the concept that if you get two "very interesting" people together they are going to make a fascinating evening for everybody. This is assumed to be particularly true of authors, yet nothing could be further from the truth. Authors are very likely to elbow their way to the center of the floor (since they are always hoping to be lionized) and they are not in the least prone to share it with anyone else. There is nothing essentially wrong with two authors at a party if they can be kept apart, each with his own circle of listeners. But if you get them face to face, you will find that they will spend the evening telling each other about the reviews of their latest books, how many copies they have sold

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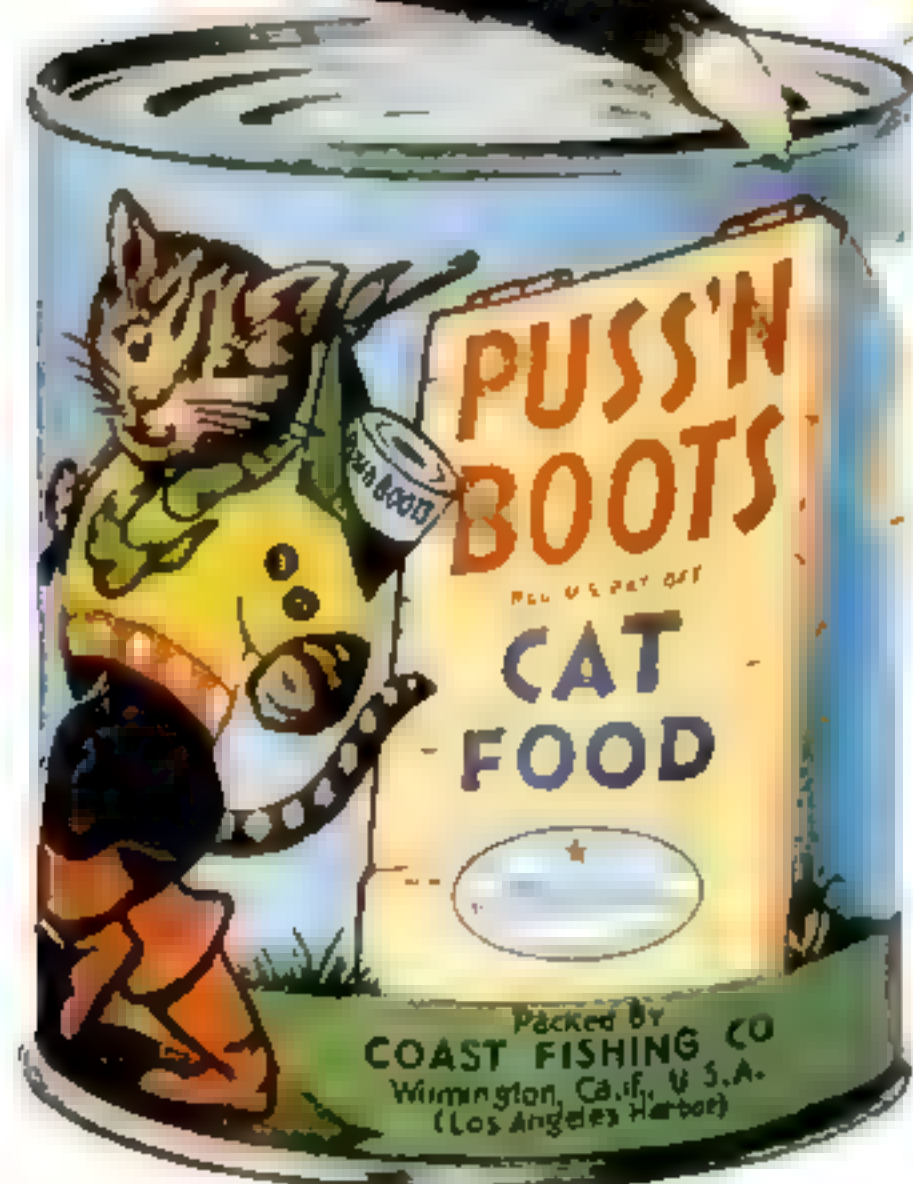
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and especially the amount of advertising space their respective publishers have bought for them. If their conversation doesn't take this turn, and they both assume a modest pose (not uncommon among really successful writers), they spend their time patting each other gently on the back in one of the coldest kinds of love feasts one is ever likely to witness. There is a third turn that such an encounter may take. Some time ago in Paris several young literary lion-hunters managed to arrange a meeting between James Joyce and Marcel Proust who had never encountered each other before. The young hunters waited breathlessly to see what these literary giants would say, pencils figuratively poised to record the meeting of two great minds. Both men were ill; Joyce nearly blind, Proust suffering from asthma. They spent the evening talking about their symptoms; literature was never mentioned. A biographer and a novelist may often put on an entertaining show since they are not competitors; two novelists, two poets, two biographers almost never.

Sometimes the pairing of bores, however, has definite advantages. If you can get the Oversympathetic Bore with the Pathos Bore, you have made them both happy. The former is the sort who is so terribly kind and understanding that she (for it is usually a woman) quite literally looks for trouble so that she can be soothing. If you have been ill, the Oversympathetic type can quickly make you bored with your own illness—something of a feat. The Pathos Bore, on the other hand, is the type to whom everything dreadful happens and who has always either come straight from the bedside of a sick friend or has been up all night with someone who has lost a "dear one," or has just dragged herself (she only moves by dragging herself) out of bed where she has been suffering "the tortures of the damned" from a headache, backache or other psychosomatic or traumatic experience. If the Oversympathetic and Pathos types can be maneuvered into a corner with a third type, a threatened evening can sometimes be saved from destruction. This third bore, the Stuff-Upper-Lip kind, makes the obvious final addition to the triumvirate. This is the sort who makes the gay gesture calculated to expose (not conceal) his unhappy lot. "Oh, it was nothing," he'll say. "The tooth wasn't badly impacted. They only had to take out one good one besides the bad one to stop the pain."

So far we have considered only guests, but let us look for a moment through the other end of our telescope. That little fellow you see gesticulating so energetically is the host, and at his side is the hostess. Around them are their guests, bored to a man (and a woman), for it is not always the guests who are bores—far from it. When a fellow guest is a bore, your wits can sometimes extricate you, but when the host and hostess in an excess of miscalculated hospitality cast the net of their personalities over an entire company, all avenues of escape are closed.

Let's take, for example, the bossy hostess. She is not uncommon. Instead of waiting for a mishap to reveal her genius, she makes her guests constantly aware that they are pawns in a game of strategy. Her gifts are more executive than social, and she has never learned to distinguish between them. She approaches a party in her own house as though she were madam chairman of a convention hospitality committee, and she sees to it that everyone does his or her job. Her function in her own eyes is to "make things go." And go they do. There is never a dull moment, nor a moment of relaxation either. No sooner are you settled in conversation with someone than you are whisked away to talk to someone else on the assumption that in this parallel to musical chairs no one is going to get stuck with anyone and nobody will be bored. Nobody will be bored, perhaps, but nearly everyone will be frustrated.

The bossy hostess, being unimaginative, has got to be administrative.

Having no talent for compromise or improvisation, she has made her plans in advance and she brooks no interference with them. If her guests have no taste for what she has devised to keep them entertained, she is unaware of it. She is so absorbed in her own strategy that she has no idea what goes on in anyone's mind but her own. She directs the conversation at dinner; she arranges whom you will talk with after dinner, and she is as likely as not to insist that you make a fool of yourself at some game you have carefully avoided learning how to play.



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The Tycoon Is Dead

... and FORTUNE, having written his history as part of the American business story, now leaves him respectfully in the museum of its back issues with the epitaph, "The Present was as far as he could go."

He was the product of his times — and he served them well. In an era of raw materials and people, he organized and built, guided by few rules save his own morality. He was an individual; and for the good that he did, look around you.

Today, his place has been taken, not by one but by many kinds of businessmen — just as brilliant, just as competitive — but moved by a philosophy and schooled in subjects the Tycoon never knew.

The mid-century businessman has had to go to school—in labor, in politics, in social welfare. The engineer's a businessman, the salesman's an economist; the research man knows advertising, the finance man knows law.

Today's businessman brings a new professional responsibility to his day-to-day problems. And because he measures himself more in what he does than in what he owns, industry, itself, has achieved a greater stature in the life and progress of the country.

All magazines have a particular editorial field, but the businessman's place in the world today has cast FORTUNE in a central and newly important role:

To be the magazine of the progressive man...to report for him the productive forces that must be organized for nothing less than the survival of free institutions...to assist in interests and responsibilities that are not only corporate but national and global.



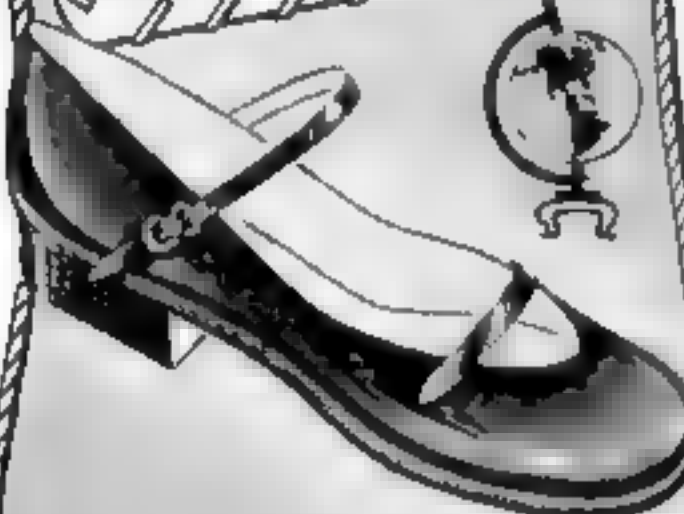
Reporting, analyzing, and frequently drawing conclusions, FORTUNE is an active participant in its readers' affairs — their preparation for the news that occurs tomorrow, next week, next month. Its ambition is best described in a recent tribute: "An example of what journalism can be when informed by wisdom and lit by hope."

If FORTUNE succeeds in this, it will be in accord with the contemporary spirit of Industry itself.

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THE SHOE FOR
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Every way you look at them they're "tops"! Rate them "A-plus" in dress-up smartness, long wear for after-school play, and day-in, day-out foot comfort. The shoes illustrated are just two of the many new-school-time styles now at your nearby Edwards store. Plan now to have your youngsters expertly fitted by your Edwards dealer in time for school.

Edwards
THE SHOE FOR CHILDREN
314-22 N. 12th St., Phila. 7, Pa.



INTO THE COMPOST HEAP WITH THE COUNTRY-HOST BORE

BORES CONTINUED

By contrast the hostess who moves among her guests like a disembodied spirit resigns all responsibility for what happens. She is quite sure that she has done her part by seeing to it that there is food and drink and that a certain number of people have forgathered, and having done that, she means to sit back and enjoy herself. She becomes a boring guest at her own party. If the party dies on its feet, which parties are likely to do when no one is taking the initiative for them, she blames her guests for not having seen to it that she had more fun. Fortunately for such hostesses and their friends there is usually someone who steps in and assumes an unobtrusive role of leadership.

The bossy hostess and the woman who acts like a guest in her own house are extremes, though unfortunately not uncommon ones. Somewhere between them are a variety of types who haven't got matters in hand but would like to and are so afraid that their hospitality is going to fall apart at any minute that they communicate their own mild hysteria to their friends.

The apologetic hostess is one of these. She calls you on the phone and pleads, "I do hope you'll come. It's going to be terribly dull; just old friends, no interesting people. Come and help cheer it up." The flattery that is implied in the last statement isn't enough to offset your suspicion that her prognosis is probably quite accurate. Your sympathy, however, has been elicited and you nervously accept. The apologies are by no means over. You arrive to be greeted by your hostess with some such statement as, "I tried to make the drinks myself, and I'm afraid they're dreadful," and you leave to the accompaniment of, "You were terribly nice to come. I'm dreadfully ashamed that dinner was so utterly tasteless and that everyone sat around like lumps afterward." Dinner, of course, had been a most elaborate production and the company had seemed excellent.

How to know more and care less

MEN are less likely to betray an apologetic attitude than women; they do not feel called upon to display their pride by devious methods but are content to use the direct attack. "Let me show you around the place," a country host will say before you have got your city clothes off and your face washed. You head for the barn, and if he has cows you are invited to examine their udders and a chart that gives the yield and butter-fat count of each cow and you will learn how much Sweetsop Lilypad of Blueshire cost at what auction. On the way out you are introduced to the compost pile, a marvel of nature at work recreating herself, and you are invited to plunge your hand into it to see for yourself how much heat it generates. Whether you know or care anything about cows and compost is no matter; you'll know more before you get through, even if you care less.

I was once taken out to the woodshed by my host before I had got my bags out of the car because he had just that morning devised a sort of filing system for his firewood. He had divided it up into three neat sections: breakfast wood (very light, dry kindling and cedar because it makes a hot, fast fire), luncheon wood (birch mostly because it burns fairly fast and crackles happily) and dinner wood (mainly apple because it will last through a long evening). He was very proud of the arrangements, but I would have been happier to look at it if I had had a chance to pull myself together a bit first.

There is something reassuring about this kind of immediate enthusiasm. This sort of host not infrequently gets his pride of proprietorship out of his system in the first few hours of your visit, and

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Scotties *
are softies !

"Scotties," "Soft as old linen," Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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Every day more and more families are buying Scotties. You'll see how thrifty they are when you compare their value with all others. Scotties are soft and snowy white yet they have 2-way strength for

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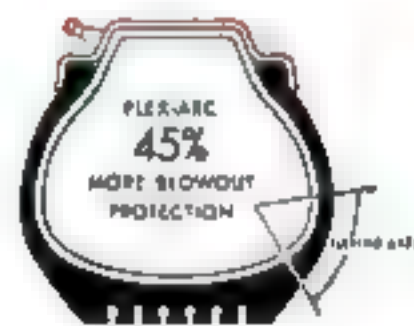
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protect you against blow-outs...keep your new Seiberling tires running cooler, longer, safer.

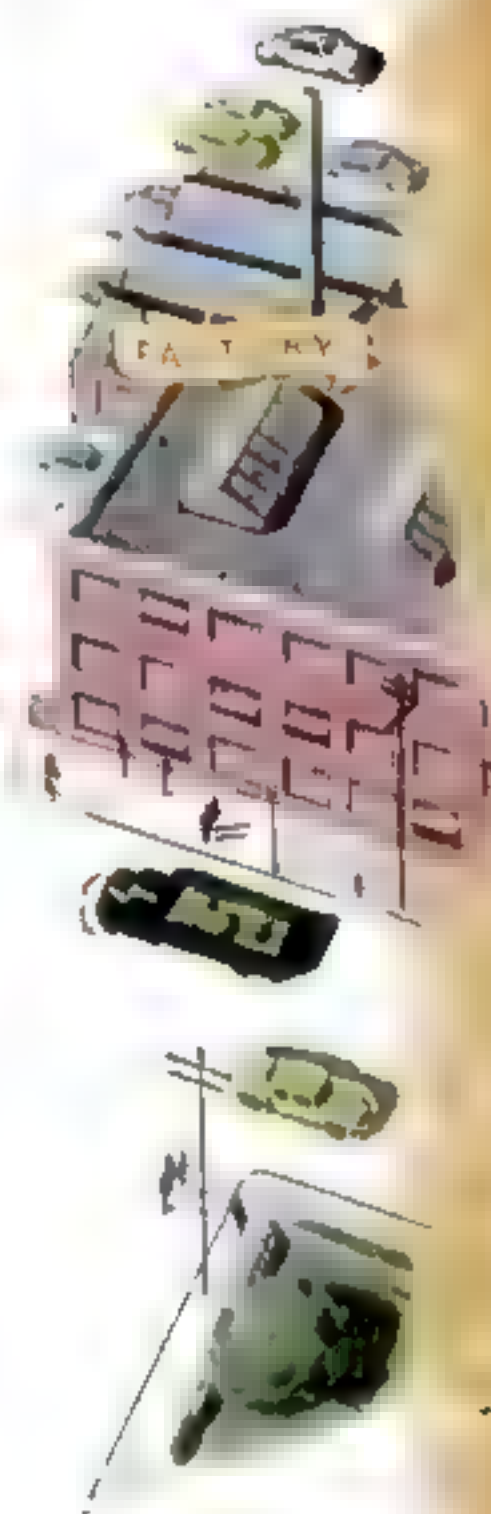


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gives you 45% more protection against sidewall failure...easier steering, greater traction, more riding comfort, too.



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NOW—
MORE
TOBACCO
IN EVERY
TINI

Pleasure's In!

Prince Albert's choice tobacco is specially treated by the patented "No-Bite" process to insure against tongue bite! Rich tasting and mild. P.A.'s a favorite with pipe smokers as well as roll-your-owners!



More Men Smoke

Prince Albert

than any other tobacco

TUMS

let you
Travel
Anywhere

without
fear of acid
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• Don't let acid indigestion spoil your fun. On short trips, long trips... by plane, train, ship or car... have Tums handy. Tums neutralize excess acid almost instantly—you feel better fast. Nothing to mix—you can take Tums wherever you are, and get incredibly fast relief from heartburn, gas, acid indigestion. Buy the big \$1.00 box today... save money, and always have Tums handy when you need them.



for the tummy

AFTER BREAKFAST
Take one or two Tums. See
if you don't feel better fast.

BORES CONTINUED

from then on the pace relents and you are allowed to go about the business of relaxation much as you please.

Certainly he is to be preferred to the weekend host or hostess who has planned every minute of your time from the moment you open your eyes to the stillness of a country morning until you close your throbbing lids many exhausting hours later. When you are in the hands of those who are uncomfortable unless every minute is accounted for, you are told at breakfast what your day will be like, and the day's schedule reads like the menu of a seven-course blue-plate dinner—and no substitutions:

APPETIZER

Trip to village to pick up daily paper.

FIRST COURSE

Choice of one: golf foursome (mixed) or sitting on club porch.

SECOND COURSE

Picnic lunch by roaring brook, beer cooled in stream.

THIRD COURSE

Twenty-five mile drive to Antique Shoppe to pick up needlework motto to hang over fireplace. Route by way of "view."

FOURTH COURSE

Swim at lake cottage of friends of host, followed by beer cooled in lake.

FIFTH COURSE

Cocktails at lake cottage next door to friends of host. Choice of uncooked vegetables, suntanned women and small children.

SIXTH COURSE

Picnic by roaring fire, beer cooled in ice buckets.

SEVENTH COURSE

Edward Everett Horton in *Springtime for Henry* at Olde Loft Playhouse.

DESSERT

Pick up hostess's children at square dance. Coca-Cola.

It is as fruitless to try to buck the regimented weekend or party as it is to try to make order out of the plans of the hostess who has so many minds of her own that she can't make up any of them. She is so eager to see that you aren't bored that she has devised a series of alternate amusements which she flings at you like a handful of ping-pong balls. Your inclination is to duck, but your sense of social responsibility makes you grab first at this one and then at that, with the result that all of them slip through your fingers. You leave your hostess with the impression that you are impossible to amuse.

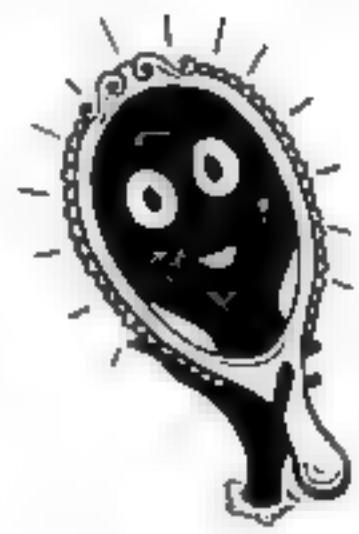
The general disintegration of formality has put more of a burden on most hosts and hostesses than they are able to assume with equanimity. The result is to find artificial ways to make people seem relaxed, or if they are naturally relaxed to bring out their most ludicrous qualities. My wife's grandmother, a formal hostess of the old school, insisted that there were five subjects of conversation forbidden to both hosts and guests—*forbidden*, that is, on the grounds that they were boring. They were known to her and propounded to her family as the "Five D's" and they reflect not only the language but the social amenities of her time. They were: Domiciles, Domesticities, Dress, Diseases and Descendants. It is a good rule-of-thumb list, though I believe that there is no topic of conversation that is boring *per se*. It takes a bore to make it boring, and being a bore is usually the mere calamity of miscalculating one's audience, a thing for which some people have a more marked talent than others.

Miscalculation of this sort makes bores of even the most brilliant men and the most charming women, and it is the very qualities that make them fascinating to some people in some circumstances that make them dull or obtuse to other people in other circumstances. George Bernard Shaw was once voted the greatest bore in England at a time when his countrymen found his acidity out of date and his warnings unnecessary. There is a simple way to explain this. La Rochefoucauld in his *Maxims* said, "We often pardon those who bore us, but never those whom we bore," and presumably the British could not forgive Mr. Shaw for being bored with them.

It is a wise man who knows whom he bores. But by this same token there is no such thing as a boring person, and there is no person who is not a bore. The bore, like beauty, exists only in the eye of the beholder, for the bore—alas—is from within.



THIS GUEST HAS BEEN BORED NOT QUITE TO DEATH BUT STIFF



The fair of face



Alas, her tresses!



She bought an Ace



Now gets caresses



Just one comb
they last longer

A type for
every purpose
Sold everywhere

AMERICAN HARD RUBBER COMPANY
NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK



WARRENTON HOSTESS LINA MCCARROLL GREETES ARRIVING GUEST IN THE WATER WHICH FLOODED ROAD LEADING TO HER HOUSE

A Marathon Weekend in Carolina

WARRENTON'S YOUNG FOLK HAVE MASS OPEN HOUSE FOR 100 GUESTS

Ordinarily in Warrenton, a sleepy, well-shaded North Carolina town (pop. 1,200), there isn't very much to do in the summertime. One August weekend each year, however, thanks to the ingenuity of Warrenton's young people home on vacation from school and college, the town shucks its drowsiness and becomes as active as Southampton at the peak of the season. Instead

of separately inviting out-of-town guests for a visit just any old weekend, Warrenton's youngsters invite all their friends at the same time for a three-day mass house party. This year 100 guests descended on the town for Hospitality Weekend, and, before the doings were over Sunday night, they had taken part in a social marathon of two dances, a Brunswick stew, a water-

melon party, a 2 a.m. breakfast, a hayride and innumerable impromptu gatherings and had managed to stay up every night until after dawn. Near the close of the weekend, which cost the 80 young hosts and hostesses a total of \$500, one exhausted but happy visitor (p. 134) said, "There's barely time to give your fraternity pin out, much less time for a T-M (tender moment)."

FRIDAY AFTERNOON



BUSIEST HOSTESS over weekend was Lina McCarroll (fifth from left), who had 15 visitors, 13 of

whom are shown with her above. Lina's parents had to move out of the house to make room for guests.



BUSY MOTHER, Mrs. McCarroll, carries potato chips and salad into club. Parents gave most of food.

FRIDAY EVENING



BALLOON BLOWER Henry Read makes a last minute decoration for formal dance attended by all.



BLOSSOM BOWER is passed by Grace Alston, 15, and Si Nunn, both Warrenton high school students.



BRACING BREAKFAST for 200 guests is cooked by Lina McCarroll after dance. Guests supplied eggs.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON



BRUNCH is eaten in the McCarroll living room by late-rising guests Snookie Ruthe and Pete Carter.



STILL IN PAJAMAS at 3:15 are Harriet Traynham (right) and her guests, who retired at 10:15 a.m.



TRANSPORTATION for weary Sassy Sasser is provided by Frank Daniels on way out for a swim.

DEADLINE
SEPTEMBER 15TH

LIFE

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS

Attention all young photographers! There are only two weeks left in which to enter pictures in LIFE's \$15,000 photographic contest. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight Sept. 15. Prospective contestants who have not asked for an entry blank, rules and complete instructions should do so immediately by sending the coupon below or mailing a post card bearing name and address to LIFE Contest for Young Photographers, P.O. Box 10, New York 46, N.Y. Preliminary judging will be done by LIFE's staff, and the final judging will be completed Oct. 20 by the seven-man panel named in the May 21 issue. Watch LIFE for the issue in which the top prize-winning photographs will appear.

\$15,000 IN PRIZES

PICTURE STORY DIVISION

1 st PRIZE	\$3,000
2 nd PRIZE	1,500
3 rd PRIZE	1,000
4 th PRIZE	600
5 th PRIZE	400

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION
5 PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION
15 PRIZES OF \$50 EACH

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION
25 PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

INDIVIDUAL PICTURE DIVISION

1 st PRIZE	\$2,000
2 nd PRIZE	1,250
3 rd PRIZE	750
4 th PRIZE	450
5 th PRIZE	300

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION
5 PRIZES OF \$100 EACH

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION
15 PRIZES OF \$50 EACH

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION
25 PRIZES OF \$25 EACH

TO **LIFE**

CONTEST FOR YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS
P. O. BOX 10 NEW YORK 46, NEW YORK

Sirs:

I understand that to enter LIFE's Contest I must be 30 years of age or under through Dec. 31, 1951, be a resident of the U.S., its territories or possessions or a member of the U.S. Armed Forces on active duty. I have had at least one of my photographs published and will submit evidence of this with my completed entry. Please send me an entry blank and complete rules.

Name.....

Address.....

Marathon Party CONTINUED

SATURDAY NIGHT



TOWELS are costumes worn at shipwreck party in country club by Sassy Sasser and Peter Carter. He is student at Washington and Lee, she at Hollins.



BIRD CAGE is carried by Gloria Galban masquerading as honeymoon bride of Bill Baylor, whose high silk topper used to belong to Charles Dana Gibson.



"FLAKED OUT" after two straight days of partying and only three hours of sleep, Luna McCarroll (left) and a group of her house guests collapse happily



LAUNDRY BAG - wearer is Ann Robinson, 16, a house party hostess. One partner voted Ann "The girl whom I'd most like my laundry to come home in."



PETTICOAT worn by Lucy Seaman is admired by partner Monty Powell. Free orchestra was made up of town commissioner and leading businessmen.



at 7:30 on Sunday morning. While Lina and her friends were flaking out, more determined visitors were out having a morning dip before finally going to bed.

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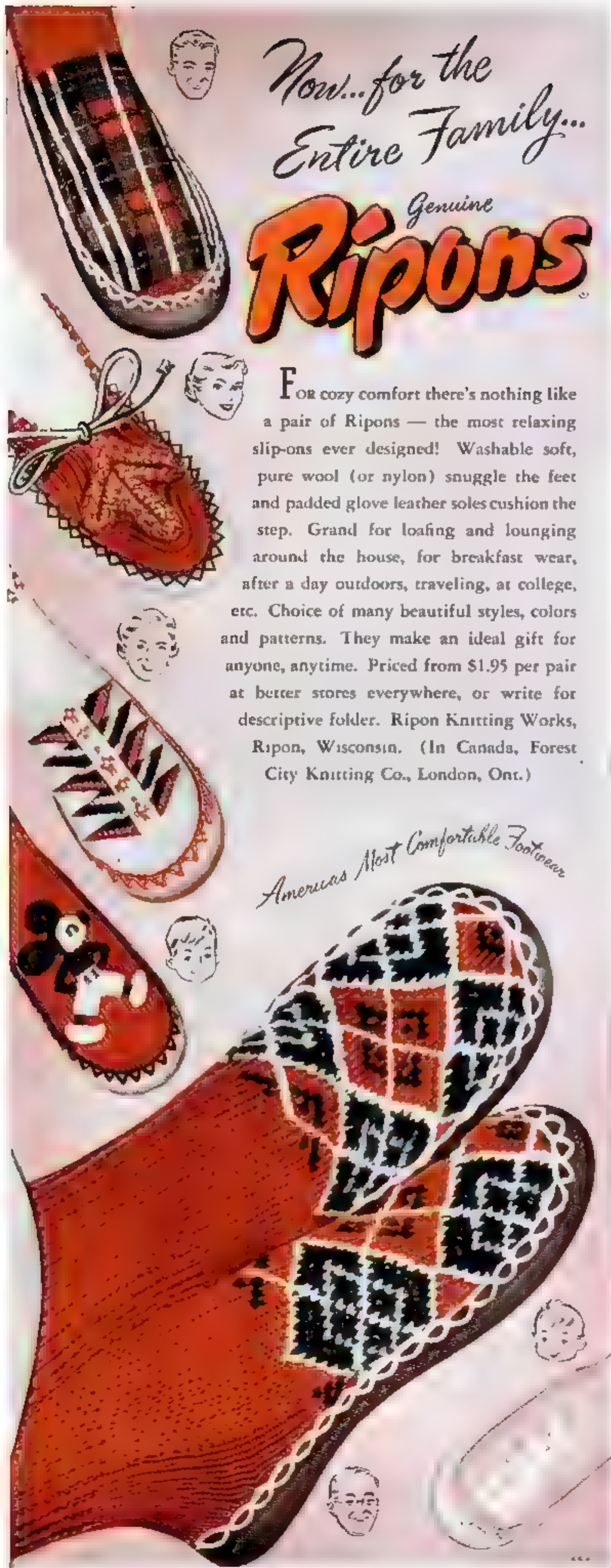
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that**

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dog food
U.S. Inspected**

None finer! Complete, balanced diet to keep dogs healthy, plus variety to keep them happy! Same food, flavored 3 ways — beef, fish, cheese • John Morrell & Co., Meat Packers, Ottumwa, Iowa



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Entire Family...

Genuine
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Americas Most Comfortable Footwear

Marathon Party CONTINUED

SUNDAY AFTERNOON



TOUCHING "T-M" is taken by Lina McCarroll and Frank Daniels of Raleigh shortly after he gave her his fraternity pin.



HARMONIOUS HAYRIDE was the last event on schedule of Warrenton's Hospitality Weekend. It started at five o'clock in the afternoon, lasted until



MELON GRAB takes place between Charles Abernathy, 17, and Carter Donnan of Roanoke, Va. After the tired group filled up on the watermelons, they felt refreshed enough to play some fast badminton.



midnight. Afterwards Hospitality Chairman Jimmy Adams (with guitar) moaned, "Now they'll go back to rolling up the sidewalks every night at 10."

I Wear False Teeth

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool
No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*



"I can't risk Denture Breath. And I know that when my plate feels clean and fresh and cool from a Polident bath, I'm safe from Denture Breath."

Mr. G. B., Franklin, Tenn.

You know what Mr. G. B. means, don't you? It's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember—those dental plates of yours need the *special* care of a *special* denture cleanser. Don't brush them. Soak your plates in Polident every day. It's so easy and quick. And Polident soaks into every corner and crevice—places brushing never seems to reach.



NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT

RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

BEFORE

It's so hard to eat with loose plates!

AFTER

What a difference! I eat everything now!

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back

POLI-GRIP

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BEAU \$7.95 PLUS TAX

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LIBERTY WATCH CORP., NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Guaranteed for ONE YEAR

Slightly Higher, Denver West



from LIFE, August 1, 1949, by Loomis Dean

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

How like a dog, that look of not-quite-sure pride! Trigger, a Chesapeake Bay retriever, gently catches Donald, a pet duck, whenever Donald is thrown into the pond to be with other ducks. Trigger's eyes say "Is this what you wanted me to do?"

That, of course, is what makes people love dogs. One person knows a dog with an especially sad expression. Another remembers a mischievous dog, full of tricks. A third remembers the warm charm which a certain dog used to turn on when he wanted forgiveness. And once in a while a photograph reaches out in a way to say all these things at once.

... to see life ... to see the world ... to eyewitness great events

LIFE

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Each golden drop of Old Grand-Dad is a salute to the excellence of your taste—and to the skill of the master distillers who produce it.

Old Grand-Dad goes into new, charred oak aging casks a superior whiskey made from choice grains and the purest of limestone waters. Then, after a long "maturing" sleep it is drawn off and bottled in bond.

Treat yourself and your guests to the smoothness, mellowness and heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad soon. One sip will tell you why it's—Head of the Bourbon Family.

*The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Company,
Frankfort, Kentucky*



100 PROOF



OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A smoke at breakfast time tastes swell,
Especially camping out;
And Luckies taste the best of all—
Of that, friend, there's no doubt!
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

Be Happy— Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE !

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you a better-tasting cigarette. And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. So, for the best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked, Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton today.

We welcome all new girl marines
Who come to Quantico.
Just like most men out here, I go
For Lucky Strike you know!
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)



A LUCKY STRIKE
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BUY
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LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE because...

L.S./M.F.T.-Lucky Strike Means Fine Tobacco

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